Mar. 18, 1974

# THE NEW YORKER

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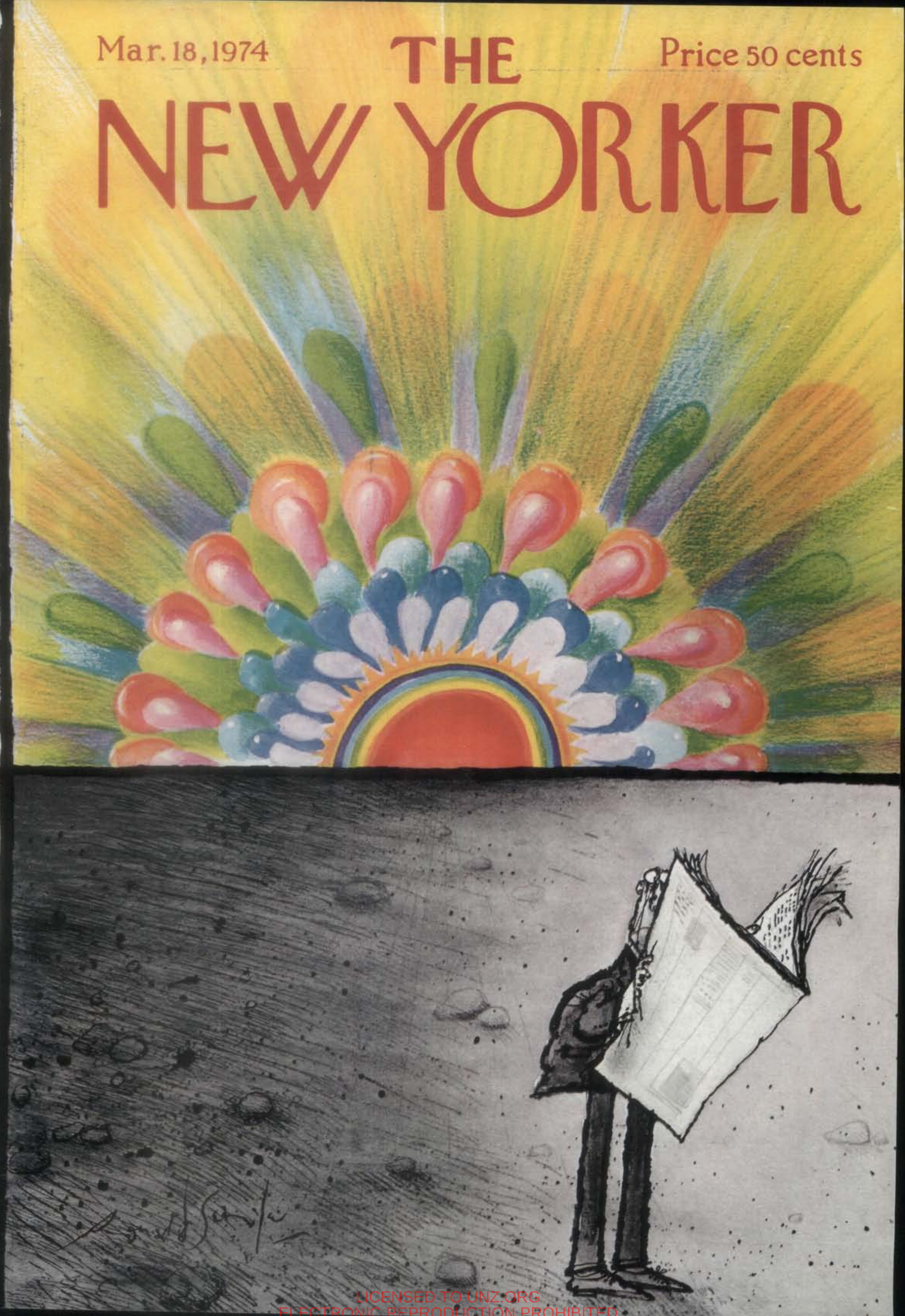

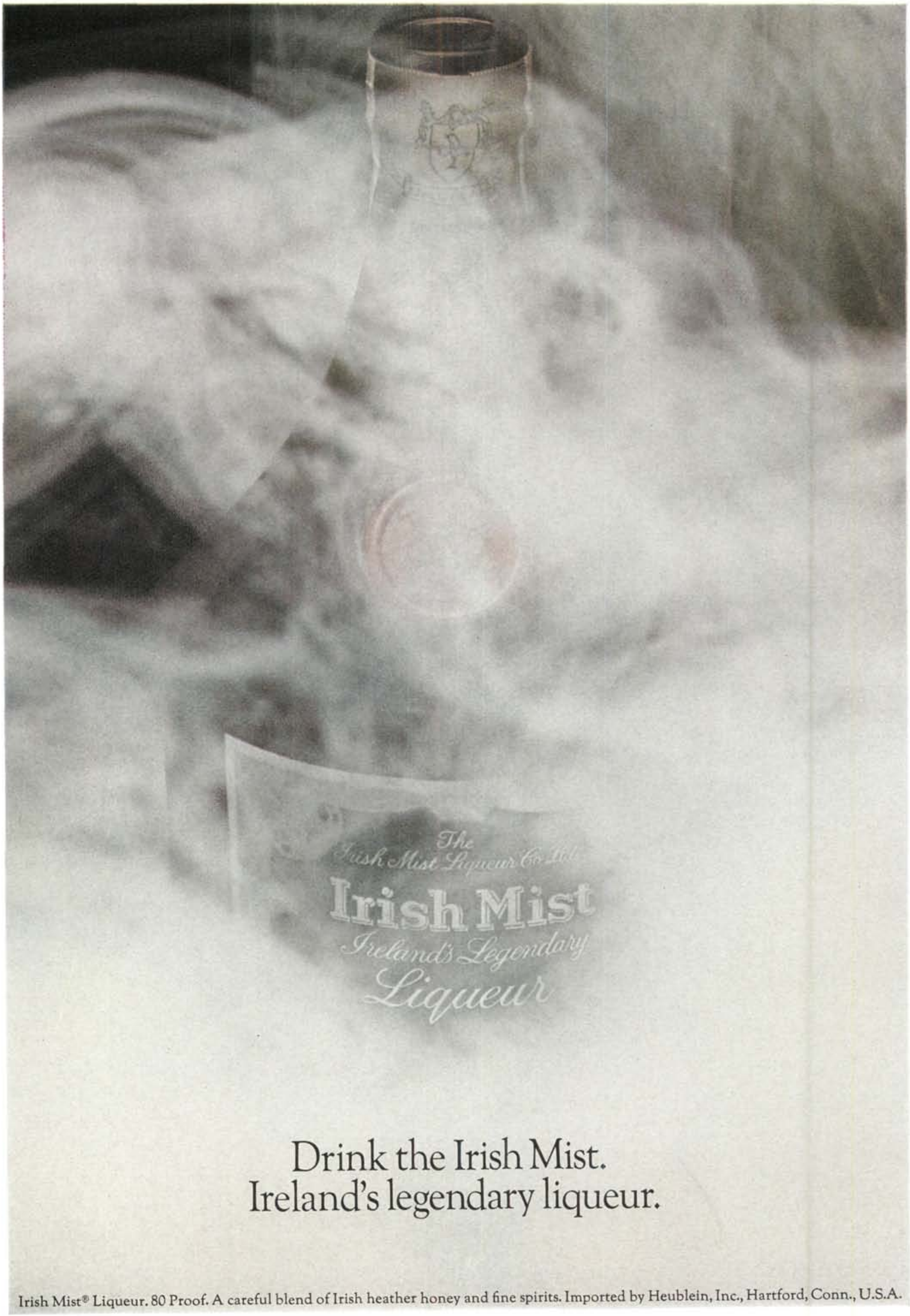
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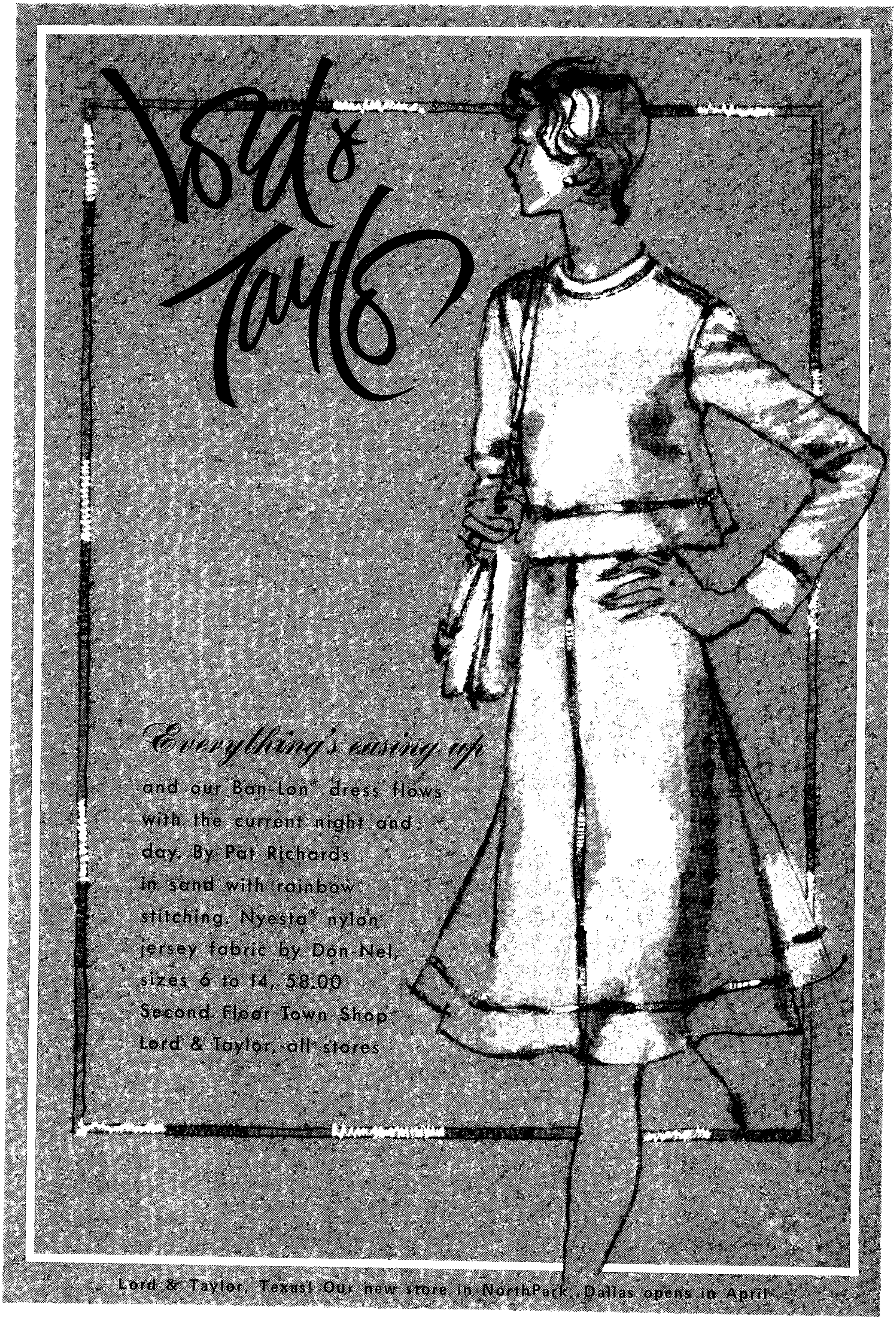

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Bad Habits**—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set at a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Paul Benedict, Doris Roberts, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**British Theatre Season**—The engagement continues with performances by the Young Vic, to be followed in April by the Royal Shakespeare Company. All at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. SCAPINO, adapted from Molière: Wednesday, March 13, at 7:30; Sunday, March 17, at 1:30 and 5:30; Tuesday, March 19, and Friday, March 22, at 8; and Saturday, March 23, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Terence Rattigan's FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS: Friday, March 15, at 8; Saturday, March 16, at 2 and 8; and Wednesday and Thursday, March 20-21, at 8. (Lepercq Space, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

**Candidate!**—A play by Charles Fuller. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Monday, March 14-18, and Friday through Sunday, March 22-24, all at 7:30. Free.)

**Candide**—A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franne Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat, but the effort is worth it. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Dear Nobody**—This recitation, by Jane Marla Robbins, of entries from the diaries of Fanny Burney becomes, at its best, a gossipy evocation of life in eighteenth-century England. Miss Robbins has chosen well, and the evening is consistently entertaining. Patricia Zipprodt designed her lovely costumes. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 31.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—A revival of the 1918 Kern-Bolton-Wodehouse musical OH, LADY! LADY will be the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, March 13. Opens officially on Thursday, March 14, and will run through Sunday, March 31. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**Fashion**—A musical adaptation in modern dress of Anna Cora Mowatt's hit of 1845, with a cast of nine women and a man. There is some ridicule of the original play, which is annoying at first, but soon charm conquers all. Don Pippin is responsible for the melodic score, Steve Brown for the bright lyrics, and Mary Jo Catlett (as a social-climbing matron) for one of the funniest, most delightful performances around. Anthony Stimac was both adapter and director. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

**A Festival of Short Plays**—Lonnie Carter's "Cream Cheese," William Hauptman's "Shearwater," Maria Irene Fornes' "Dr. Kheal," and Robert Coover's "Love Scene." Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, March 30.)

**Find Your Way Home**—A play by John Hopkins that is nearly always funny, though the triangle it describes—a husband, his wife, and his male lover—is in a grim plight indeed. Lee Richardson, Jane Alexander, and Michael Moriarty are magnificent. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Moves on Tuesday, March 19, to the Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St., 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; starting Tuesday, March 19, the curtain time will be 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Good Doctor**—Neil Simon has been tempted to collaborate with Anton Chekhov, who might not have been tempted to collaborate with Neil Simon. The brilliant cast makes it seem worthwhile. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Good Evening**—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

**The Great MacDaddy**—This new musical, the first offering this season of the Negro Ensemble Company, has a very musical score by Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson. Paul Carter Harrison's script, though murky with symbols and ritual, is serviceable, and the performance—acting, dancing, and singing—is absolutely fine. With Robert Hooks, David Downing (who will be replaced starting Tuesday, March 19, by Cleavon Little), and Hattie Winston in the leading roles. Direction by Douglas Turner Ward, choreography by Dianne McIntyre. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Here Comes the Groom**—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

**Lorelei**—A sadly mutilated partial reprise of the old musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Carol Channing is the valiant star. (Palace,

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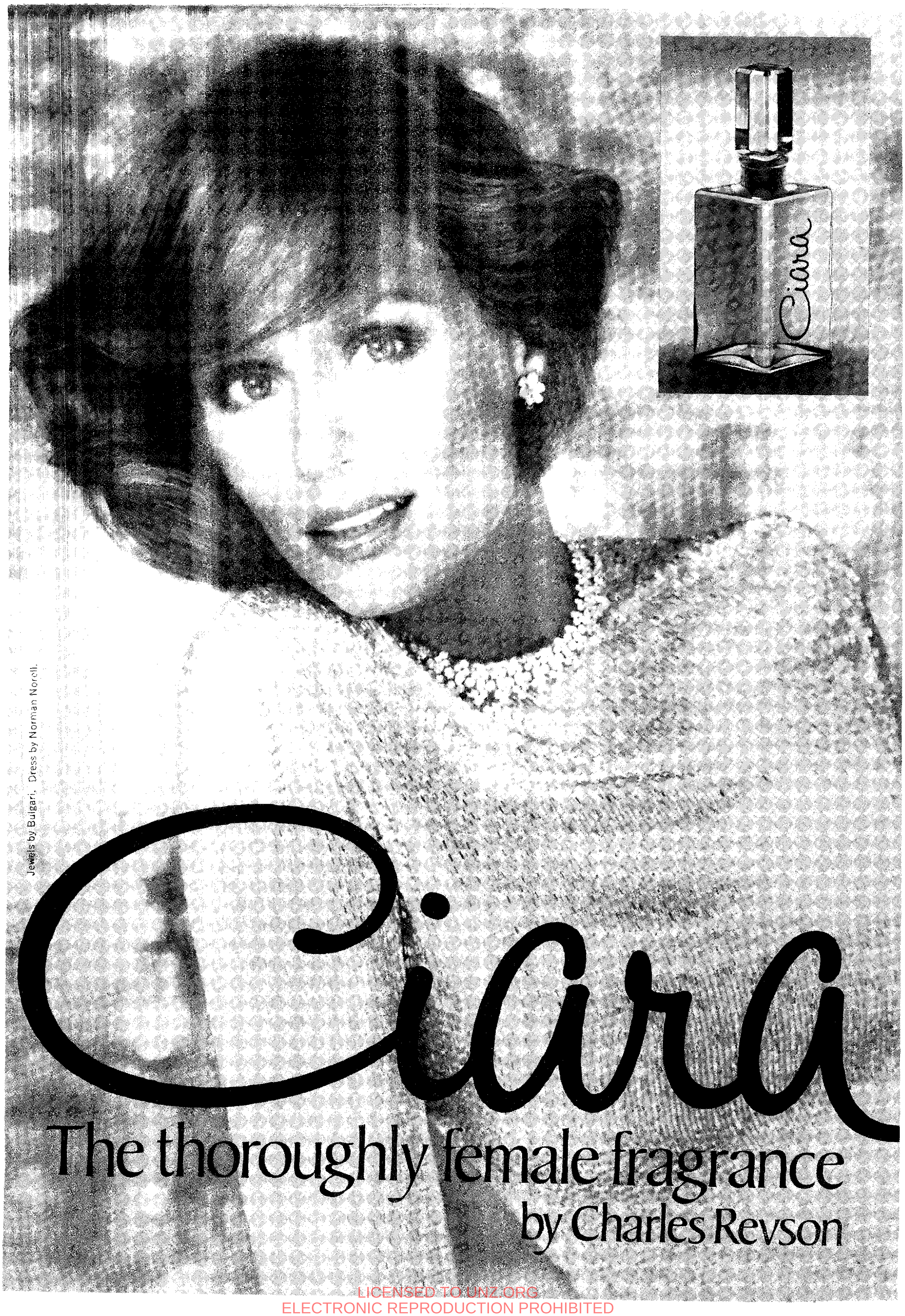
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Manhattan Project**—Two André Gregory productions: **ALICE IN WONDERLAND**, Thursdays through Sundays at 8.... ¶ Open rehearsals of a new play by Wallace Shawn, **OUR LATE NIGHT**, Wednesdays at 8. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651.)

**Moonchildren**—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway around a year ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

**A Moon for the Misbegotten**—A play on O'Neill's great, grave theme—that family life is not the occasion for love but for its failure. Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders superbly embody the bad news. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Noël Coward in Two Keys**—A couple of trifles by the Master, written in old age and with welcome autobiographical touches. Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Anne Baxter make the most of their charming opportunities. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Over Here!**—A musical that claims to tell us what it was like on the home front during the Second World War. It is really an excuse for presenting the two surviving Andrews Sisters, who sing splendidly, and for showing off some wonderful young dancers. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Raisin**—Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30 and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Seagull**—A dull, lifeless production. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 17.)

**Short Eyes**—A play by Miguel Piñero. Opens Wednesday, March 13. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**The Tempest**—Sam Waterston is the young, keyed-up, dynamic Prospero in this magic production under Edward Berkeley's direction. Randy Kim is the funniest Trinculo imaginable, and Christopher Walken the most sinister, mocking Antonio. Santo Loquasto's setting and Jennifer Tipton's lighting are very effective indeed. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 7.)

**Ulysses in Nighttown**—Zero Mostel and a fine cast in an altogether new production, on a Barnum & Bailey scale, of his 1958 success. Burgess Meredith is again the director. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**What the Wine-Sellers Buy**—Ron Milner's old-fashioned but very stirring melodrama about a black boy's rites of passage in an inimical world. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, March 17.)

**When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?**—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as *the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy* of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a *fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th* St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,777 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **IRENE:** A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is attractive and talented. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, William Daniels, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.)... **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** A pair of old vaudevillians pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Gilford and Lou Jacobi are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **WHAT'S A NICE COUNTRY LIKE YOU DOING IN A STATE LIKE THIS?:** A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. 757-3789. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

## MISCELLANY

**Mask & Wig Show**—A musical, "Film Flam," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (The Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. Thursday and Friday, March 14-15, at 8:30. For tickets, call 524-6366.)

## DANCE

**City Center Joffrey Ballet**—Wednesday, March 13, at 8: "Le Beau Danube," "Remembrances," and "Interplay."... ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 8: "Moves," "Viva Vivaldi!," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Interplay."... ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Abyss," and "Kettentanz."... ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 2: "Square Dance," "After Eden," and "Le Beau Danube."... ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Secret Places," "Confetti," and "Trinity."... ¶ Sunday, March 17, at 2: "The Dream," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Interplay."... ¶ Sunday, March 17, at 7:30: "Petrouchka," "Abyss," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Tuesday, March 19, at 8: "Parade," "Secret Places," "As Time Goes By," and "Trinity."... ¶ Wednesday, March 20, at 8: "Moves," "Viva Vivaldi!," and "The Green Table."... ¶ Thursday, March 21, at 8: "Le Beau Danube," "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz" (company première), and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday, March 22, at 8: "Moves," "Viva Vivaldi!," "Nightwings," and "N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz." ... ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 2: "The Dream," "Confetti," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 8: "Le Beau Danube," "As Time Goes By," and "Sacred Grove on Mt. Tamalpais." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, March 31.)

**Paul Taylor Dance Company**—Presenting the New York première of Mr. Taylor's first full-evening work, **AMERICAN GENESIS**, to music by Haydn, Bach, Gottschalk, and others. Eight performances that start Thursday, March 14, and will run through Sunday, March 24. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, March 21, at 8. *Matinées Sundays* at 2.)

**Maria Alba**—With her company, in a program of Spanish dance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 16, at 8:30.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

**Chet Baker**—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet, with the Warren Chiasson trio, from nine (Friday from nine-thirty). Through Saturday, March 16.

**Ruby Braff and George Barnes**—Rainbow Grill,

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30 Rockefeller Plaza (PL 7-8970). Cornet and guitar, respectively, heading a quartet. Nightly, except Sundays, at dinner and supper.

**Jaki Byard**—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, from nine, on Sundays.

**Ron Carter**—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Bass, with pianist Mike Longo. From nine-thirty to two-thirty, through Saturday, March 16.

**Willie Dixon**—Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892). Chicago bluesman. From nine-thirty, through Sunday, March 17.

**Gil Evans**—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a fifteen-piece band, Mondays at ten.

**Tiny Grimes**—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

**John Hartford**—Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892). Guitar, banjo, fiddle, folksongs. At nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, through Monday, March 18.

**Earl Hines**—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with his group, from nine-thirty to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

**Keith Jarrett**—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a quartet. Beginning Tuesday, March 19, at ten.

**Morgana King**—Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892). Jazz vocals, beginning Tuesday, March 19, at nine-thirty.

**Ellis Larkins**—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Richard Rodgers on Sunday, March 17, from four-thirty to seven-thirty.

**Jimmy McPartland**—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Cornet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

**Modern Jazz Quartet**—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Piano, vibraharp, bass, and drums. Beginning Monday, March 18, at nine; Fridays at nine-thirty.

**Jimmy Rowles**—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Buster Williams, from eight to one, except Sundays.

**Bobby Short**—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five.

**Horace Silver**—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, with his sextet, from ten. Through Sunday, March 17.

**Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson**—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Alto saxophone and vocals, leading a quartet, from nine (Friday from nine-thirty). Through Saturday, March 16.

**Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma**—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at 2nd Ave. (679-9135). Guitar duo. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

**World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart**—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet and bass, respectively, with pianist Ralph Sutton, soprano-saxophonist Bob Wilber, tenor-saxophonist Bud Freeman, trombonist Benny Morton, and drummer Gus Johnson, Jr. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight.

●

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

**Angry Squire**, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Docked several blocks from the nearest pier, this seaworthy enterprise fully realizes the ordinarily abused concept of nautical décor. Pianist John Foster's trio entertains the passengers, who vary from jazz patrons to local Chelsea folk, Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

**Arthur's Tavern**, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

**Bitter End**, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Comic Robert Klein does his routines opposite singer Dorothea Joyce through Monday, March 18. (Klein will be absent on Sunday, March 17.) On Wednesday, March 20, pianist Ramsey Lewis and his trio alternate with another comedian, Freddie Prinze. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Coffee and tea are staples. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

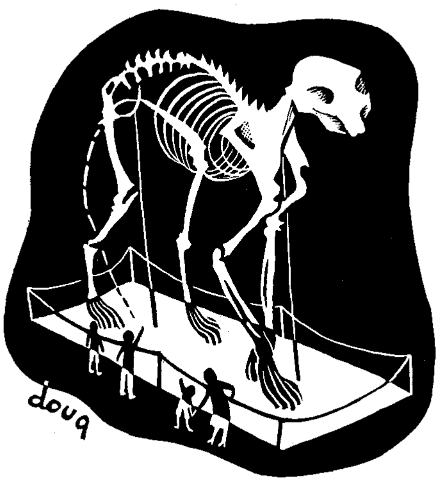
**Boomer's**, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—White brick walls, blown-up musings by R. D. Laing, succulent collard greens, and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who play here from time to time. Saxophonist and flutist Robin Kenyatta plays lyrical jazz and popular tunes with a sextet through Saturday, March 16. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

**Bottom Line**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat rock-and-folk club in New York brings to mind an image of hordes of bodies glued together in an indoor Woodstockian setting. But at the new Bottom Line the seating is ample, the décor is simple but pleasant, and the commitments to the sound system and lighting are admirable. Singer Maggie Bell wrenches out the blues through Thursday, March 14. Shows begin at eight and eleven. Snacks.

**Bradley's**, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Ron Carter, the bassists' bassist, deftly supports pianist Mike Longo through Saturday, March 16. Guitarist Joe Beck and bassist Herb Bushler, a fine, tight duo, follow, beginning Monday, March 18. Sundays are devoted to the music of Jaki Byard, a musician, composer, and New England Conservatory professor with a fine working knowledge of the history of the jazz piano. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays from nine until one. Dinner.

**Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is the prized fixture here, and his envied repertoire—mostly from the thirties, mostly world-weary—summons up a generation's view of itself. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. The three begin at nine-forty-five, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper.

**Churchill's**, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—Mostly jazz from the thirties and forties. On Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, Brooks Kerr, a twenty-two-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier, leads (and learns from) the members of his trio—drummer Sam Woodyard and Basie-ite Paul Quinichette, on tenor saxophone. Mondays and Tuesdays are devoted to the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing band led by Art Miller, a young clarinettist. A Dixieland septet—the Original Traditional Jazz Band—plays on Fridays. Music from eleven to four. Dining.



**Cookery**, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—California-based pianist and sometime singer Jimmy Rowles performs with bassist Buster Williams Mondays through Saturdays. Sundays, Dick Hyman takes over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

**Folk City**, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-backroom comes up with a mixed bag of performers, some of whom must surely work Washington Square Park in the milder seasons. Sundays are a sort of hootenanny. Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

**Grand Finale**, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A spacious night spot quartered in the ground floor of one of those large, sturdy apartment fortresses that proliferated on the upper West Side forty and fifty years ago. Claiming the stage through Saturday, March 16, is Linda Hopkins, who sings contemporary gospel variations of Bessie Smith blues. Singer Toby Stone performs Sunday, March 17, and another singer, Shelley Ackerman, takes over Monday, March 18. On Tuesday, March 19, pianist Kathe Green starts singing and playing her compositions. Nightly shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

**Gregory's**, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Formerly a hamburger stand, this tiny refuge situated in a bustling neighborhood offers serenity, warmth, and Ellis Larkins, a pianist of diffident strength and vast popularity, along with his bassist, Al Hall. Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. They'll concentrate on music by Richard Rodgers on Sunday, March 17, from four-thirty to seven-thirty. Norma Shepherd, backed by bassist Johnny Williams, sings at the piano on Monday evenings. Snacks.

**Guitar**, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Molded-metal chairs, hanging white-metal lamps, plastic butcher-block tables, and lots of space. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma play guitar duets, exchanging solos, and looking quite pleased when the other performs a particularly risky or successful run. On Sunday and Monday, March 17-18, guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Tommy Bryant will be present, along with flamenco specialist Anita Sheer. The strings vibrate from nine to one. Dinner.

**Half Note**, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Chet Baker, now a middle-aged man with a horn, performs with vibraharpist Warren Chiasson's trio, and alternates with blues singer and alto player Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson and his quartet. Monday, March 18, marks the arrival of the Modern Jazz Quartet—John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, and Connie Kay—just as romantic as ever after about twenty years together. Welshman Dill Jones will also be on hand, playing piano. Music starts at nine, except Fridays, when it starts at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

**Jacques**, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard (with bassist Lyn Christie on Fridays and Saturdays) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Music from nine-thirty to three.

**Jimmy Ryan's**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Jimmy McPartland, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

**Jimmy's**, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A frenetic convention hall, lent a sense of legitimacy by pianist Barry Harris (on now) and the musicians who have in the past assembled in the downstairs 52nd Street Room. Harris, a fine sideman and studio musician, can barely be seen or heard as he performs in a corner of the bar area with bassist Lawrence Evans. Dining. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **52nd Street Room**, on the lower level, comedian Pat Cooper finishes up on Saturday, March 16. On Monday, March 18, potshooting impressionist David Frye begins playing on his audience's dislikes. Shows at nine-thirty Mondays through Wednesdays, and at nine and eleven-thirty Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice

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Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

**Kenny's Castaways,** 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Chicago-blues composer, singer, and bassist Willie Dixon offers his own perspective on blues classics that he wrote but that were made famous by Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, Little Walter, and others. He and his band can be enjoyed through Sunday, March 17. On Tuesday, March 19, jazz stylist Morgana King begins singing here. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Music starts at nine-thirty. Snacks.

**Max's Kansas City,** 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Big Star, a Memphis rock trio, trades sets with comic Ed Begley, Jr., through Monday, March 18. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

**Metro,** 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—In spite of its brick walls lacquered to resemble plastic and an over-solicitous wine list, this newly established club has become another Village refuge for folk, rock, and the like. Banjo picker, guitar strummer, fiddler, and countrified folkster John Hartford sings about (among other things) "the wheat fields and the clothes lines / And junkyards and the highways . . . from the backroads by the / Rivers" of his memory. Through Monday, March 18. Bluesman Freddie King brings in his band on Wednesday, March 20. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Earl Hines, one of the more important musical developments since the invention of the piano, demonstrates his magical technique and leads his little band Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one. On Mondays, actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen plays with a Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Located in an upper-West Side, urban-renewed, high-rise area, this corner restaurant, with its plastic-windowed sidewalk gallery, spaciousness, and easygoing atmosphere, is one of the neighborhood's major assets. Guitarist Joe Beck heads up a quartet Thursday through Saturday, March 14-16. The next week (Thursday through Saturday, March 21-23), is given over to vibraphonist Roy Ayers' quartet. Music from ten until three. Dining.

**Reno Sweeney,** 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A lively West Village cabaret with brick walls, homey curtains on the windows, and devoted patrons. Singers Judith Cohen and Janie Olivor share the facilities through Saturday, March 16, at nine and midnight. Pianist Jeremy Stone fills some of the gaps between shows. On Sunday, March 17, Arthur Blake will do impressions at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

**Soerabaja,** 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Bucky Pizzarelli plays a subtle, chord-dominated guitar from nine-thirty to one, nightly, except Sundays and Mondays.

**Stryker's,** 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—These small and attractive quarters are occupied by bassist Teruo Nakamura and his trio on Thursday, March 14. Pianist Larry Willis directs a threesome on Friday and Saturday, March 15-16. On Sunday, March 17, guitarist Gene Bertoncini works with a bassist. Finally, drummer Jual Cuitis's trio rounds out the week on Friday and Saturday, March 22-23. Music Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty until three, and Sundays from nine until two. Snacks.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of a night club still keeps tabs on the best jazz around. Currently, that jazz is played by the Horace Silver sextet, which will be here through Sunday, March 17. On Tuesday, March 19, the acrobatic and innovative young pianist Keith Jarrett begins swapping ideas with his fine quartet—bassist Charlie Haden, drummer Paul Motian, saxophonist Dewey Redman, and percussionist Guilherme Franco. Mondays are now given over to the fifteen-piece, forward-looking aggregation under the guidance of pianist, composer, sage Gil Evans. The entertainment begins at ten.

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**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially on Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and an accompanist. Undistinguished soul food.

**West End Café,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Brooks Kerr, Paul Quinichette, Sam Woodyard, and trumpeter Franc Williams consider this cafeteria a haven (compared to their post at Churchill's), because the audience here—many Columbia students—is interested in jazz and listens to the musicians. The Kerr group is onstage Mondays and Tuesdays; clarinettist Art Miller's No Gap Generation Jazz Band works Sundays; guitarist Tiny Grimes leads a trio on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Grimes plays four-string tenor guitar (an instrument often chosen by banjo players in the thirties, when the jazz guitar was coming into its own), and, as one of his admirers put it recently, "He doesn't need the other two strings." Music from nine to one. All this and food at student prices.

### BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

**Americana,** Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—The World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart alternates with the Peppi Morreale trio for dancing in the **ROYAL BOX,** from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

**Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ,** Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty until curfew. Phil Wayne's trio is on duty Sundays and Mondays. In addition, Joseph Murello provides cocktail piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

**Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** Cavril Payne will sing her swan song on Saturday, March 16. On Monday, March 18, comedian London Lee and singer Rick Daniels take over the premises. Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. The dance music issues from the trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven and seven-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

**Rainbow Grill,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The grand rooftop is presenting the songs of Damita Jo together with the Ruby Braff-George Barnes foursome. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view affords the piano duo of DeMaio and Silver, from seven to midnight, every night but Monday.

**St. Regis-Sheraton,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Billy Eckstine will be dispensing songs in the **MAISONETTE** through Wednesday, March 13. The following evening, the podium will be preëmpted by soprano Barbara McNair. Anthony Terini's orchestra is in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** the across-the-way refectory, supplies piano and accordion music, from seven to one. A Russian menu. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Jazz singer Chris Connor and the Mike Abene trio are the present incumbents in the **ST. REGIS ROOM.** Their hours are ten and midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—As of Thursday, March 14, at ten, mimic Rich Little will have the floor of the **EMPIRE ROOM;** thereafter, he'll be a dinner and supper item. The Bob Rosengarden orchestra will play for dancing all evening. Closed Sundays and Wednesday, March 13.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Fritzie Abadi**—Abstract paintings with geometric elements. Through Saturday, March 23. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

**Horst Antes**—Paintings and works on paper of imaginary figures. Through April 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Jean Arp** (1887-1966) / **Isamu Noguchi**—Collages and sculptures. / Work sheets and sculptures. Through April 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Malcolm Bailey**—Paintings done in enamel on Plexiglas. Through March 30. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Elaine Breiger**—Abstract landscapes in acrylic. Starts Saturday, March 16. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Kathy Calderwood**—Surrealistic paintings. Through Friday, March 22. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Ronald Julius Christensen**—Abstract landscapes in acrylic on paper. Through March 30. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Antoni Clavé**—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by a Spanish artist who lives in Southern France. Starts Saturday, March 16. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Friedel Dzubas**—Color-field paintings, some long and horizontal. Through Thursday, March 21. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

**Emily Elman**—Small-scale vistas of land and sky in Maine and upstate New York. Through Thursday, March 21. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Dan Flavin**—Fluorescent-light works and seven pairs of diagrams with color. Through Saturday, March 23. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Xavier Gonzalez**—Paintings of interiors and still-lifes. Through Saturday, March 23. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

**Pierre Haubensak**—Paintings and drawings by a Swiss artist. Through April 4. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Wolf Kahn**—Landscapes in oil. Through March 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Barbara London / Kieff**—Pastels of nostalgic, dreamlike memories of childhood. / Abstract bronzes by a Spanish sculptor. Through March 30. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Agnes Martin**—Drawings with grids, done between 1960 and 1967. Through April 3. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Tom Parish**—Paintings of forms resembling pebbles, in muted colors. Through Saturday, March 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Tom Perkinson**—Surrealistic pencil drawings, some with mixed mediums. Through March 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

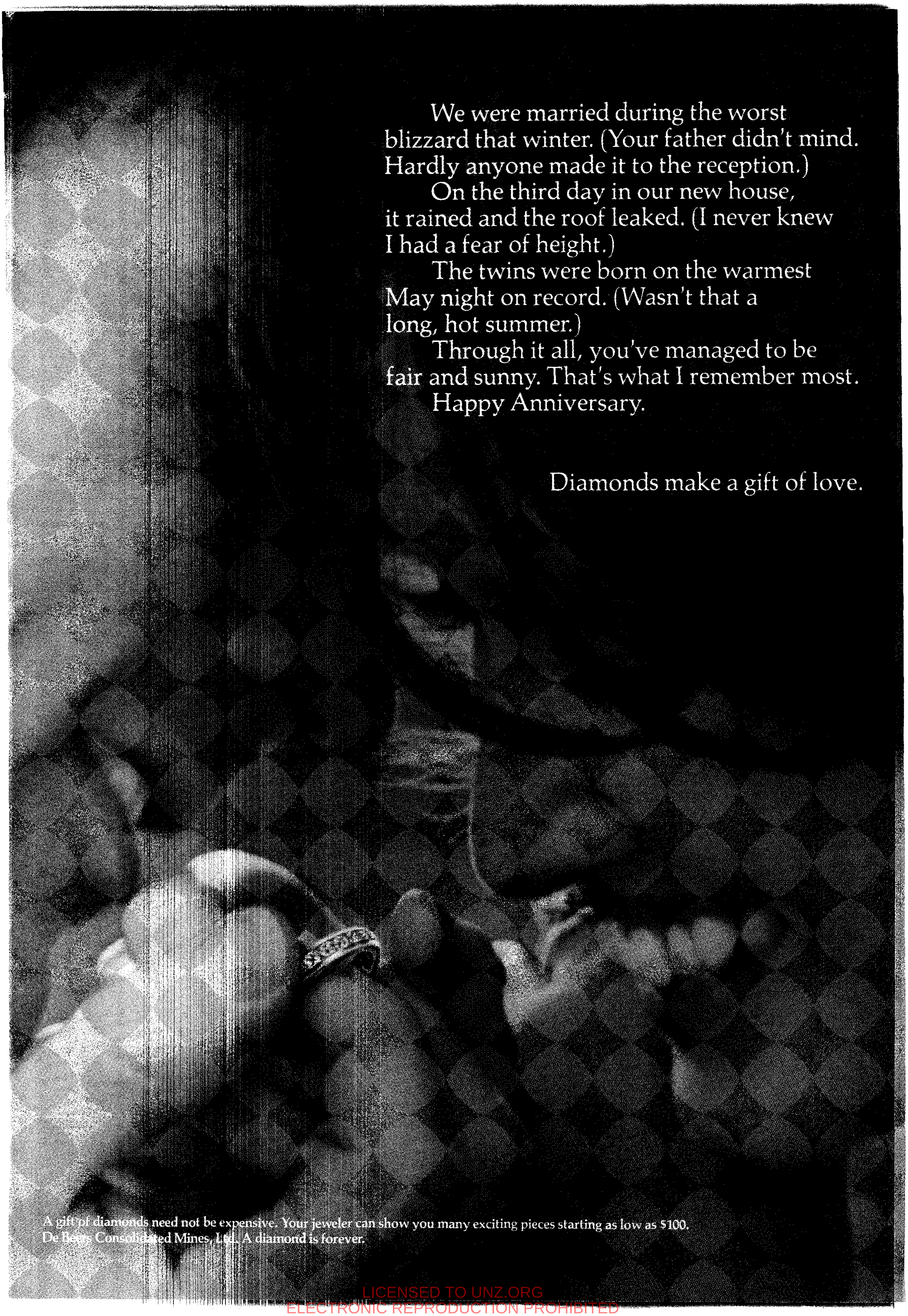
**Fairfield Porter**—Forty oils and five watercolors done in the last three years, most of them of people and scenes in the Hamptons and Maine. Through Saturday, March 23. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Michael Price**—Life-size figures cast in bronze. Through Saturday, March 23. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Milne Ramsey** (1846-1915)—Still-lifes, landscapes, and seascapes in oil and watercolor. Through April 5. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

**Hugo Robus** (1885-1964)—Bronze and marble sculptures of figures. Through March 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Georges Rohner**—About sixty realistic paintings



We were married during the worst blizzard that winter. (Your father didn't mind. Hardly anyone made it to the reception.)

On the third day in our new house, it rained and the roof leaked. (I never knew I had a fear of height.)

The twins were born on the warmest May night on record. (Wasn't that a long, hot summer.)

Through it all, you've managed to be fair and sunny. That's what I remember most.

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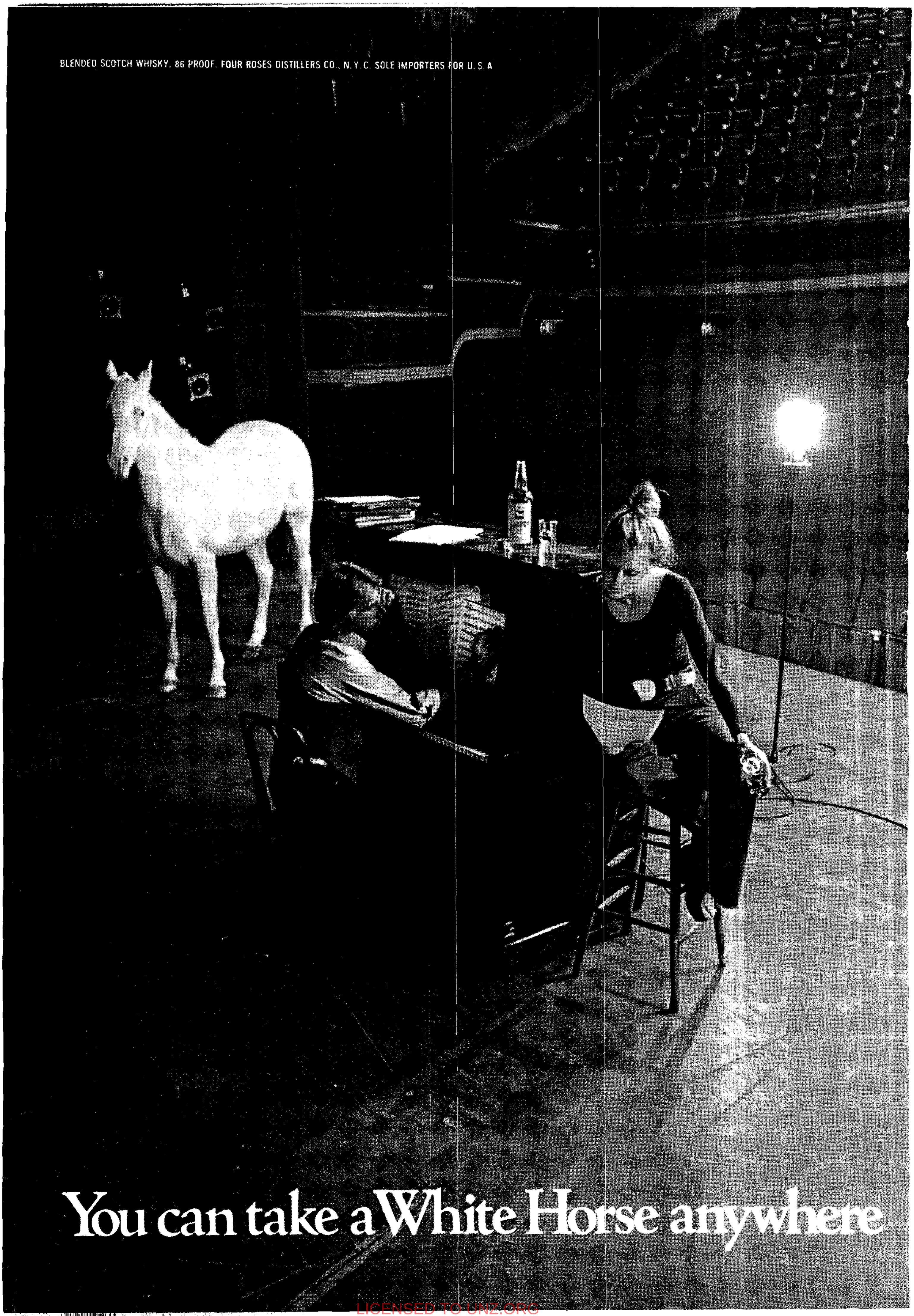

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by a French artist; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, March 16. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

**Frank Roth**—Abstract paintings. Through March 30. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Dorothy Ruddick**—Colored-ink paintings of flowers and vegetation. Through Saturday, March 23. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Edith Schloss**—More than thirty watercolors, drawings, and boxes. Through March 30. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Oil paintings of flowers, seas, and islands. Through March 30. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Joseph Shannon**—Large paintings combining social, sexual, racial, and political motifs, plus a self-portrait and small figures. Through March 30. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Peter Walker**—Realistic paintings of Coney Island. Through Saturday, March 16. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

**Hannah Wilke**—Small terra-cotta representations of female genitalia. Starts Saturday, March 16. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

**Marguerite Zorach** (1887-1968)—A show of landscape and figure paintings and drawings that is running concurrently with her exhibit at the Brooklyn Museum. Through April 6. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Braque, Picasso, Ernst, Ensor, and others. Through March 30. . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics by, among others, Argeropolos, Lynne Drexler, and Martin Hurtig. Through March 27. (Closed Mondays.). . . **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Blakelock, Glackens, Maurer, and other twentieth-century American painters. Through March 27. (Closed Mondays.). . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: De Kooning, Hofmann, Diller, Avery, Bowling, and Ward. Through March 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, cartoons, and drawings by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through March 30. (Closed Monday through Friday mornings.). . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, graphics, watercolors, and sculptures by School of Paris artists. Through April 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SOLOMON**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and graphics by Chagall, Gottlieb, Hofmann, Miró, and Picasso. Through April 30. . . . **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Studies for murals, photographs, and sketches by artists who worked for the W.P.A., among them Berenice Abbott, Stuart Davis, and Philip Guston. Through April 13. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Sculptors' drawings and prints, by Archipenko, Lehmbruck, Kollwitz, and others. Through March 30. (Closed Mondays.)

**Sculptures**—Small bronzes by Barbara Lekberg, James Kearns, Vincent Glinsky, and others. Through March 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

## GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**Anthony Caro**—Large sculptures made in England and Veduggio, Italy, dating from 1972 to 1974. Through March 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Giorgio Cavallon**—Paintings by a veteran New York abstractionist. Starts Saturday, March 16. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Joseph Fiore**—Romantic-realist landscapes. Through March 28. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Tibor Freund**—Paintings with a three-dimensional effect. Through March 28. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Richard Mayhew**—Landscape paintings. Through March 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Elie Nadelman** (1882-1946)—Sculptures, prints, and drawings. Through March 30. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Edgar Negret**—Sculptures in painted stainless steel by a Colombian. Through April 6. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

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**Ray Parker / Doug Davis**—Abstract paintings. / Videotapes and monoprints. Starts Saturday, March 16. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Cynthia Polsky**—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, March 23. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Peter Reginato**—Welded-steel abstract sculptures. Through March 28. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Ad Reinhardt** (1913-67)—Fifty-four paintings and collages executed between 1937 and 1952, spanning his career up to the period of his monochrome blue, red, and black paintings. Through Saturday, March 23. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Alexander Russo**—Paintings and prints from the last three years, showing a development from biomorphic themes to a more abstract level. Through March 30. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: American paintings executed in 1961, the last year in which Abstract Expressionists dominated the New York stage and the year when Pop and figurative artists began emerging. Through April 5. (Closed Saturday mornings.). . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: "25th Anniversary Exhibition—Part II" brings together loans of American paintings and sculptures from Pollock to Pop, Op, and sharp-focus realism. Starts Thursday, March 14. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: American paintings of the fifties by Pollock, de Kooning, Rothko, Kline, and others. Through Tuesday, March 19. (Closed Mondays.). . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: Aubusson tapestries by Albers, Arp, Kandinsky, and others. Through March 30. (Closed Mondays.)

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**Calvin Albert**—Sculptures in plaster and bronze, as well as charcoal drawings. Starts Saturday, March 16. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

**Jennifer Bartlett**—Paintings on twelve-inch-square steel plates. Through March 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

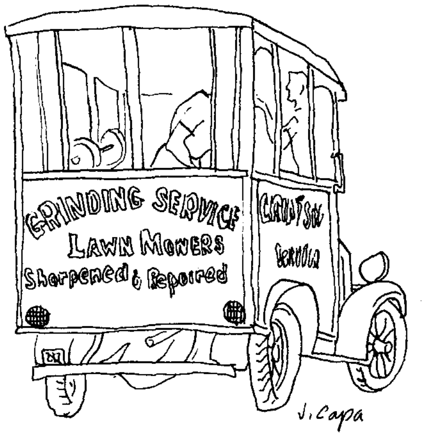
**Natvar Bhavsar**—Color-field paintings. Through March 30. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

**Daria Dorosh / Maude Boltz**—Surrealistic watercolors with faceless people. / Wrappings. Through March 27. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

**John Elderfield / Max Gimlett / David Reed**—Paintings by a British critic, an artist from New Zealand, and an American. Through March 26. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

**Grace Graupe-Pillard**—Paintings resembling Indian blankets. Starts Saturday, March 16. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Nancy Graves**—Large shaped canvases in sections. Starts Saturday, March 16. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)



**Ralph Greene / Robert Tinch**—Paintings of abstracted figures on paper. / One large steel sculpture, plus maquettes. Through Friday, March 15. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St.)

**Diane Karol / Racelle Strick**—Canvases, extending from the walls or hanging suspended in combinations of tubular or conical forms. / Abstract paintings, drawings, and etchings. Through March 27. (55 Mercer Street. Closed Mondays.)

**Marjorie Kramer**—Portraits, landscapes, and genre motifs. Starts Friday, March 15. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Michael Mau**—Paintings of American imagery. Through Saturday, March 23. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**John McNally**—Abstract constructions in oak and pine. Through March 27. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Roman Opalka**—Seven gray-and-white paintings and ten drawings, all of numbers, by a Polish artist. Through March 30. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Stephen Posen / Nakagawa / Marilynn Gelfman-Pereira**—Realist paintings. / Still-life paintings (no fruit or flowers here). / Abstract wire sculptures. Through Saturday, March 23. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Celeste Rehm / Agnes Denes**—Surrealistic paintings. / Geometrical drawings on grid paper. Through March 29. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Justin Schorr / Deli Sacilotto**—Abstract paintings. / Abstract prints with hard-edge areas. Through Thursday, March 21. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Mark Eliot Schwabe / Helen Thomas**—Geometric metal sculptures. / Paintings consisting of rows of overlapping ellipses. Starts Saturday, March 16. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

**Jack Tworkov**—Paintings and drawings from 1971 to the present. Starts Saturday, March 16. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

## OTHER GALLERIES

**Ruth Gikow**—Drawings and watercolors depicting contemporary life in New York. Through Saturday, March 23. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Richard Hunt**—Welded-steel sculptures, and graphics. Through April 6. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER**, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Papercuts from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from all over the world. Starts Saturday, March 16. (Closed Saturday mornings.). . . **UNION CARBIDE BUILDING**, 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: More than a hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures by contemporary Americans. Through March 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Thomas Barrow / Josef Sudek**—Pink-toned silver and Verifax prints. / Views of Czechoslovakia. Through March 30. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

**Horst**—Photographs of figures in fashion, the arts, and society in the thirties and forties. Through April 3. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

**William Henry Jackson** (1843-1942) / **Timothy H. O'Sullivan** (1840-42)—Large prints of Mexico and the West. / Prints from a post-Civil War expedition exploring the Wild West. Through March 31. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

**Shabtai Tal**—Photographs of the Yom Kippur war. Through March 31. (Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**James Van DerZee**—Photographs which chronicle black life in America, and in particular Harlem. Through March 30. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An elegant exhibition of work

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by André Kertész (b. Hungary 1894), Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (b. Hungary 1895), and Alexander Rodchenko (b. Russia 1891) done in the twenties and thirties. Through April 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Five photographers. Through March 26. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, *Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.*—Ninety-seven medieval tapestries, on loan from museums and private collections all over Europe and North America. Among them are the enormous tapestry from the "Apocalypse" series at Angers and the six pieces of the "Lady with the Unicorn" from the Cluny Museum in Paris. Also, of course, the "Hunt of the Unicorn" set from The Cloisters. Through April 21.... ¶ "The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31.... ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art."... ¶ Ninety-four French drawings ranging from the work of Jacques-Louis David to that of Picasso. Through April 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—Woodcuts of the eighteen-nineties by Félix Vallotton which depict all levels of Parisian society. Through April 28.... ¶ Twentieth-century portraits by Beckmann, Modigliani, Nolde, and others. Through April 28.... ¶ Recent acquisitions of paintings and sculptures by Vlaminck, Rouault, Vuillard, and others. Through March 24.... ¶ Works by Giulio Paolini, a contemporary Italian artist. Through April 14.... ¶ Photographs by Kertész, Moholy-Nagy, and Rodchenko; see above, under "Photography." (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Selections from the museum's collection. Through March 24. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A loan exhibition of some three hundred works of American folk art from 1776 to 1876. Through March 24.... ¶ A retrospective of portraits from the nineteen-thirties to the present, by Alice Neel. Through Sunday, March 17.... ¶ "Frank O'Hara: Poet Among Painters," a show that juxtaposes the late poet's work with paintings and sculptures (by de Kooning, Lee Krasner, Helen Frankenthaler, and others) from the museum's collection. Through Sunday, March 17.... ¶ Hard-edge paintings of symmetrical rectangles by John McLaughlin. Through Sunday, March 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Downtown Museum**, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Landscapes, urban scenes, portraits, and figures. Through March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—Etchings from the seventeenth century to the mid-twentieth, from the museum's collection. Through April 21.... ¶ Early paintings, drawings, and prints by Marguerite Zorach (1887-1968). Through April 21. A complement to this show is her exhibit at the Kraushaar Galleries, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.... ¶ More than fifty collages by Anne Ryan (1889-1954). Through April 21. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display on the subject of currassows and related tropical birds, including mounted specimens, paintings, drawings, maps, and tape recordings. Through March 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters**, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Lipchitz, Evergood, and four other recently deceased members of the academy. Through April 7.... ¶ A show of the works of twenty-three painters and ten sculptors who are candidates for Academy-Institute awards. Through April 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**China House**, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of bronze and gilt images and tankas which were used in Tantric Buddhist meditations and rituals. Starts Thursday, March 14. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**Finch College Museum of Art**, 61 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of the work of Philip Pearlstein, composed of paintings, related drawings, and all of his prints. Through Sunday, March 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

**Grolier Club**, 47 E. 60th St.—A thorough review of the life and work of Gertrude Stein, on the centennial of her birth, including manuscripts, first editions, presentation copies, letters from her writer friends, photographs, and other memorabilia. Through April 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

**Japan House**, 333 E. 47th St.—A show exploring the interaction of Japanese pictorial arts and literature. The interactors include calligraphy, paintings, and manuscripts, mostly of aristocratic provenance and ranging from the eighth century to the nineteenth. Lent from the collections of Mrs. Donald Hyde and Mr. Philip Hofer. Through Sunday, March 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Jewish Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photo panels, models, and texts by Moshe Safdie, the architect and urban planner. Through Monday, March 18.... ¶ Watercolors by Leonard Baskin, devoted to the ancient Passover story. Through April 21. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—"Great Acquisitions of Fifty Years: *1924-1974*," an apt banner for a breathtaking alignment of medieval and Renaissance manuscripts, Old Master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts—areas in which the library is outstanding. Through April 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Contemporary Crafts**, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Baroque '74," a show of nearly a hundred objects (jewelry, furniture, textiles) by American craftsmen. Through Sunday, March 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**Museum of Primitive Art**, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating how art is used to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**National Academy of Design**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-ninth annual, composed of nearly three hundred and fifty oils, sculptures, watercolors, and graphics by both members and nonmembers. Through Friday, March 15. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

**New York Cultural Center**, 2 Columbus Circle—"Painters of the Mind's Eye," a show linking the nineteenth-century Symbolist movement in Belgium with the work of the Belgian Surrealists René Magritte and Paul Delvaux. Through Sunday, March 17.... ¶ Paintings, drawings, and magazine illustrations and covers by Benito, the Art Deco artist who did much work for *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* in the twenties and thirties. Through Wednesday, March 20.... ¶ Metal collage constructions made during the past seven years out of printed tin throwaways and raw-aluminum sheeting by Jim Nichols. Through April 7.... ¶ Drawings of collectors, writers, artists, and actors by Don Bachardy. Through April 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

**New-York Historical Society**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibition of photographs of New York City taken between 1853 and 1901. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

**New York Public Library**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Other People's Mail: Letters of Men and Women of Letters," an exhibit of letters by fifty Americans and fifty Britons. The writers range from Benjamin Franklin to Clifford Odets and from Jonathan Swift to George Orwell. Through May 11.... ¶ Seventy-two original prints, a quarter of them Japanese, on the theme of the weather. Among the artists are Utamaro, Hiroshige, Vallotton, and Hassam. Through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

**New York Public Library at Lincoln Center**—Original scores, posters, photographs, sculptures, programs, correspondence, and costume designs tracing the career of composer Elliott Carter. Through March 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall *362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)*

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday, March 13, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Ezio Flagello; conducted by Max Rudolf.... ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 6:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Nell Rankin, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Helge Brilioth, Thomas Stewart, Bengt Rundgren, and Marius Rintzler; Rafael Kubelik.... ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, Cornell MacNeil, and Paul Plishka; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 1: "Les Troyens," with Shirley Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy, William Lewis, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; Rafael Kubelik.... ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Edda Moser, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, John Macurdy, David Holloway, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; Leif Segerstam.... ¶ Monday, March 18, at 6:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Nell Rankin, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, Bengt Rundgren, and Marius Rintzler; Rafael Kubelik.... ¶ Tuesday, March 19, at 8: "I Vespri Siciliani," with Montserrat Caballé, Nicolai Gedda, Cornell MacNeil, and Paul Plishka; James Levine.... ¶ Wednesday, March 20, at 7: "Les Troyens," with Shirley Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, William Lewis, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy, Charles Anthony, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; Rafael Kubelik.... ¶ Thursday, March 21, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Luciano Pavarotti, John Reardon, and Ezio Flagello; Max Rudolf.... ¶ Friday, March 22, at 8: "La Bohème," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Edda Moser, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, John Macurdy, David Holloway, Richard Best, and Paul Franke; Leif Segerstam.... ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 12:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Birgit Nilsson, Nell Rankin, Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Helge Brilioth, William Dooley, Bengt Rundgren, and Marius Rintzler; Rafael Kubelik.... ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, Russell Christopher, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo. (A nonsubscription performance.)

**New York City Opera**—Wednesday, March 13, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Jeanne Piland, Gene Bullard, and Robert Hale; conducted by Julius Rudel. ... ¶ Thursday, March 14, at 8: "La Bohème," with Shari Anderson, Noelle Rogers, Luciano Rampaso, Dominic Cossa, Willard White, and William Ledbetter; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Friday, March 15, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with Marisa Galvany, Olivia Stapp, Roger Patterson, Robert Hale, and John Lankston; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 2: "Medea," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Barbara Hocher, Dean Wilder, and Samuel Ramey; Giuseppe Morelli.... ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 8: "Tosca,"

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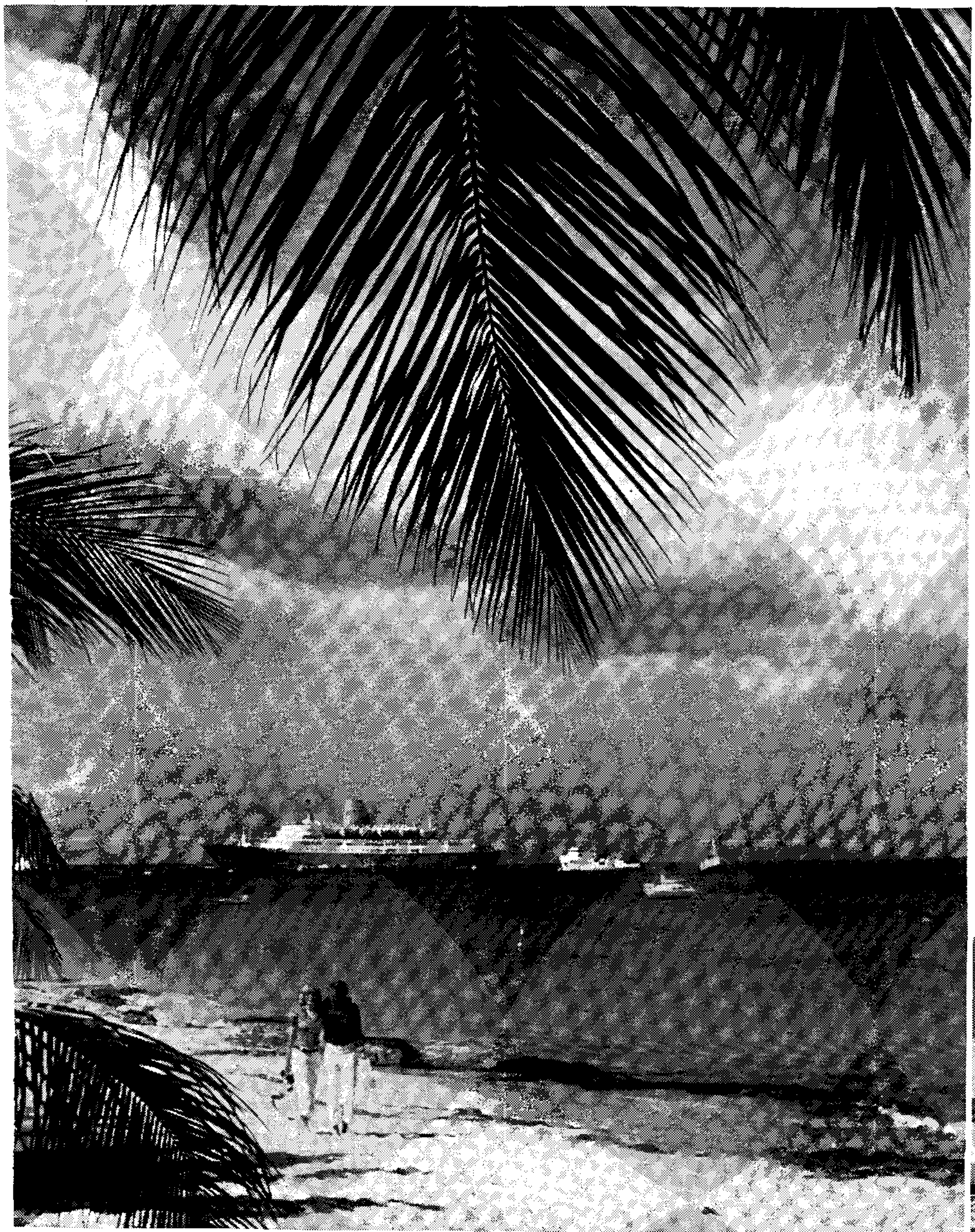

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## CRUISE HIGHLIGHTS 1974-75

From New York (Port Everglades*)

**SPRING MEDITERRANEAN, GREEK ISLANDS,** April 6*/10. 40 days. 20 ports. Vistafjord.

**EASTER WEST INDIES,** April 12. 14 days. 7 ports. Sagafjord.

***SPRING CRUISE TO EUROPE & BRITISH ISLES,*** *April 26.* 35 days. 19 ports. Sagafjord.

**NORTH CAPE & FJORDLANDS,** June 1. 32 days. 12 ports. Sagafjord.

**TWO CARIBBEAN CRUISES,** from Port Everglades only, June 3, June 13. 10 days. 4 ports. Vistafjord.

**NORTH CAPE & NORTHERN EUROPE,** June 23*/25. 42 days. 19 ports. Vistafjord.

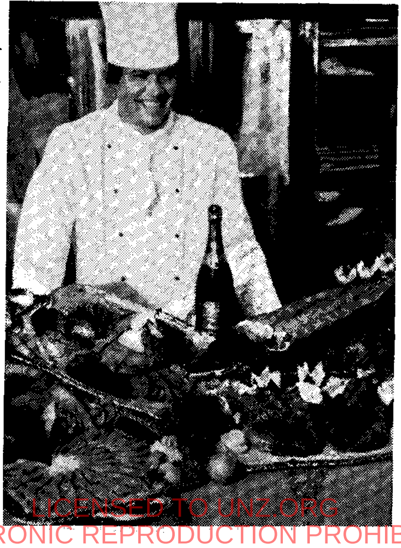
**SCANDINAVIA AND EASTERN EUROPE,** Aug. 7. 30 days. 8 ports. Vistafjord.

**FALL MEDITERRANEAN,** Sept. 7/9*. 39 days. 15 ports. Vistafjord.

**SEVEN CARIBBEAN CRUISES,** from Port Everglades, Oct. 19-Jan. 4*. 10-17 days. 5-10 ports. Vistafjord.

**SOUTH SEAS-EAST INDIES-ORIENT,** Jan. 7/10*. 90 days. 23 ports. Vistafjord.

**FOUR CONTINENTS,** Jan. 21/23*. 79 days. 29 ports. Vistafjord.



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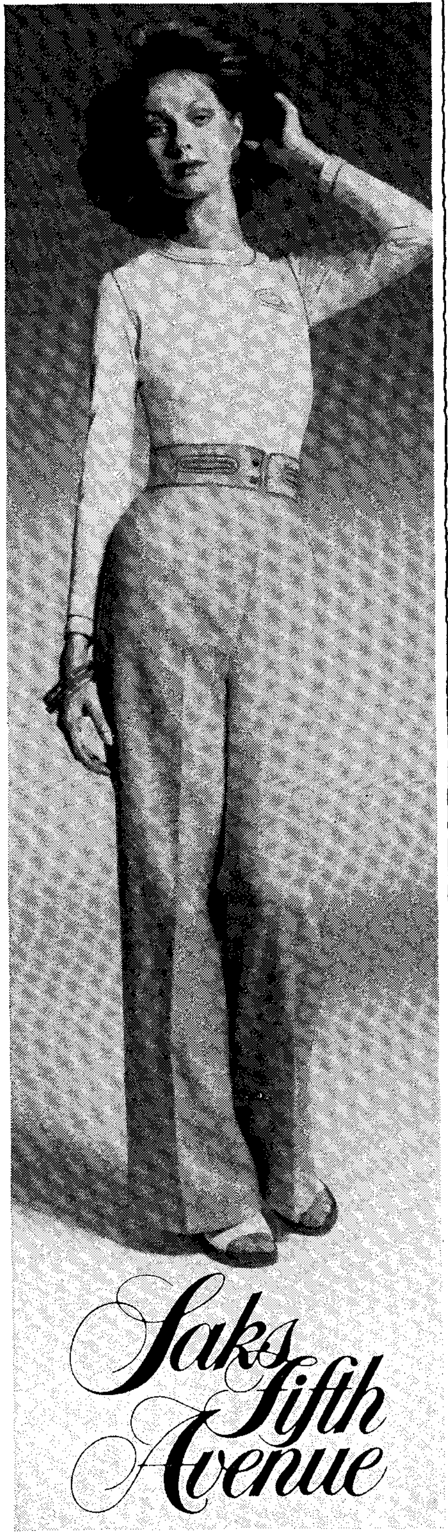

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with Johanna Meier, Herman Malamood, Richard Fredricks, Jerold Siena, and Robert Paul; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 17, at 1: "The Mikado," with Glenys Fowles, Betty Allen, Jeanne Piland, Edward Pierson, and James Billings; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 17, at 7: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Gene Bullard, Richard T. Gill, and John Lankston; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 19, at 8: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Wise, Beverly Evans, Richard Stilwell, Robert Termine, and Michael Li-Paz; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 20, at 8: "Medea," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Anna Giancotti, Dean Wilder, and Samuel Ramey; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 21, at 8: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Margaret Yauger, Robert Hale, Richard Fredricks, and Jerold Siena; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 22, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Doris Jung, Maralin Niska, Ruth Welting, and Thomas Jamerson; Felix Popper. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 2: "Medea," with Janice Yoes, Diane Curry, Emily Derr, Irene Kessler, Puli Toro, Samuel Ramey, and Erik Townsend; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 23, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Nancy Shade, Sandra Walker, Herman Malamood Adib Fazah, and Irwin Densen; Karoly Köpe. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 28.)

**New York Pro Musica Antiqua**—Five performances of Marco da Gagliano's baroque opera "La Dafne." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday through Saturday, March 13-16, at 8, and Sunday, March 17, at 3.)

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Andrew Davis conducting on Thursday, March 14, at 8:30; Friday, March 15, at 2; and Saturday, March 16, at 8:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello). . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting and acting as narrator on Thursday, March 21, at 8:30; Friday, March 22, at 2; Saturday, March 23, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 26, at 7:30 (all with Stanley Drucker, clarinet).

**Pittsburgh Symphony**—William Steinberg conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Marilyn Horne, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 13, at 8.)

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, March 18, at 8:15.)

**Boston Symphony**—The final concerts of the season here—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Maurizio Pollini, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, March 20, and Friday, March 22, at 8:30.). . . ¶ William Steinberg conducting a performance of Bruckner's Symphony No. 7. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 23, at 8.)

**"La Favola l'Orfeo"**—Charlotte Bergen directing an orchestra and chorus in a performance of Monteverdi's opera in concert form, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Robert White, tenor; John Reardon, bass; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

**Municipal Concerts Orchestra**—Julius Grossman conducting, with David Nadien, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 8.)

**New and Newer Music**—Dennis Russell Davies conducting The Ensemble and playing the piano in the second in a series of three concerts, this one with Keith Jarrett, also piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 17, at 2:30.)

**Contemporary Chamber Ensemble**—Arthur Weisberg conducting, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, and Fred Sherry, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 18, at 8.)

**Mannes Chamber Orchestra**—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday, March 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

**Our Bach Concert**—Henry Schuman conducting an orchestra and playing the oboe, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Fernando Valenti and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; the American Brass Quintet; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, March 23, at midnight.)

**Musica Sacra of New York**—Richard Westenburg directing the first in a series of four concerts of Bach Cantatas, with Benita Valente, soprano; Shirley Love, alto, Charles Bressler, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 14, at 8.)

**Bach Aria Group**—Russell Stanger directing the final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 20, at 8.)

**Sine Nomine Singers**—Harry Saltzman directing the second of two programs. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 23, at 8.)

### RECITALS

**Tokyo String Quartet**—The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 14, at 8.)

**Richard Goode**—Piano. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Friday, March 15, at 8.)

**Jean-Pierre Rampal**—Flute, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with the Juilliard String Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 15, at 8.)

**Peter Serkin**—Piano, with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; Ida Kavafian, violin; and others, in an all-Brahms program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 15, at 8.)

**Eugene Istomin**—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 16, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

**Rafael Orozco**—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 16, at 8.)

**Amiram Rigai**—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 8:30.)

**David Bar-Illan**—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 16, at 9:45.)

**Pinchas Zukerman**—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St 535-5350. Sunday, March 17, at 2:15.)

**Alfred Brendel**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 17, at 3.)

**Philippe Entremont**—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, March 17, at 3.)

**Les Menestriers**—A program of mostly French music from the later Middle Ages. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, March 17, at 3. For tickets, call WA 3-3702.)

**New School Concerts**—The first of two all-Mendelssohn programs, this one played by Lee Luvisi, piano; Alexander Schneider, violin; Walter Trampler, viola, and Laurence Lesser, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Sunday, March 17, at 5.)

**Ruggiero Ricci and Jorge Bolet**—Violin and piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, March 19, at 6.)

**Bruce Hungerford**—In a program of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

**Rollin Smith**—Organ, in an all-Bach recital. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, March 20, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

**Gina Bachauer**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 20, at 8.)

**Ivan Nunez**—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

**Paniagua Duo**—Gregorio Paniagua, lute and viola da gamba, and Pablo Cano, harpsichord, in a program of works by fourteenth- to eighteenth-century composers. (Vélez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

**Cleveland Quartet**—The third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

**Eileen DiTullio**—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8.)

**Guarneri Quartet**—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 22, at 8, the last in a series of concerts. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 23, at 8.)

**Boehm Quintette**—The second in a series of three concerts of American music, this one with David Abramovitz, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8:30.

Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

## MISCELLANY

**Arnold Schoenberg Retrospective Concert**—A program of his music, performed by Lucy Shelton, soprano; Herbert Beattie, bass; Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano; the Speculum Musicae Quartet; and the Musica Reservata conducted by Margherita Hastings. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, March 20, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

**Interludes**—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 13, at 5:45: **marian mcpartland and teddi king**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 20, at 5:45: **merce cunningham dance company.**

**Deep Purple, Savoy Brown, and Tucky Buzzard**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, March 13, at 8.

**Pointer Sisters, Hugh Masekela, and Hedzoleh Soundz**—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, March 13, at 8.

**Harry Chapin**—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 15, at 8.

**Van Morrison**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 15, at 8.

**Foghat, Frampton's Camel, and Maggie Bell**—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, March 16, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

**Country in New York**—The third in a series of five concerts, this one with Lynn Anderson, Doug Kershaw, and David Bromberg. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 16, at 8:30.)

**Clancy Brothers and Lou Killen**—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, March 17, at 8.

**Bobby Short**—A program devoted primarily to Gershwin and Arlen. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 17 at 8.)

**Eubie Blake**—A concert of rag and stride piano, with James Hession, Michael Lipskin, and Terry Waldo. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, March 18, at 8.)

**Howard McGhee, Jimmy McPartland, and Joe Newman**—With others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Monday, March 18 at 8.)

**Roy Buchanan**—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 19, at 8.

**New York Jazz Repertory Company**—The fifth in a series of concerts, this one devoted to the music of Gil Evans, who will conduct his own works. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 21, at 8.)

**Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Jerry Jeff Walker, and Eric Andersen**—Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 22, at 8.

**Argent and Redbone**—Academy of Music. Saturday, March 23, at 8.

**Renaissance, Eleventh House (with Larry Coryell), and Soft Machine**—Academy of Music. Saturday, March 23, at midnight.

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

**Professional Basketball**—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Kansas City-Omaha, Saturday, March 23, at 8. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 7:35): Nets vs. Utah, Wednesday, March 13. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, March 15. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Memphis, Wednesday, March 20. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Friday, March 22.

**Boxing**—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 22, at 8.)

**Hockey**—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Thursday, March 14, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, March 20, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 7:35): Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, March 16. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Tuesday, March 19. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, March 23.

**Racing**—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 11. The Bay Shore, Saturday, March 16, and the Correction Handicap, Saturday, March 23. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 2; through Monday, May 27. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Daily at 1; through Saturday, March 16.

**Trotting**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 18.

## FOR CHILDREN

**Music**—By the **little orchestra society:** Thomas Scherman directing a staged performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance." (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, March 16, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.). . . **les menestriers:** A program of Renaissance music, with commentary by Melvin Kaplan. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 16, at 3.). . . **light opera of manhattan:** "The Yeomen of the Guard," Saturday and Sunday, March 16-17, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, March 23, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

**Stage Shows**—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "Pinocchio." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **meri mini players:** "Pinocchio." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . **paper bag players:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (P.S. 41, 116 W. 11th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3. Tickets at the box office only, on the days of the performances.)

**Hayden Planetarium,** Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "It's About Time." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

## ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

**United Nations**—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

**Poetry Readings**—Giovanni Giudici reading from his own works, in Italian, with English translations read by Allen Mandelbaum. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, March 19, at 8. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.). . . ¶ Seamus Heaney reading from his own works, plus folk songs by David Hammond. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Wednesday, March 20, at 8.)

**Discussions**—"Pornography and the Arts," with panelists Jules Feiffer, Penelope Gilliatt, and William Styron, and moderator William Phillips. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 18, at 8.)

**Cat Show**—Empire Cat Club. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Friday, March 15, from 6 to 11; Saturday, March 16, from 10 to 9; and Sunday, March 17, from 1 to 7.)

**Coliseum Antiques Fair and Flower Show**—Antiques from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth, plus flower exhibits and garden displays. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Saturday, March 13-16, from 12:30 to 9:30, and Sunday, March 17, from 12:30 to 7.)

**Auctions**—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 14, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, March 15, at 2: Old Master paintings, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 16, at 2: French and Continental furniture, decorations, clocks, and rugs; from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 21, at 2: Twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Friday, March 15.

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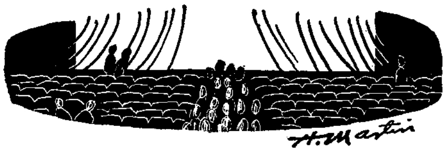
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



## THE MOVIE HOUSES

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | | |

**THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW**

### EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 19: "Day for Night."
From March 20: "In the Name of the Father."

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through March 16: "Broadway Melody of 1938" and "Ziegfeld Follies."
March 17-19: "The Lady Eve" and "Three-Cornered Moon."
From March 20: "The Sky's the Limit" and "Shall We Dance."

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through March 19: "Mean Streets" and "THX 1138."
From March 20: "The Seven-Ups" and "The Last American Hero."

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Walking Tall."

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 14: "Day for Night."
From March 15: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 19: "Sleeper."
From March 20: "The Super Cops."

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Sleeper."

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Blazing Saddles."

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Zardoz."

**Fine Arts,** 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Pedestrian."

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Exorcist."

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Serpico."

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Last Detail."

**East 59th Street I,** 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Way We Were."

**East 59th Street II,** 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Way We Were."

**Ciné Malibu,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
March 13: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 14: To be announced.

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Cinderella Liberty."

**First Avenue Screening Room,** 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
"Lucia."

**Columbia I,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Paper Chase."

**Columbia II,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"American Graffiti."

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Exorcist."

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Thieves Like Us."

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Man on a Swing."

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 19: "Executive Action."
From March 20: "The New Land."

**Juliet 1,** 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through March 14: "Day for Night."
From March 15: "The Getaway" and "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."

**Juliet 2,** 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Papillon."

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 19: "Walking Tall."
From March 20: "Fantastic Planet."

**Loews Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Zardoz."

**Loews Ciné,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Sting."

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 19: "Black Six."
From March 20: "The Super Cops."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Africa Uncensored."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Busting."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 19: "Don't Look Now."
From March 20: "Sleeper."

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 14: "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races."
From March 15: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

**5th Ave. Cinema,** 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 19: "The Long Goodbye" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
From March 20: "Fantastic Planet."

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Zardoz."

**Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through March 19 at one or another of the theatres: "The Emperor Jones" and "The Great White Hope" / "Last Tango in Paris" and "The Conformist" / "Cries and Whispers" and "Chloé in the Afternoon" / "Le Sex Shop" and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."
From March 20: To be announced.

**Elgin,** 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
March 13: "The Clowns" and "Variety Lights."
March 14-18: "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors."
March 19: "Lola Montès" and "The Immortal Story."
March 20: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "The Bicycle Thief."
From March 21: "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors."

**23rd St. Cinema,** 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through March 19: "Last Tango in Paris" and "Save the Tiger."
From March 20: "Day for Night" and "Cries and Whispers."

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
March 13: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
March 14: "Chariots of the Gods ?"
From March 15: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Mame."

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Day of the Dolphin."

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Day for Night."

**Playboy,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 14: "Happy New Year."
March 15-19: "Vanishing Wilderness."
From March 20: "Fantastic Planet."

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Sleeper."

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
March 13: "Eugene Onegin" and "Swan Lake."
March 14: "Weekend" and "Contempt."
March 15-16: "Rosemary's Baby" and "Repulsion."
March 17 (matinée only): "The Quiet Man."
March 17 (evening performances only): "White Heat" and "Strawberry Blonde."
March 18: "Aparajito," "My Apprenticeship," and "Fanny."
March 19: "Sullivan's Travels" and "The Great McGinty."
March 20: "Picnic on the Grass" and "The Southerner."
March 21: "Death in Venice" and "Fellini Satyricon."

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

**Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Exorcist."

**Cinema Studio,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Papillon."

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through March 19: "Mean Streets" and "Take the Money and Run."
From March 20: To be announced.

**Embassy 72nd St.,** B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through March 19: "M*A*S*H" and "Bedazzled."
From March 20: "Fantastic Planet."

**Beacon,** B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
A Bruce Lee festival, including "Enter the Dragon," "Fists of Fury," and "The Chinese Connection." Schedule not available at this writing.

**Loews 83rd St.,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"McQ."

**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 13: "Three Sisters" (American Film Theatre subscription series).
From March 14: "Day for Night."

**Symphony,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 14: "The New Land" and "A Doll's House."
From March 15: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through March 19: "A Man for All Seasons" and "I Never Sang for My Father."
From March 20: To be announced.

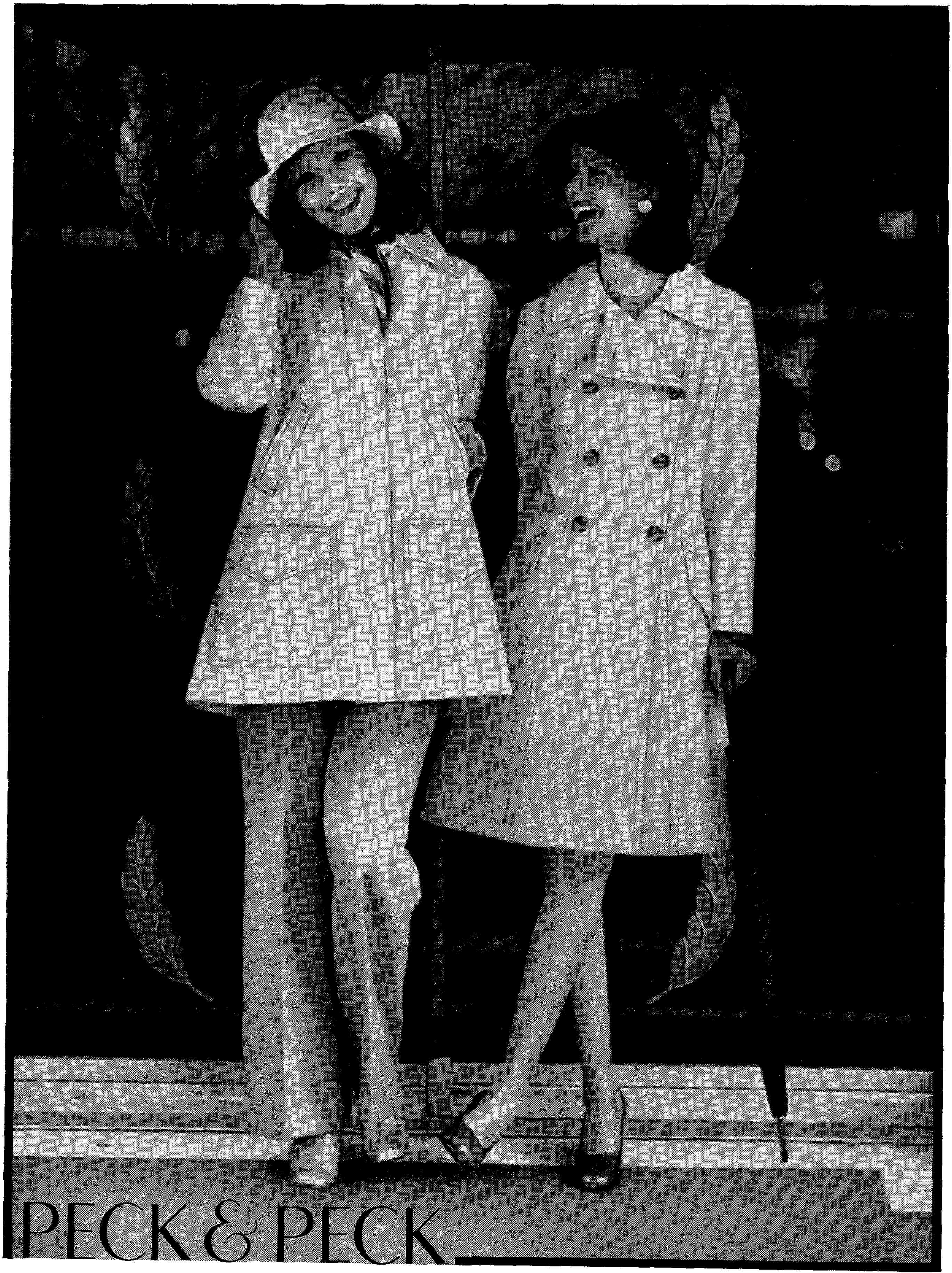
**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 19: "Last Tango in Paris" and "The Conformist."
From March 20: "Tupamaros!," "When the People Awake," and "Memories of Underdevelopment."

**Note**—A few specialist film houses: **BLEECKER ST. CINEMA,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. This weekend is nonmusical—Friday through Sunday, March 15-17: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935; Peter Lorre and Edna Best) and "Murder" (1930; Herbert Marshall).... **FILM FORUM,** 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes.* At 8, Thursdays through Sundays. ... **PAGODA,** 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

### FILM LIBRARIES

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 13 at 5:30: "The Trial of Vivienne Ware" (1932), directed by William K. Howard, with Joan Bennett.... ¶ March 14 at 5:30: "Arsen, the Bandit" (1923), a Russian film, directed by V. Barsky; no English titles.... ¶ March 14 at 8: "The Murder of General Gryaznov" (1921), a Russian film, directed by I. Perestiani and A. Nikidze; and "The Metalworker and the Chancellor" (1923), a Russian film, directed by V. Gardin, no English titles.... ¶ March 15 at 2: "Father Frost" (1924), a Russian film, directed by Y. Zhelizbuzhsky, no English titles; and "Chess Fever" (1925), a Russian film, directed by V. I. Pudovkin.... ¶ March 15 at 5:30 and March 16 at noon: "Heaven and Earth Magic" (1958-61), directed by Harry Smith.... ¶ March 16 at 3: "Kino-Eye" (1924), a Russian film, directed by Dziga Vertov; no English titles.... ¶ March 16 at 5:30: "Father Frost" (1924) and "Chess Fever" (1925).... ¶ March 17 at 2: "Jesse James" (1939), directed by Henry King, with Tyrone Power and Henry Fonda.... ¶ March 17 at 5:30: "His Call" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Y. Protazanov; no English titles.... ¶ March 18 at 2: "Aelita" (1924), a Russian film, directed by Y. Protazanov; no English titles.... ¶ March 18 at 5:30: "Kino-Eye" (1924).... ¶ March 19 at 2: "The True Glory" (1945), directed by Carol Reed and Garson Kanin. ... ¶ March 19 at 5:30: "Year of the Woman" (1973), directed by Sandra Hochman. ... ¶ March 20 at 5:30: "The True Glory" (1945).... ¶ March 21 at 5:30: "Aelita" (1924).... ¶ March 21 at 8: "Kino-Pravada No. 21" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Dziga Vertov; and "How Petunka Travelled to Ilyich" (1924), a Russian film, directed by M. Doronin, no English titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

**New York Cultural Center,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—March 13 at 4 and 6: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1946), directed by Jean Renoir, with Paulette Goddard and



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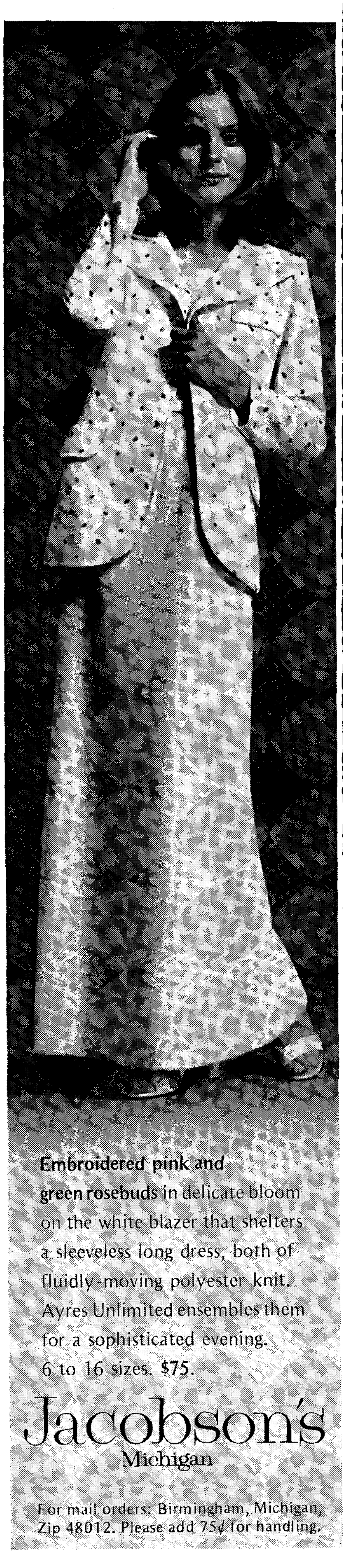

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Burgess Meredith. . . . ¶ March 14 at 4 and 6: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Jeanne Moreau. . . . ¶ March 15 at 5 and 7:30: "Play Dirty" (1969), directed by Andre De Toth, with Michael Caine and Nigel Davenport. . . . ¶ March 16-17 at 4 and 6: "Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland and Grace Kelly. . . . ¶ March 20 at 4 and 6: "Merrill's Marauders" (1962), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Jeff Chandler and Ty Hardin. . . . ¶ March 21 at 3 and 6: "Cheyenne Autumn" (1964), directed by John Ford, with Richard Widmark and Carroll Baker. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—March 13: "Montreal Main," directed by Frank Vitale. . . . ¶ March 14-20: "Narrative Cinema Part One," a program of three short films. . . . ¶ Starting March 21: "Narrative Cinema Part Two," a program of six short films. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings); on March 13 at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

**BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 30 Lafayette Ave. (636-4100). Films of the American Film Institute—March 13: New American animated and live short subjects. . . . ¶ March 14: "Gulliver's Travels" (1939), a Max Fleischer full-length cartoon. . . . ¶ March 15: A program of Popeye cartoons. . . . ¶ March 20: A program of prize-winning foreign cartoons. . . . ¶ March 21: A program of experimental cartoons. . . . ¶ March 22: Betty Boop and other cartoons. (Showings at 8.)

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

**AFRICA UNCENSORED**—A documentary film, directed by Angelo Castiglioni and Guido Guerrasio. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

**AMERICAN GRAFFITI**—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Reviewed in these pages 8/13/73.) (Columbia II.)

**APARAJITO** (1957)—The central film of Satyajit Ray's great Apu trilogy is transitional in structure, rather than dramatic, yet it is full of insights and revelations. Ray takes the broken family of "Pather Panchali" from the village to Benares and follows the boy Apu in his encounter with school and the intellectual life at the University of Calcutta. The film chronicles the emergence of modern industrial India, showing it to be not a primitive society but a corrupted society. However, Apu himself embodies Ray's belief that individuals need not become corrupt. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 18.)

**BEDAZZLED** (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 19.)

**THE BICYCLE THIEF** (1949)—Vittorio De Sica's story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, and its richnesses, its enigmas sneak up on the audience. The script for this classic of neorealism is by Cesare Zavittini. On just about everybody's list of the greatest films of all times. In Italian. (Elgin; March 20.)

**BLAZING SADDLES**—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem as much as they can, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Sutton.)

**BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938**—An M-G-M musical with Judy Garland in bobby socks singing the memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable," and Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, and Robert Benchley. The score is by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown, but not at their top, and the director is Roy Del Ruth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 16.)

**BUSTING**—With Elliott Gould and Robert Blake, directed by Peter Hyams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

**CHARIOTS OF THE GODS?**—A film version of Erich Von Däniken's theories of extraterrestrial visitors to Earth centuries ago. Directed by Harald Reinl. (Guild; March 14.)

**CHLOÉ IN THE AFTERNOON** (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (10/7/72) (Quad Cinema; through March 19.)

**CINDERELLA LIBERTY**—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience; you feel as if you're wading through it. (1/21/74) (Cinema II.)

**THE CLOWNS** (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Elgin; March 13.)

**THE CONFORMIST** (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Quad Cinema, and Olympia; through March 19.)

**CONTEMPT** (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 14.)

**CRIES AND WHISPERS** (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. (1/6/73) (In Swedish, with subtitles, at the Quad Cinema; through March 19. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the 23rd St. Cinema; starting March 20.)

**A DAY AT THE RACES** (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. (8th St. Playhouse; through March 14.)

**DAY FOR NIGHT**—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply

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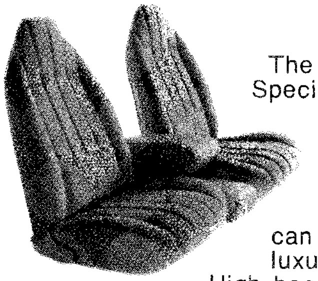

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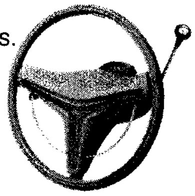

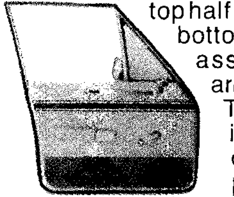

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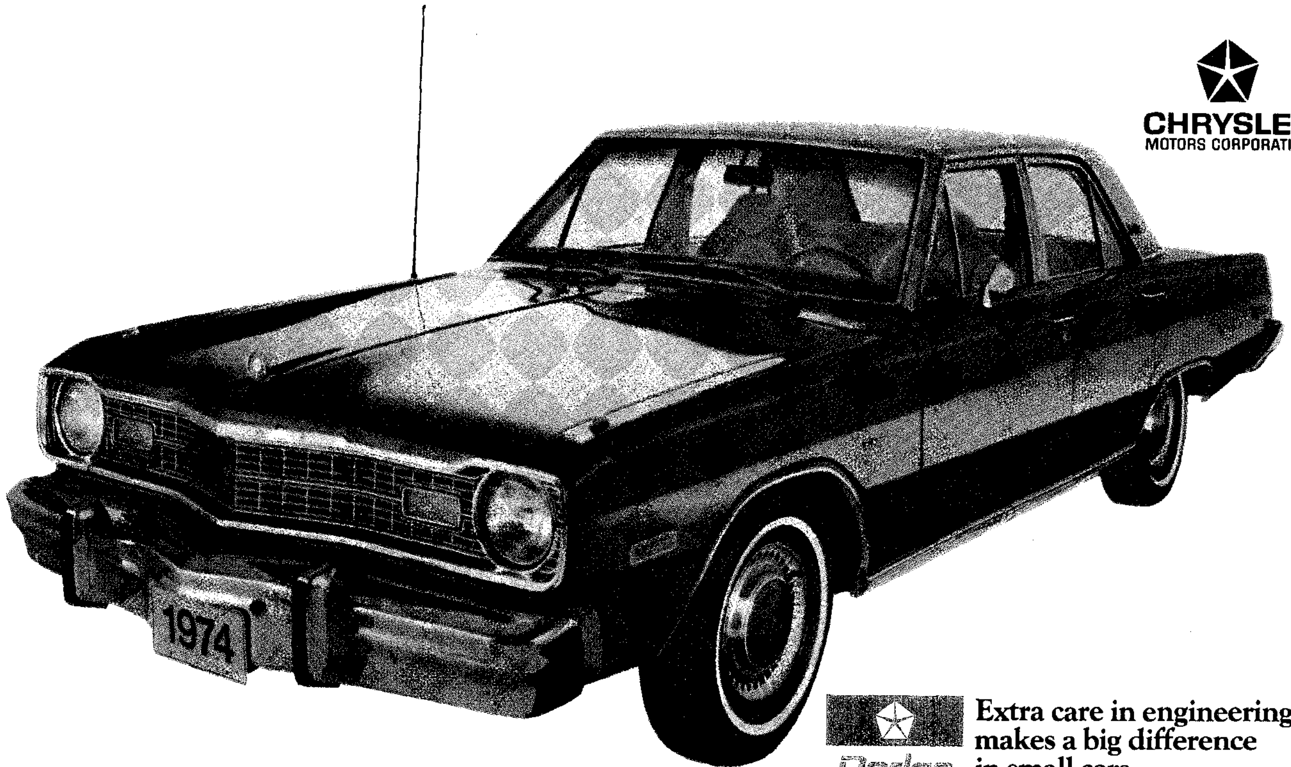

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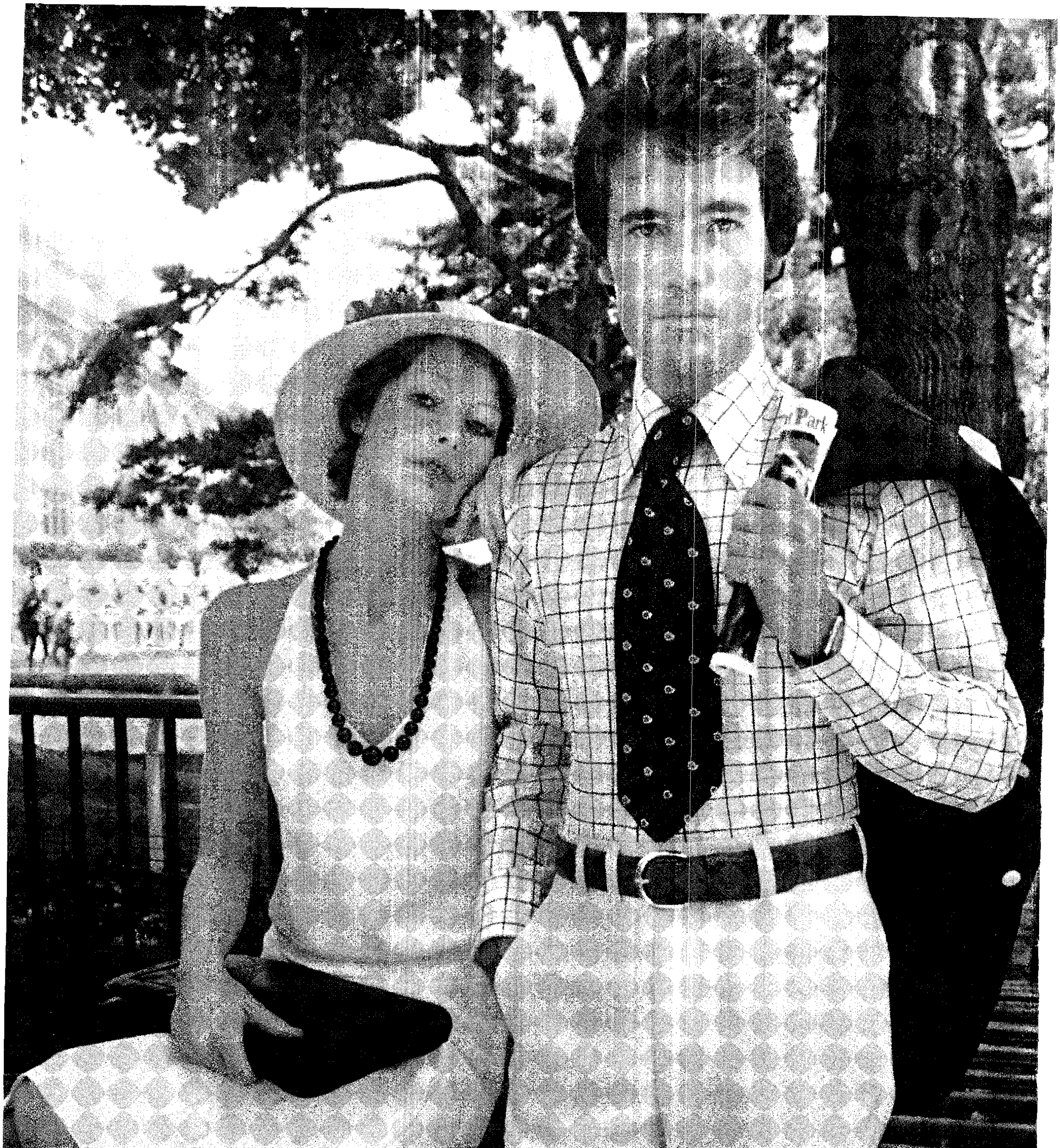

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innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. (10/15/73) (In French at the Festival; at the Gramercy and Juliet 1, through March 14; at the Art, through March 19; and at the New Yorker, starting March 14. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the 23rd St. Cinema; starting March 20.)

**The Day of the Dolphin**—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise; the wretched plot is about an attempt to assassinate the President by using the dolphins as bomb carriers. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (12/31/73) (Ziegfeld.)

**Death in Venice** (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 21.)

**A Doll's House**—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's-lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband, and Denholm Elliott is Krogstad. (6/2/73) (Symphony; through March 14.)

**Don't Look Now**—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion Gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Waverly; through March 19.)

**The Emperor Jones** (1933)—Eugene O'Neill's play about a black man's disintegration was conceived in a semi-Expressionist style, and it was filmed in that style by Dudley Murphy, from a screenplay by DuBose Heyward. Murphy, a director with some ideas but almost no technique, used painted sets, exaggerated décor, and an artificial jungle; the effects are sometimes powerful, sometimes ridiculous. O'Neill's violent emotions are accurately rendered by Paul Robeson and Dudley Digges, though they seem to be acting on a stage. (Quad Cinema; through March 19.)

**Eugene Onegin** (1959)—Performed by the Bolshoi Theatre group. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 13.)

**Executive Action**—Feeble, insensitive fictionalization of how President Kennedy might have been the victim of a large-scale right-wing plot. (11/19/73) (72nd Street East; through March 19.)

**The Exorcist**—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Plaza, Cinema I, Beekman, Paris, and Paramount.)

**Fanny** (1932)—Though the three films of the Marcel Pagnol trilogy are interrelated, each is complete in itself. This second one was directed by Marc Allégret, with the same cast as the first, "Marius." After Marius (Pierre Fresnay) goes to sea, Fanny (Orane Démazis), who is pregnant, marries a middle-aged sailmaker (Charpin); Marius's father, César (the great Raimu), acts as godfather to his grandson. A film famous for its detailed characterization and its fine comic invention. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 18.)

**Fantastic Planet**—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. (U. A. East, 5th Ave. Cinema, Playboy, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 20.)

**Fellini Satyricon** (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 21.)

**The Garden of the Finzi-Continis** (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Elgin; March 20.)

**The Getaway** (1972)—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (12/23/72) (Juliet 1; starting March 15.)

**The Great McGinty** (1940)—The first film that Preston Sturges both wrote and directed (after he wrote a series of first-rate scripts) is a satire on American politics. The hero (Brian Donlevy) gets in solid with the local political boss by voting thirty-seven times in one day, but he falls in love, tries to go straight, and his career is wrecked. Not up to the classic Sturges comedies that followed, but fairly funny, with the frantic, slapstick reversals on Horatio Alger success themes that became the Sturges specialty. With Akim Tamiroff and Muriel Angelus. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 19.)

**The Great White Hope** (1970)—How a black prizefighter (James Earl Jones) is brought down because of white men's fear of the strength of blacks. Martin Ritt's big, noisy production defeats Jones here, and along the way it also inadvertently exposes the clobber-them-with-guilt tactics of the dramatist, Howard Sackler. (Quad Cinema; through March 19.)

**Happy New Year**—With Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian, directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Playboy; through March 14.)

**The Immortal Story** (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Elgin; March 19.)

**I Never Sang for My Father** (1970)—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Thalia; through March 19.)

**In the Name of the Father**—Directed by Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (Art; starting March 20.)

**The Lady Eve** (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece. Like "Bringing Up Baby," "The Lady Eve" is a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of his comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 17-19.)

**The Last American Hero**—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on backroads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (10/1/73) (St. Marks Cinema; starting March 20.)

**The Last Detail**—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose

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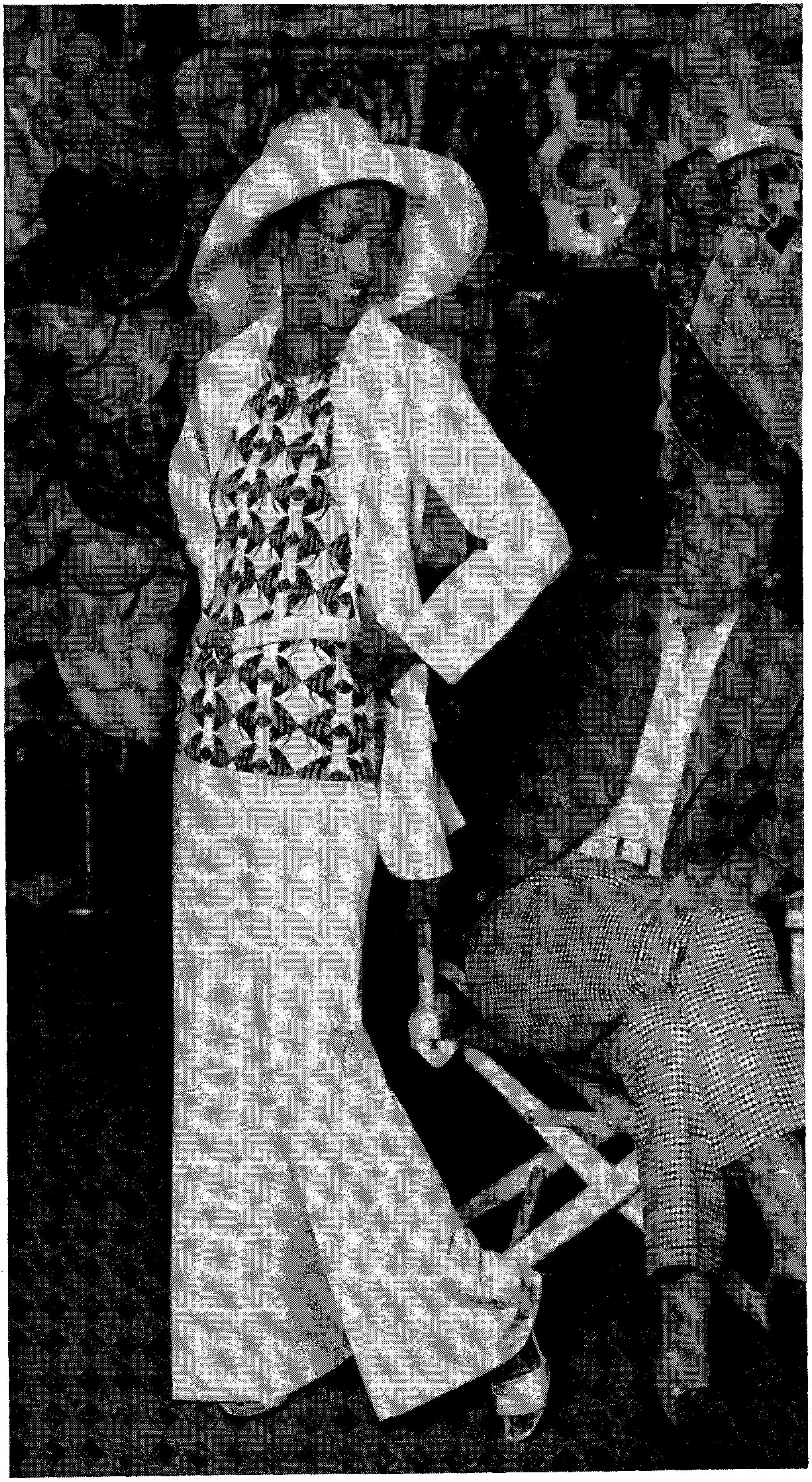

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eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. The movie is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Coronet.)

**Last Tango in Paris** (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. (10/28/72) (In French and English at the Quad Cinema, and at the Olympia; through March 19. . . . ¶ *In dubbed English* at the 23rd St. Cinema; through March 19.)

**The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean** (1972)—Nihilism plus sentimentality about the rugged-individualist hero—Paul Newman. A mock-epic Western that cannibalizes old movies and mixes an enthusiasm for mayhem with a tacky geniality. John Huston directed this disgraceful shambles from a brutal, cheap, jokey script by John Milius. (1/13/73) (Juliet 1; starting March 15.)

**Lola Montès** (1955)—Max Ophuls' command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French, and in its full form. (Elgin; March 19.)

**The Long Goodbye**—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; through March 19.)

**Lucia**—A Cuban film, directed by Humberto Solas. In Spanish. (First Avenue Screening Room.)

**Mame**—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering why Lucille Ball thought she had to do it and what exactly she thought she was doing. About ten minutes of the film, featuring Beatrice Arthur as Vera Charles, are genuinely satirical; in context they turn into a put-down of the rest of "Mame." Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (Music Hall.)

**A Man for All Seasons** (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Thalia; through March 19.)

**Man on a Swing**—With Cliff Robertson and Joel Grey, directed by Frank Perry. (Loews Tower East.)

**M*A*S*H** (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Embassy 72nd St.; through March 19.)

**McCabe & Mrs. Miller** (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (5th Ave. Cinema; through March 19.)

**McQ**—Prostratingly dull. John Wayne, eager to change his image, plays a tough cop, modelled on Clint Eastwood's Harry Callahan. (2/11/74) (Loews 83rd St.)

**Mean Streets**—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (St. Marks Cinema, and Regency; through March 19.)

**MEMORIES OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT**—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counter-revolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (5/26/73) (Olympia; starting March 20.)

**MY APPRENTICESHIP** (1939)—This is part two of a justly celebrated trilogy written and directed by Mark Donskoi, based on the memoirs of Maxim Gorky and dealing with the early experiences that turned him into a writer. The trilogy is uneven, but it is charged with a lyric, revolutionary romanticism; it is also fair and exact in its portrait of czarist Russia and meticulously faithful to Gorky. In this section, the teen-age Alexei (who is to become Gorky) works as a servant, then as a cook's helper on a transport ship, and as an assistant to an icon painter. The film ranks with the finest work done in Russia in the thirties; Alexei Lyarsky plays the boy. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 18.)

**THE NEW LAND**—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. (10/15/73) (In Swedish, with subtitles, at the Symphony; through March 14. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the 72nd Street East; starting March 20.)

**A NIGHT AT THE OPERA** (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (8th St. Playhouse; through March 14.)

**THE PAPER CHASE**—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (Columbia I.)

**PAPILLON**—A pointlessly gruelling movie, in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. (12/24/73) (Juliet 2, and Cinema Studio.)

**THE PEDESTRIAN**—Directed by Maximilian Schell. In German. (Fine Arts.)

**PICNIC ON THE GRASS** (1959)—Jean Renoir, but at neither his best nor even his second-best. His themes are reduced to crotchets in this story about a scientist (Paul Meurisse) who preaches artificial insemination until he catches sight of Catherine Rouvel bathing nude. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 20.)

**THE QUIET MAN** (1952)—One of John Ford's most popular films—but fearfully Irish and green and hearty. John Wayne plays an American who returns to Ireland and courts a fiery beauty, Maureen O'Hara. In the best scene, after they break down their wedding bed, Barry Fitzgerald comes in and says something indecipherable that sounds like "positively Homeric." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 17, matinée performances only.)

**REPULSION** (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 15-16.)

**ROSEMARY'S BABY** (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller twinges. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 15-16.)

**SAVE THE TIGER** (1973)—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his custom-

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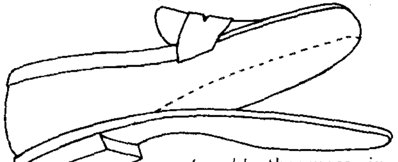

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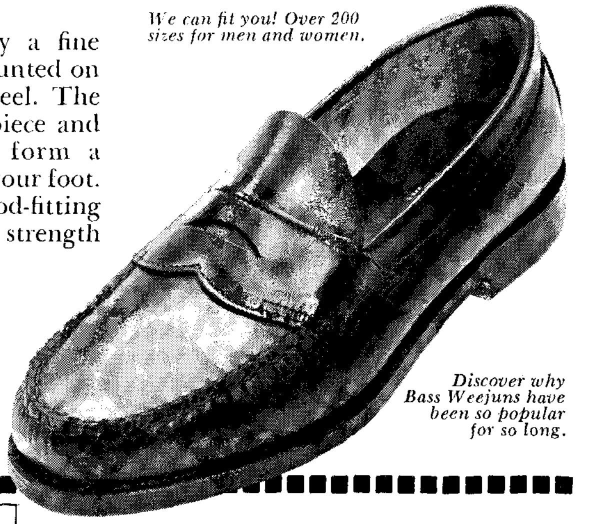

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ers so they'll give him their orders. The writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed. (2/17/73) (23rd St. Cinema; through March 19.)

**Serpico**—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Baronet.)

**The Seven-Ups**—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (St. Marks Cinema; starting March 20.)

**Le Sex Shop**—A funny French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that look like cart-horse harness. (8/6/73) (Quad Cinema; through March 19.)

**Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors** (1964)—A Ukrainian film, directed by Sergei Paradjanov. Also known as "Wild Horses of Fire." (Elgin; March 14-18 and March 21.)

**Shall We Dance** (1937)—The script wobbles, but this seventh Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film has some beautiful dances and a great score by the Gershwins ("Slap That Bass," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "They All Laughed"). With Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 20.)

**The Sky's the Limit** (1943)—Dreary R.K.O. musical, with Fred Astaire cast, unfortunately, opposite the wholesome Joan Leslie, with her girl-next-door big smiles. But Astaire does some beautiful solo work, including the memorable "One for My Baby (and One More for the Road)." With Robert Benchley; Edward H. Griffith directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 20.)

**Sleeper**—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, and with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his films. (12/31/73) (Eastside Cinema, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through March 19. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting March 20.)

**The Southerner** (1945)—Jean Renoir's poetic account of a year in the life of a poor, white Texas family—a chronicle of seasons and conflicts, adapted from the book "Hold Autumn in Your Hand," by George Sessions Perry. As a young cotton tenant farmer, Zachary Scott is almost unrecognizable in a performance thoroughly unlike his usual gigolos; Betty Field is his wife, and his relatives and neighbors include Percy Kilbride, Blanche Yurka, J. Carroll Naish, Norman Lloyd, and, regrettably, Beulah Bondi, who is more than a bit much as Granny. The picture has beautiful, evocative moments, mysteriously solemn. An exploitation campaign of astonishing irrelevance ("She was his woman . . . and he was her man! That's all they had to fight with—against the world, the flesh, and the devil!") showed Hollywood distinguishing itself, as usual. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 20.)

**The Sting**—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people will probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

**Strawberry Blonde** (1941)—Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney in a screen version of "One Sunday Afternoon," a play about life at the turn of the century. Cagney is an unnervingly energetic dentist who is crazy about Rita Hayworth but who goes and marries de Havilland. Directed by Raoul Walsh. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 17, evening performances only.)

**Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me**—Truffaut, and by *no means at his best. The heroine, played by* Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibility of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. In French. (3/31/73) (Quad Cinema; through March 19.)

**Sullivan's Travels** (1941)—Preston Sturges's comedy about a popular Hollywood director (Joel McCrea), who feels that his hits, such as "Ants in the Pants," aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, a relevant film to be called "Brother, Where Art Thou?," he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony (as in "The Lady Eve") than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, underacting with perfect composure. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 19.)

**Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams**—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness and unfulfillment and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (12/10/73) (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Gramercy, 8th St. Playhouse, Guild, and Symphony; starting March 15.)

**The Super Cops**—With Ron Leibman and David Selby, directed by Gordon Parks. (34th St. East, and 86th St. East; starting March 20.)

**Swan Lake** (1960)—A Russian film, performed by Maya Plisetskaya, Nicolai Fadeyechev, and the Bolshoi Ballet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 13.)

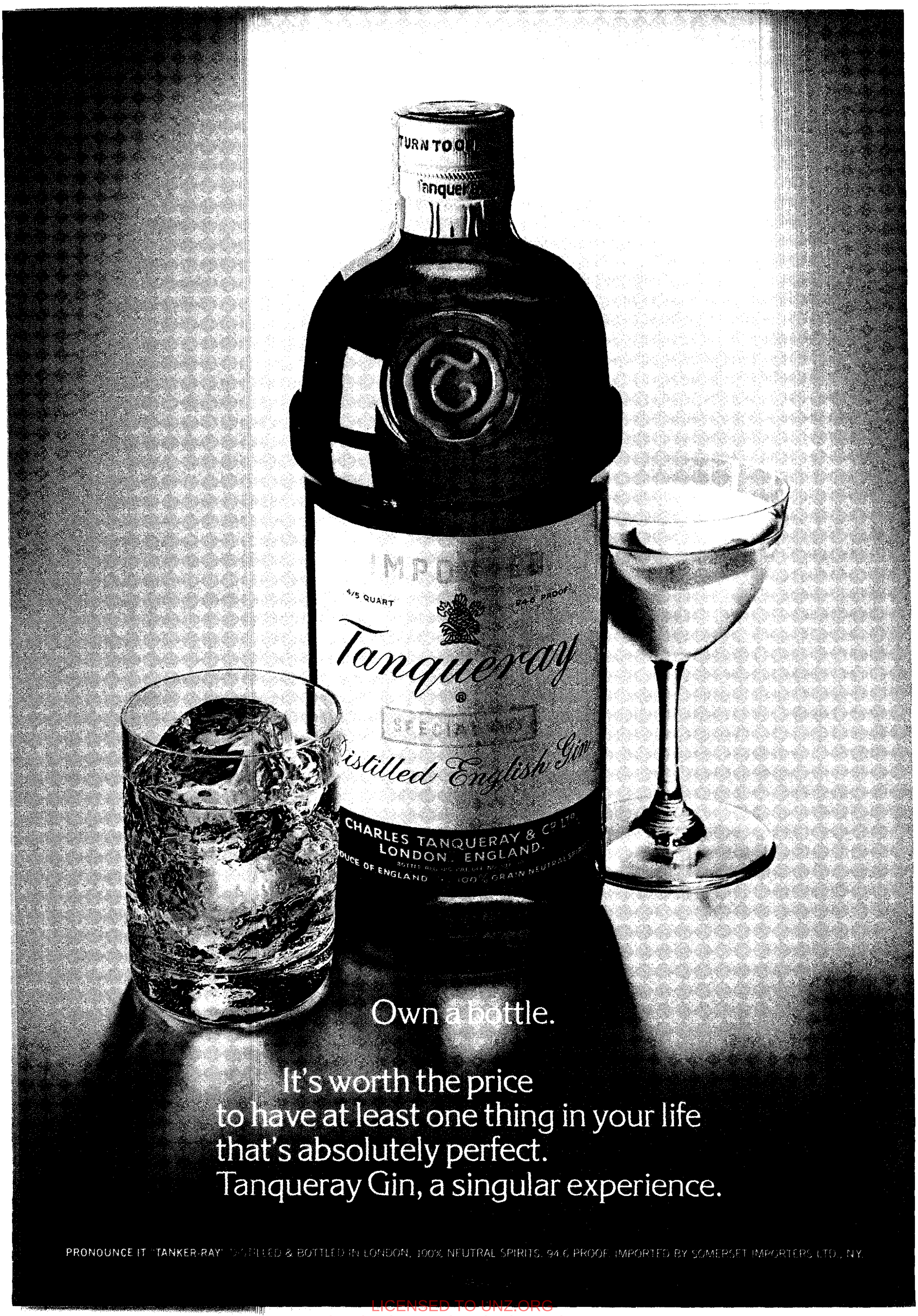
**Take the Money and Run** (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Regency; through March 19.)

**Thieves Like Us**—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films—a masterpiece. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

**Three-Cornered Moon** (1933)—This Columbia Pictures comedy about a prosperous, easy-going Brooklyn family (Mary Boland is the vague, likable mother) and what happens when the stock-market crash wipes them out begins promisingly. It has a good cast, including Claudette Colbert, Richard Arlen, Lyda Roberti, and Wallace Ford, and with a little more intelligence and discretion it might have gone well. Instead, we get the younger generation whimpering about "what'll we do now?" Elliott Nugent directed, from a Broadway play. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 17-19.)

**Three Sisters**—From Anton Chekhov's play. The sixth presentation in the American Film Theatre series (primarily subscription). With Alan Bates, Laurence Olivier, Joan Plowright, and members of the National Theatre Company of England, directed by Lord Olivier. The film will be shown on March 13, at 2 and 8, at the Ciné Malibu, Guild, and New Yorker. Some extra tickets may be available at certain theatres; for information, call 489-8820.

**THX 1138** (1971)—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century. The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and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anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." (St. Marks Cinema; through March 19.)

**Tupamaros!**—A documentary inside view of Latin America's urban-guerrilla movement. (Olympia; starting March 20.)

**Valerie and Her Week of Wonders**—A Czech film, directed by Jaromil Jires. (Elgin; March 14-18 and March 21.)

**Vanishing Wilderness**—A documentary. (Playboy; March 15-19.)

**Variety Lights** (1949)—The first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director), this tawdry—yet fascinating—little backstage story about a shabby touring company has, in many sequences, the poetic originality that flowered and decayed in Fellini's later work. With Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio. In Italian. (Elgin; March 13.)

**Walking Tall**—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser; there *is* a Buford Pusser and he's out promoting the movie, but it's a tall tale—a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through March 19.)

**The Way We Were**—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the black-listing troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (10/15/73) (East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, and Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Gramercy, 8th St. Playhouse, Guild, and Symphony; starting March 15.)

**Weekend** (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 14.)

**When the People Awake**—A documentary on recent political events in Chile and their historical background, through early 1973. (Olympia; starting March 20.)

**White Heat** (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is reputed to be a masterpiece that was not sufficiently appreciated in its time; actually, its naïveté and obviousness were too glaring even in 1949. Though it's fun to see tough-guy James Cagney sitting on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), the picture is so primitive it seems much older than it is. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Steve Cochran, and Fred Clark. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 17, evening performances only.)

**Zardoz**—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an élitist commune of the future, dominated by hyper-intellectual immortal women. John Boorman wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle. (2/18/74) (Trans-Lux East, Loews Orpheum, and Greenwich.)

**Ziegfeld Follies** (1946)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this (plotless) M-G-M musical revue that features a peculiar Hollywood-forties style of décor (chorus boys with jewelled antler-shaped branches, chorus girls clad in vermillion, and so on). Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" in a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number—"A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, and Keenan Wynn. The fastidious are advised to head for the lobby while Kathryn Grayson sings "There's Beauty Everywhere" against magenta foam skies. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 16.)

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**Syracuse**—*Hotel Syracuse* Apr. 19, 20
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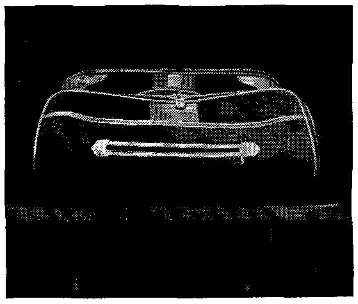

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THE NEW YORKER

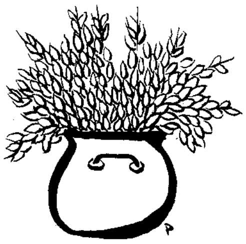
# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

WE'VE just learned that Arab financiers are helping to put up a Hilton hotel in Atlanta. We've also heard rumors that the Arab nations are going to lift their oil embargo against the United States. Not long ago, of course, when the world was just waking up to some of the dire consequences that an oil shortage could have for the industrialized nations (among others), Arab leaders were touring the world threatening economic destruction of any nation that did not fall in with their political demands. Somewhere along the line, their mood seems to have softened, and the softening may have had something to do with that hotel in Atlanta. As the oil flows out of the Middle East at its new, exorbitant prices, astronomical sums of money are flowing in. Over the next several years, the amounts will rise into the hundreds of billions of dollars. The Arab nations will need places where they can spend the money and invest it. And money, like oil, it seems, must flow West in large amounts if it is to be worth much to the Arabs. According to one real-estate report, Arab investors will buy something like a billion dollars' worth of real estate in the United States alone in the course of the next two years. If the oil-producing nations use their power to destroy the economies of the industrialized nations, they will be destroying the base on which their power rests. If they should go as far as to expropriate American businesses, the United States can always expropriate the Atlanta Hilton. What all this suggests to us is a new economic law: the Interdependence Theory of Value. According to classical economics, the value of a thing varies with its scarcity. According to Marx, the value of a thing varies with the amount of labor that goes into making it. According to the Interdependence Theory of Value, the value of a thing varies with the manners of the nation that produces it. The goods of nations that blackmail other nations lose value. The goods of nations that get along well with other nations rise in value. Value, according to this law, is generated by steady, reliable associations with others. When such relationships are missing, even money loses its value, as the Arab governments may now be learning. They might as well fill up their bank vaults with oil.

## *Farrell's Party*

JAMES T. FARRELL was seventy on Ash Wednesday, and there was a birthday party for him that evening at the National Art Museum of Sport, one of the anterooms of Madison Square Garden. The party was given by Cleo Paturis, editor of *American Girl*, who is one of the novelist's more devoted admirers. The people who came included many of Mr. Farrell's other friends and admirers, other writers and editors, two of his brothers, political comrades from his old radical days, a raft of other acquaintances variously connected with publishing and the arts, and us.



Miss Paturis impressed us as being a woman of great energy and charm, *and* handsomeness. She also impressed us as being quite fierce when it comes to championing Mr. Farrell's place in American writing. "Jim Farrell stands in the very first rank," she declared. As for Mr. Farrell, he looked most of the time as though his mind could not be further from writing. Sprightly for a man of his age, he bounced around the room, stopping almost everywhere to say something to his friends. His face, contrasting with his white hair, was rosy. And his humor, if one could judge from the way it was received by his friends, was wicked. He may have lost no more than an ounce or two of enthusiasm.

When the guests were not pausing to lean an ear toward Mr. Farrell on his career around the room, they stood about exchanging reminiscences of him, and we moved among them. One of the first faces we recognized was that of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.—it was hard to miss his head, with its swirls and snarls of hair, and his pessimistic-looking eyes, which seemed to be shielding nimble curiosity and cool judgment. We went over to where he was standing with a young lady, who turned out to be Jill Krementz, the photographer, well known for her portraits of literary figures. Mr. Vonnegut told us that though he had met Mr. Farrell only about two years ago, his admiration for the novelist went much farther back. "Jim made a landmark contribution to my life," he said. "I was sixteen or seventeen when I came across the Studs Lonigan books, and they were the strongest things I had read up until then."

Dennis Smith, the author of "Report from Engine Co. 82," walked up and introduced himself, somewhat diffidently, to Mr. Vonnegut. We had the impression that Mr. Smith had not yet mastered the style of being a known author, or had not yet worked out one that he was comfortable with. As he and Mr. Vonnegut were talking shop about book-promotion strategies, Mr. Farrell, who was skipping by, stopped for a chat. Mr. Vonnegut asked Mr. Farrell whether he was a friend of Nelson Algren—both being among the bright literary sons of Chicago. "Is *anyone* a friend of Nelson Algren?" Mr. Farrell said, lifting his brows. He did not stay for an answer.

Miss Krementz, whose camera was slung over one shoulder, said she did not intend to take any pictures but had brought it along "only in case Hubert Humphrey comes." She explained, "Jim likes Hubert very much, so if he comes I'll take a picture and give it to Jim." (The Senator did not make it.) Miss Paturis, who had just welcomed

Elizabeth Hardwick, the author and critic, introduced her to our group. Miss Hardwick, appearing shyer than we had imagined her from reading some of her sinewy essays, blushed furiously, apparently having hoped to get away with anonymity whenever she could. When she finally made her escape—one almost heard an urgent flutter of wings—Miss Paturis said to Miss Krementz, "It's got to be fun to take Elizabeth Hardwick's picture. There are so many interesting and wonderful things going on in her eyes."

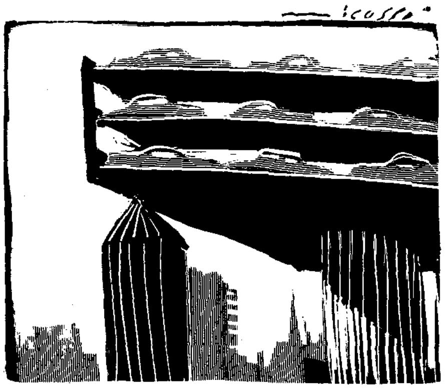
We did not hear what Miss Krementz answered, for just then someone tapped us on the shoulder and introduced us to Tommy Holmes, who used to write about baseball for the defunct *Herald Tribune*. He was standing with Harry Markson, a former Garden boxing impresario. The two men, and especially Mr. Holmes, represented Mr. Farrell's strong interest in sports. "I don't know whether you are aware of this," Mr. Holmes said, "but Jim Farrell is a great baseball nut. He calls me up every now and then to go and watch a game with him. He likes to go to the games with me, because I can get him into the press box. Of course, he is a lot stronger on the older players. One day, he and I and Yogi got into a conversation at Shea Stadium, and after Jim had run on and on about players like Shoeless Joe Jackson, Buck Weaver, and Ed Walsh—guys he used to watch at Comiskey Park, in Chicago—he stopped to hear what Berra had to say. 'Gee,' Yogi said, 'what can I tell you? I haven't heard you guys mention one name yet that played baseball after 1920.' "

Next, we ran into a tall, bespectacled, soft-spoken man who identified himself as a bibliographer of Mr. Farrell's works. His name is Edgar Branch, and he lives in Oxford, Ohio, where he is a research professor at Miami University—what football writers often refer to as Miami of Ohio. "Farrell's first novel was published in 1932," Professor Branch reminded us. "That was when 'Young Lonigan' came out. It was the first of the Studs Lonigan trilogy. Since then, he has published twenty-one novels and about two hundred and fifty short stories—a total of some forty-seven books, including collections of his journalism and criticism. His most recently published novel is 'Invisible Swords,' which came out in 1971. Jim has written for almost everything, from newspapers and intellectual reviews to girlie magazines. These pieces run into the thousands."

We joined a circle of three middle-aged friends of Mr. Farrell's. One of them, Romaine Weil, who writes for a couple of community newspapers on the upper East Side, where Mr. Farrell lives, was saying, "In the nineteen-fifties, when Jim and I were neighbors in the Beaux Arts, on East Forty-fourth Street, he used to sit up all night writing. When he got tired, at odd hours of the morning, he would go out into the streets for a walk. I was living on the ground floor, and on his way back he used to stand out on the street and knock on my window, for us to have a chat. After a while, he would say, 'I got to go now. I got a woman in trouble upstairs'—which was usually the latest novel he was working on."

From there, we moved to a group made up of Donald Schrader, editor-in-chief of Manor Books, which publishes Mr. Farrell in paperback; Evelyn Shrifte, a red-haired and demure-looking woman, who is head of Vanguard Press, which first published the novelist in hardcover; and Robert Phillips, who is a critic and short-story writer. Mr. Schrader was saying, "Young people are starting to read Jim Farrell again. His paperback sales are good. I'm glad to see he's not forgotten." Miss Shrifte said, "Jim is one of the most voracious readers I know. There is probably no book in his library he hasn't read. Nor have I met a writer who is more generous with his time. Even in the days when he was broke, when people were not reading him much, he would walk around the city trying to help younger writers." And Mr. Phillips said, "One of the remarkable things about Jim is that he never sold out to Hollywood. They had him there one time at a thousand dollars a week, but Jim walked away after the second week. He was a great favorite of Adlai Stevenson's. Before he died, Stevenson saw that he was nominated for the Nobel Prize."

We also talked with one of Mr. Farrell's two brothers—Earl, who, at seventy-three, is the older. The other brother, Jack, who is sixty-three and a psychiatrist in Silver Spring, Maryland, has close-cropped white hair, was wearing a dark suit with a yellow turtleneck sweater, and looked tall and stately—and, unlike his two brothers, he hadn't the faintest touch of the working class in his style or appearance. Earl, who is retired, now lives in Tucson, Arizona. He is hard of hearing, and his eyes, full of glints, look more like Jim's—as if they saw something you didn't.

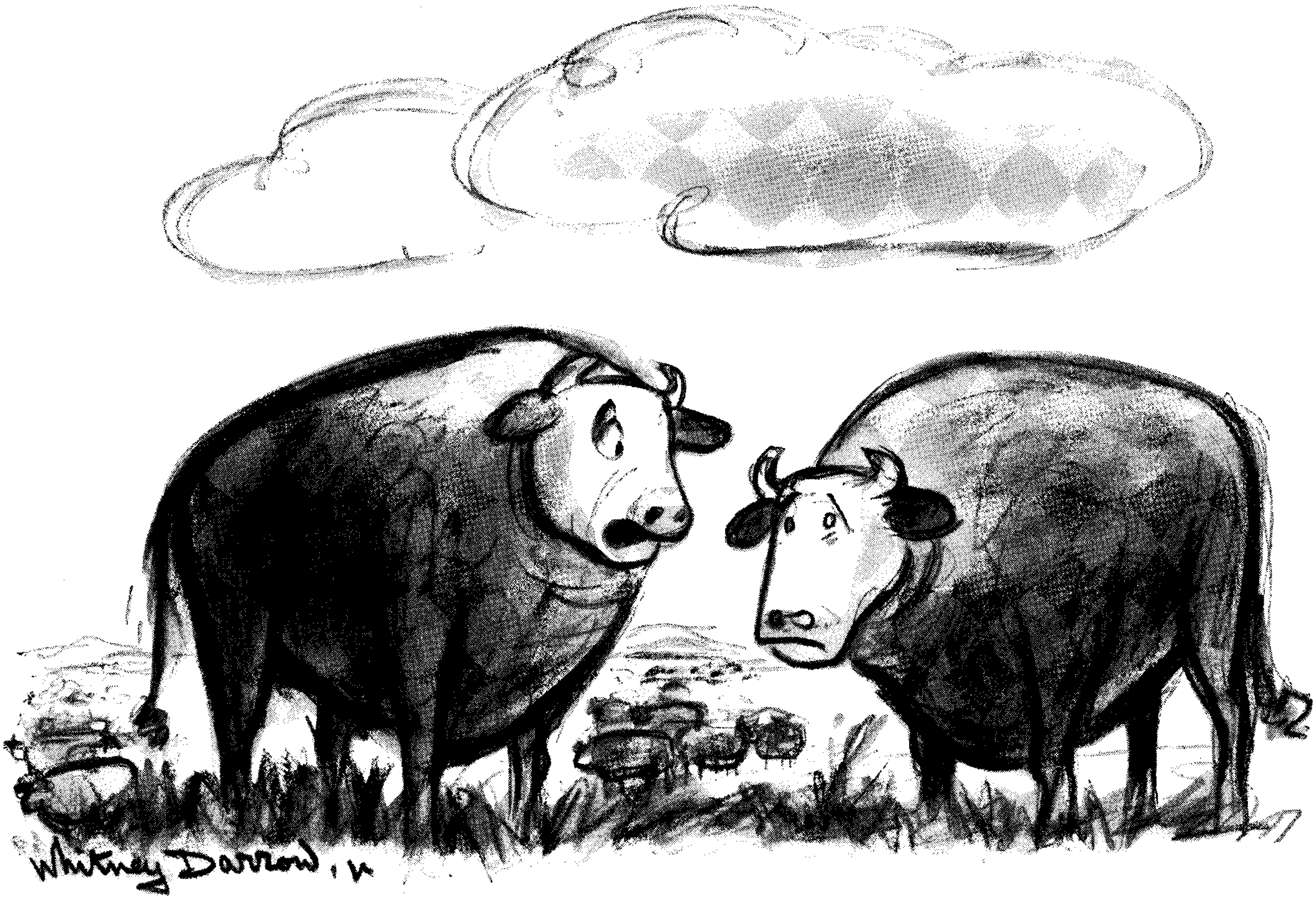


Unlike his two brothers, Earl is definitely not an intellectual. "The first time I knew Jim wanted to be a big writer was in 1928 or '29," he said. "He came to my house one night and said he was going to New York. I thought he was crazy, for I knew he didn't have any money. But I guess he had enough for a loaf of bread and a pound of sugar. When he came back from New York, he locked himself away and just wrote and wrote and wrote. That was the Lonigan book he was writing. His books are good. They show people living in a metropolis and show what living conditions in those big cities are. But the ones I like best are 'Baseball Diary' and 'Gas-House McGinty.' I like the first because I'm crazy about baseball, and I like the other because it is about railway-express companies, which is where I worked for forty-seven years, until I retired."

When we finally succeeded in getting the guest of honor to ourself for a moment or two, we asked him what his thoughts were on reaching his seventieth birthday. He reflected, and turned quite serious. "Seventy is too short a time in which to live," he said. "There's too much to know, too much to do, too much to think, too much to feel." Changing the subject, he went on, "I don't like the way things are going in publishing today. It's nothing but big business and money madness. I think it is helping to destroy taste, destroy literary and cultural criteria that are of value. I once wrote a pamphlet predicting the fate of American writing, and what I said seems to be coming true today. But there's going to be a renaissance in American taste and culture, and I look on myself as one who has helped to prepare for it." Mr. Farrell was going to say something more, but his well-wishers, who were waiting for him around his birthday cake, started singing "Happy Birthday."

## *Trying Out*

EVERY Monday evening, Reno Sweeney, the night club on West Thirteenth Street that manages to combine potted-palm nostalgia with glittering contemporaneity, holds auditions for performers who are looking for bookings, who want to try out new material,



"*Oh, stop brooding. Nobody's really all-beef.*"

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or who are simply attempting to get their acts together. The place is usually packed (the club's owner told us, "This is *not* amateur night. We screen the performers, and, in fact, Monday has turned out to be one of our biggest nights"), and fifteen or twenty entertainers—mostly singers—turn up to do a spot that may last from fifteen minutes to a half hour. We went down to the club the other Monday and found about a hundred people chatting at tables and clinking glasses as they listened to vocalists who did things like "Say It Isn't So" and "You Are the Sunshine of My Life." The high point of the evening came at about nine-thirty, when Michael Moriarty, the actor, and Diane Keaton, the actress, came in to try out their musical acts.

Michael Moriarty was first. Sitting at the piano and accompanying himself in a jazz-influenced style, he sang in a soft, expressive baritone. After doing the standard "But Beautiful," he sang several songs he had written himself. When he had finished, to a great deal of applause, he went to the table where his wife, Françoise, was sitting, and he was immediately approached by a group of admirers, who said things like "You did a *magnificent* job in 'Bang the Drum Slowly' " and "You're absolutely *fantastic* in 'Find Your Way Home.' "

Diane Keaton was next. Standing at a microphone under the club's subdued red and white spotlights (she had an accompanist, a young man named David Lewis), she looked slim, vibrant, and beautiful as she used her hands and arms and tossed her brown hair about while singing three slow numbers and three up-tempo ones. With the audience still applauding, she headed toward a table where she had left her coat. We spoke to her for a moment, and asked her why, after so much success as an actress (she had a supporting role in "The Godfather" and was Woody Allen's co-star in "Play It Again, Sam" and "Sleeper"), she had wanted to try out at a Village club. "I'd love to do more of this sort of thing," she said. "I've done some singing on television, but that's entirely different—usually just one song. I'm still not sure I can put an entire act together, because when I'm up there on that platform I feel like a— Oh, I feel like a—"

"Diane, you were *marvellous*," said a young man who was drifting by.

"But I feel like a *fool*," she said. She smiled engagingly, and put on her coat.

Later, we joined Michael and Françoise Moriarty at their table, near the bar. "Before this past year—my big year—I was doing quite a lot of music," Mr. Moriarty told us. "I'm largely self-taught. I started playing the piano when I was fifteen—back in Detroit, where I grew up—because I liked what I used to hear around the house. My father had a big record collection—a lot of things by Art Tatum and the King Cole Trio. After a while, I became a big fan of Billy Strayhorn's. I began writing songs, and I hoped to get them published, and that was really why I started singing my own material. I couldn't find enough people who would sing what I wrote. I took some of my songs around to publishers, but they said, 'They're good, but they have too much of a fifties sound.' I guess they had, but I don't think that's true of my more recent material. I had a real dry spell as an actor after I did 'Bang the Drum Slowly.' It was filmed in the summer of 1972, and it didn't open until this past fall, and—let's see—it wasn't until April of 1973 that I went to London to do 'The Glass Menagerie,' with Katharine Hepburn. So for about seven months I really was— Let's face it, I was an out-of-work actor. For the past two years, I've been studying with Lance Hayward, who plays piano down at Jacques, on Bleecker Street. I've sat in at several

Village clubs, and I've done several of these Monday-night things at Reno Sweeney. It's a lot of fun, and it's good for me. If I'm going to be a musician, I've got to keep up my chops."

Diane Keaton stopped by the table. "I thought you were awfully good, Michael," she said.

"I thought *you* were awfully good, Diane," he said. "Will you join us?"

"Oh, no, I've got to get *out* of here," she said.

"So do we," Mrs. Moriarty said, with a very slight French accent. "But that's easy. We live just around the corner."

## *Letter from New Orleans*

JUST received from Ernest M. Frimbo, close friend of this department and world's leading railroad buff:

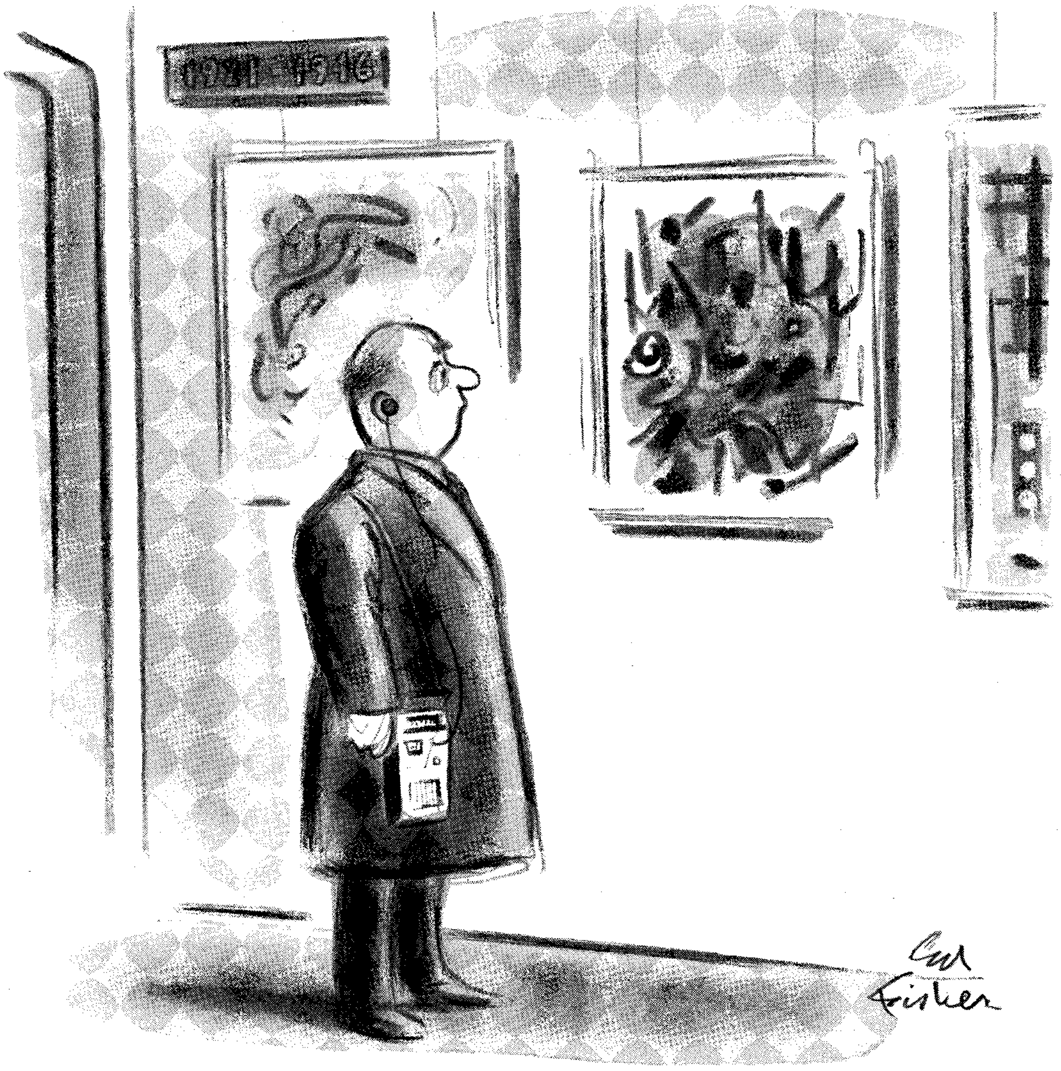
"It's old hat nowadays to think of going to New Orleans for Mardi Gras Week; you know how it is—before you've seen one, you've seen them all. But this time it was a special occasion, because a few of my friends, real honest-to-God rail buffs, decided to go to New Orleans this year in style—that is, in their own private cars.

"The car I was invited to travel in, the Pennsylvania, has carried quantities of Presidents of the United States and was used on the funeral train that carried Senator Bob Kennedy to Washington. It was built in 1928, and built to last forever, and I think it will outlast everything, including the world, because in 1928 the men who built private cars knew what they were doing. It looks exactly as it did in the years before the Pennsy merged with the New York Central—Tuscan red with gold leaf. The present owners of the Pennsylvania—George Pins, a New York lawyer, who, ironically, spends a large part of his career representing American Airlines; and his wife, Anita—have had the car done up properly inside. The car weighs ninety-one tons, and it sleeps, in extreme comfort, only four passengers. I was awarded Bedroom A, which is the most opulent. It has a bed seven feet long and five feet wide, a large washstand, a huge wall cabinet, a huge closet, a small chest of drawers, and a shower bath. There are three other bedrooms in the car, none quite as opulent as mine. Then, there is a dining room seating eight, a properly equipped kitchen, a smoking lounge or parlor, and, at the rear, the necessary observation platform, with the folding seats that you see in movies of forty and fifty years ago.

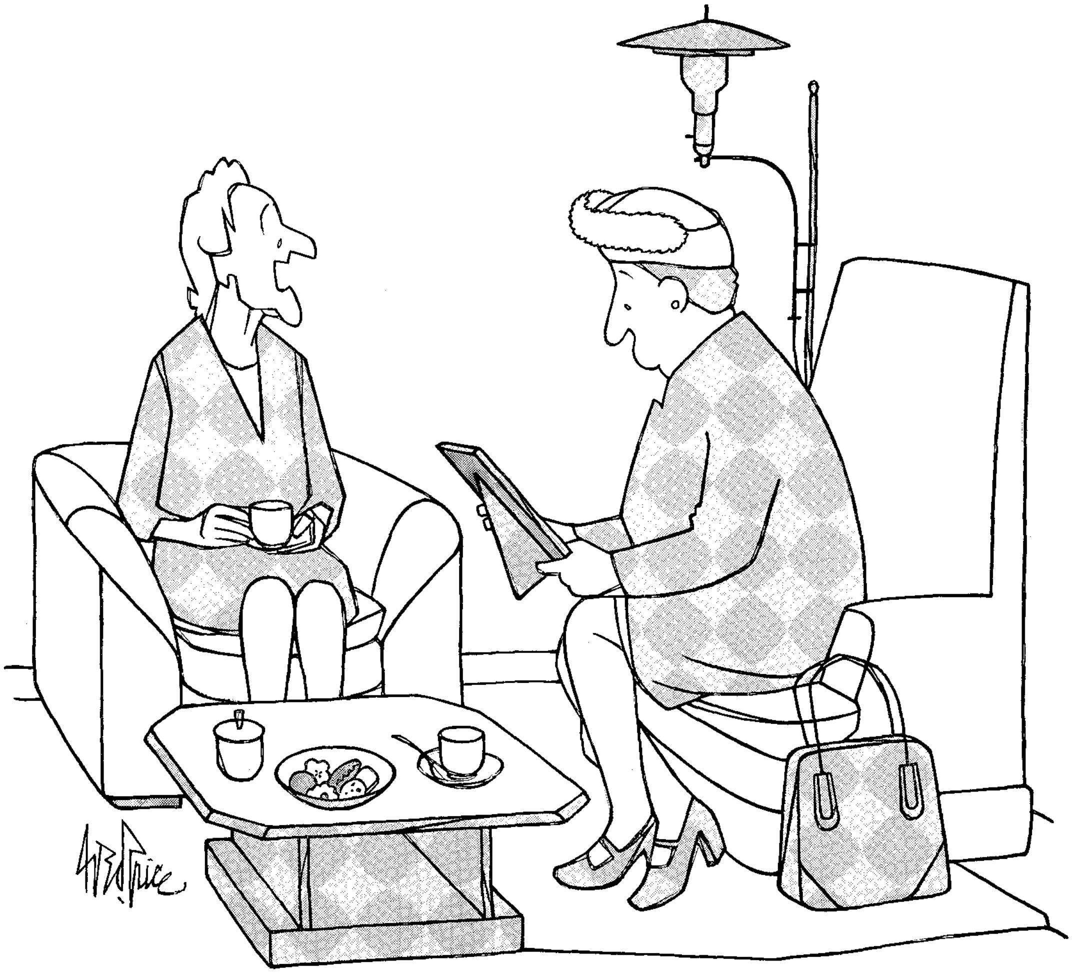
"There was also a quite decent wine cellar aboard, a copious supply of perfectly polished Pennsylvania Railroad dining-car silverware (and I mean silverware, not aluminum substitutes), and a plentiful supply of Pennsylvania Railroad business-car crockery (a business car is a car that belongs to a railroad official), as well as the services of two old friends of mine, Seymour Scott (of course called Scotty) and Tony Rudd, both revered former employees of the Pennsy dining-car department who are spending the rest of their lives looking after Mr. and Mrs. Pins and their friends—including me.

"The Pennsylvania was preceded to New Orleans on the train by another privately owned car, the Clover Colony, which dates from about the same period and is one of the last of the period-piece Pullman Company sleepers. Our journey actually began in Washington, for the Pennsylvania and the Clover Colony had to be sneaked down from New York to Washington under cover of darkness, on a mail train—this because Amtrak won't allow cars not painted with its own flag-waving red, white, and blue on most of its trains.

"When we left Washington, our two cars were on the tail end of the Southern Railway's Southern Crescent, which, in spite of the attitude of the Southern Railway management toward the idea of operating any passenger trains at all, is still a train on which all other American trains could well model themselves. Everything on the train is polished, everything on the train is functioning. We turned on the Pennsylvania's floodlights and all stood on the observation platform as we went through the tunnel that takes trains under the city of Washington. People are not allowed outdoors when they go



*"And we believe, further, that a solid claim can be made for the validity of our grievance on curatorial pay, as well as for the issue of inaccessibility of trustees to staff."*



*"We parlayed a twenty-seven-year trial marriage into six years of wedded bliss."*

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through that tunnel. Therefore, we were outdoors.

"Dinner was the usual plain-spoken but excellent business-car dinner—soup, chops, and salad, all deliciously cooked, and put away, of course, with the necessary dollops of wine. Our chef, Tony Rudd, spent nine of his forty-three years with the Pennsylvania Railroad as chef on the celebrated all-Pullman New York-to-Florida train the Orange Blossom Special—the most luxurious winter-season train ever devised by man. Nothing even remotely resembling a can opener was allowed on the premises. All the pies, cakes, rolls, birthday cakes were baked on board under his supervision. Cut flowers and fresh fish were taken on at every revictualling stop, and the train carried thirty-five hundred dollars' worth of wine, liquor, and champagne—these at pre-Prohibition prices—for each run. 'I don't think we'll ever see those days again,' said Tony Rudd. 'But I'm doing the best I can.'

"Our journey to New Orleans—a distance of well over a thousand miles—took twenty-six hours, in comfortable, leisurely Southern fashion. Scotty stood ready throughout the trip to open a bottle of Miller High Life beer or make a brandy Alexander, or whatever. Wherever we stopped, railroad buffs, some of whom were officials of the Southern Railway, either came aboard or came alongside with their cameras. They stared at our car the way racegoers at Belmont stared at Secretariat. In the early evening of the second day, the train made its seventeen-mile trek across Lake Pontchartrain and the marshes on a tiny wooden trestle. There's nothing between you and the water, and in the middle you can't even see the shore. It's really like crossing the ocean on a train. We all, as one, adjourned to the rear platform and stood in the pale light of a crescent moon: most appropriate, because our train was the Southern Crescent, and we had brought along the name board of its ancestor, the original Crescent Limited. A name board was an illuminated emblem that hung on the back of famous trains in the old days. Ours said 'Crescent Limited,' and above the lettering was an exact duplicate of the moon shining above us.

"Less than ten minutes after we backed into Union Station in New Orleans, the ground crew (to use modern parlance) had hooked up a telephone, electric current, and steam to heat our water for our next five nights, while we would be living in our cars. That sounds just like living in a trailer camp, but I doubt if in many trailer camps you can come in at three-thirty in the morning from a jazz jam session in the old French Quarter and step into a boiling-hot shower bath. And we were within convenient walking distance of everywhere instead of nineteen point five miles northwest of nowhere on Route 9A.

"There were several well-got-up couples aboard who were along just for the ride and the big Mardi Gras parades. But some of us railroad buffs went on to Houston, the day before the big parades, on the Sunset Limited, to inspect half a dozen passenger cars that had been acquired by a group of railroad buffs and are kept in the old Houston Terminal station.

"We came back the next day, having carefully timed ourselves to miss the big parades. The Southern Pacific Railroad, which runs the Sunset Limited for Amtrak, gave us, we thought, rather too ample assistance in this project, putting us into New Orleans at three-thirty Wednesday morning—eight and a half hours late. The railroad that accomplished this feat nets close to two million dollars a week for its stockholders.

"Next morning, by which time the delightful city of New Orleans was as spotless as though nothing larger than a street tea party had occurred, we made our annual pilgrimage to the St. Charles Avenue streetcar line. The city fathers of New Orleans recently realized that doing away with anything as picturesque as their fine old trolley cars, which run along a seven-mile stretch of green between a double row of trees, would be a terrible mistake. So these cars, which are packed even when it isn't Mardi Gras, continue to trundle along the seven miles, at the exorbitant fare, including transfer, of fifteen cents.

"I might add that we felt quite free about using the telephone in the Pennsylvania as much as we liked, because New Orleans is the only large city in the United States that still charges only five cents for a phone call."

# YOU ARE AS BRAVE AS VINCENT VAN GOGH

YOU eavesdrop in three languages. Has no one ever told you not to pet a leashed dog? We wash your bloody hand with Scotch from the restaurant.

Children. *I want one*, you say, pointing to a mother pushing a pram. And there's not much time. But the immense road-mending machine (yellow) cannot have children, even though it is a member of a family, it has siblings—the sheepsfoot roller, the air hammer.

You ask: Will there be fireworks?

I would never pour lye in your eyes, you say.

Where do you draw the line? I ask. Top Job?

Shall we take a walk? Is there a trout stream? Can one rent a car? Is there dancing? Sailing? Dope? Do you know Saint-Exupéry? Wind? Sand? Stars? Night flight?

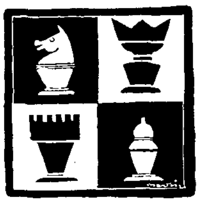
You don't offer to cook dinner for me again today.

The air hammer with the miserable sweating workman hanging onto the handles. I assimilated the sexual significance of the air hammer long ago. It's new to you. You are too young.

You move toward the pool in your black bikini, you will open people's pop-top Pepsis for them, explicate the Torah, lave the brown shoulders of new acquaintances with Bain de Soleil.

You kick me in the backs of the legs while I sleep.

You are staring at James. James is staring back. There are six of us sitting on the floor around a low, glass-topped table. I become angry. Is there no end to it?



See, there is a boy opening a fire hydrant, you stand closer, see, he has a large wrench on top of the hydrant and he is turning the wrench, the water rushes from the hydrant, you bend to feel the water on your hand.

You are reading "From Ritual to Romance," by Jessie L. Weston. But others have read it before you. Practically everyone has read it.

At the pool, you read Saint-Exupéry. But wait, there is a yellow nylon cord crossing the pool, yellow nylon supported by red-and-blue plastic floats, it divides the children's part from the deeper part, you are in the pool investigating, flexing the nylon cord, pulling on it, yes, it is firmly attached to the side of the pool, to both sides of the pool. And in the kitchen you regard the salad chef, a handsome young Frenchman, he stares at you, at your tanned breasts, at your long dark (wet) hair, can one, would it be possible, at this hour, a cup of coffee, or perhaps tea . . .

Soon you will be thirty.

And the giant piece of yellow road-mending equipment enters the pool, silently, you are in the cab, manipulating the gears, levers, shove this one forward and the machine swims. Swims toward the man in the Day-Glo orange vest who is waving his Day-Glo orange flags in the air, this way, this way, here!

He's a saint, you say. Did you ever try to live with a saint?

You telephone to tell me you love me before going out to do something I don't want you to do.

If you are not asking for fireworks you are asking for Miles Davis bound hand and foot, or Iceland. You make no small plans.

See, there is a blue B.O.A.C. flight bag, open, on the floor, inside it a folded newspaper, a towel, and something wrapped in silver foil. You bend over the flight bag (whose is it? you don't know) and begin to unwrap the object wrapped in silver foil. Half a loaf of bread. Satisfied, you wrap it up again.

YOU return from California too late to vote. One minute too late. I went across the street to the school with you. They had locked the doors. I remember your banging on the doors. No one came to open them. Tears. *What difference does one minute make?* you screamed, in the direction of the doors.

Your husband, you say, is a saint.

And did no one ever tell you that the staircase you climbed in your dream, carrying the long brown velvet skirt, in your dream, was a very old staircase?

I remind myself to tell you that you are abnormally intelligent. You kick me in the backs of the legs again, while I sleep.

Parades, balloons, fêtes, horse races.

You feel your time is limited. Tomorrow, you think, there will be three deep creases in your forehead. You offer to quit your job, if that would please me. I say that you cannot quit your job, because you are abnormally intelligent. Your job needs you.

The salad chef moves in your direction, but you are lying on your back on the tennis court, parallel with and under the net, turning your head this way and that, applauding the players, one a tall man with a rump as big as his belly, which is huge, the other a fourteen-year-old girl, intent, lean stringy hair, sorry, good shot, nice one, your sunglasses stuck in your hair. You rush toward the mountain which is furnished with trees, ski lifts, power lines, deck chairs, wedding invitations, you invade the mountain as if it were a book, leaping into the middle, checking the ending, ignoring the beginning. And look there, a locked door! You try the handle, first lightly, then viciously.

You once left your open umbrella outside the A. & P., tied to the store with a string. When you came out of the store with your packages, you were surprised to find it gone.

The three buildings across the street from my apartment—one red, one yellow, one brown—are like a Hopper in the slanting late-afternoon light. See? Like a Hopper.

Is that a rash on my chest? Between the breasts? Those little white marks? Look, those people at the next table, all have ordered escargots, seven dozen in garlic butter arriving all at once, eighty-four dead snails on a single surface, in garlic butter. And last night, when it was so hot, I opened the doors to the balcony, I couldn't sleep, I lay awake, I thought I heard something, I imagined someone climbing over the balcony, I got up to see but there was no one.

You are as beautiful as twelve Hoppers.

You are as brave as Vincent van Gogh.

I make fireworks for you: *!*!]*!!*[!*!* and *%%*+& +&+*%%*.

If he is a saint, why did you marry him? It makes no sense. Outside in the street, some men with a cherry picker are placing new high-intensity bulbs in all the street lights, so that our criminals will be scalded, transfigured with light.

Yesterday you asked me for the Princeton University Press.

The Princeton University Press is not a toy, I said.

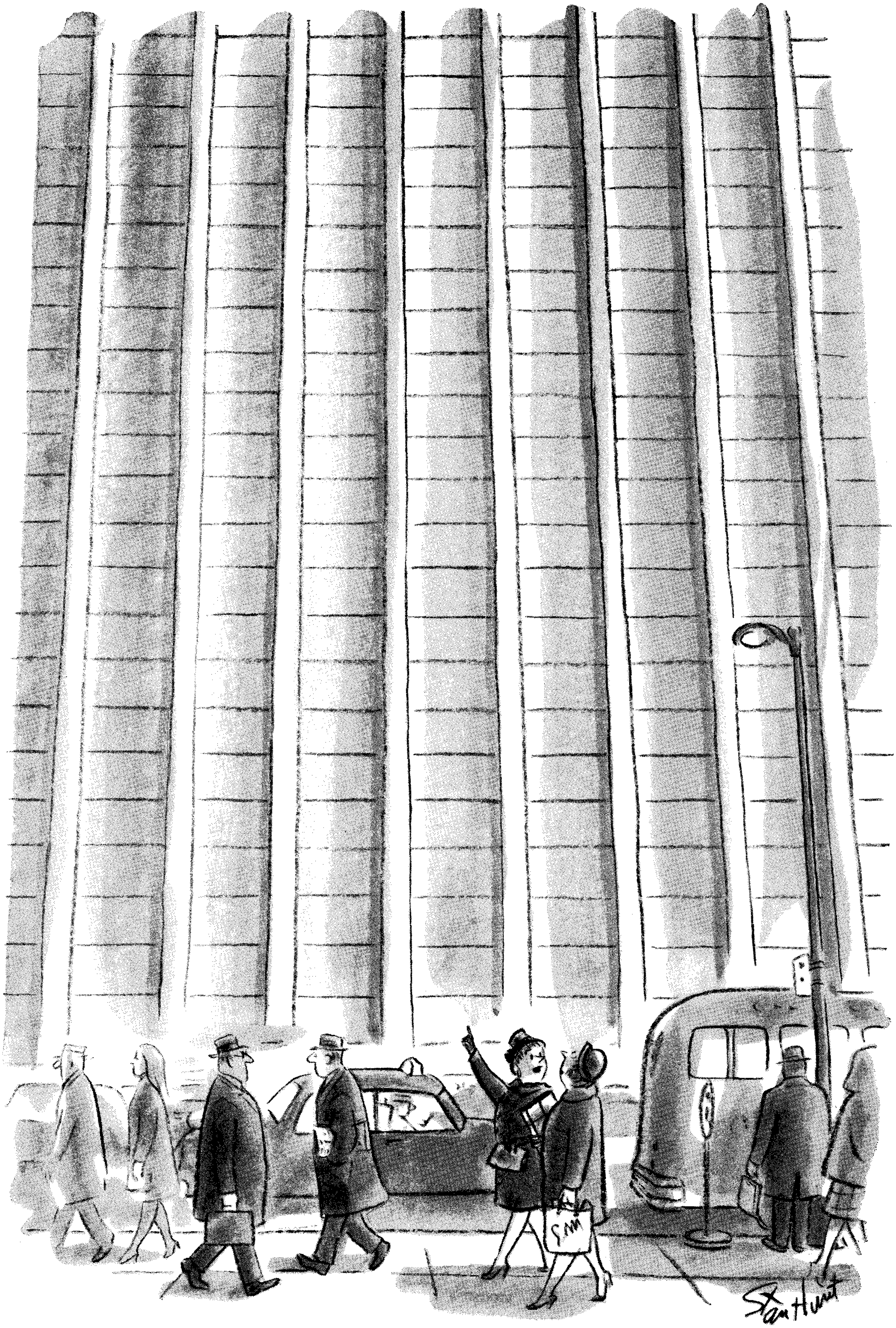
It's not?

And then: Can we go to a *movie* in which there are fireworks?

But there are fireworks in all movies, that is what movies are for—what they do for us.

You should not have left the baby on the lawn. In a hailstorm. When we brought him inside, he was covered with dime-size blue bruises.

—DONALD BARTHELME



*"That's Howard's ivory tower."*

# JOURNEY TO EDDIE

I CAME to Chunya to see Eddie. It took two days of hard driving from Dar es Salaam, with an overnight stop at Iringa. The rains had begun, and the Ruaha River flowed red-brown and swollen through baobab trees and small cultivated shambas. We drove through storms of lashing rain and past lorries overturned on their way across Tanzania. At Iringa, the hotel was damp and surrounded with dripping blue gums. The cockroaches were out when I turned on the light in the small hotel room. The brown bathwater was hot and deep, and I soaked in it until the African waiter brought my tea and toast. The mosquito net, blotched with the bloodstains of old kills, was my protection in bed from the singing mosquitoes. My last thought before sleep was that I had to be back in Dar in time to catch the charter flight home to London. I had only the one day to spend with my uncle.

Early next morning, I stopped off at the *duka* in Mbeya, the regional capital, to buy him supplies. The store was stocked with the brands of tinned goods I remembered well from my childhood. Now, too, there were the Chinese imports. I ordered tea, coffee, powdered milk, corned beef, spaghetti sauce, and sausages, then some canned fruit and soups. From his perch on the wooden ladder, the African assistant handed the tins down to the Asian shopkeeper. I added six bottles of Tusker beer, a bottle of Scotch, and the daily paper. I wondered if Eddie had any teeth left. He would be eighty-two now. We last met more than thirty years ago. I was a young girl when I left Grandmother Emily's for school in England, but he had come to know me well through my long letters written over the years. He knew I had separated from my husband and that Mother had died. There were no children, and living alone, with a small income and no one but myself to consider, I was free to make this journey to Eddie. From Naivasha, where I had stopped with old friends, I had telegraphed, telling Eddie the day I was coming. He was the only father I had known.

When we arrived at the small village of Chunya, my driver asked the whereabouts of the European *askari*, and we were told that the old soldier lived down the road, in the old *duka* opposite the Indian shop. We drove slowly past the few mud huts lining the short main street, and I saw him before we stopped the car. He was standing on his stoep, leaning against one of the wooden posts, hands in the pockets of his cardigan, scanning the road from Mbeya.

I remember the moment exactly. I am out and shouting and running up the deep steps to him. We hug each other tightly and laugh when we stumble on the uneven steps. The village loungers gape and grin. He is taller than I remember and still upright and slim. Bluer eyes than I remember, sparkling behind his spectacles. High cheekbones accentuated by the hollow of his empty gums. Two teeth, I see.

"Darling, come in. Come in and have some tea," he says.

We step over the wooden threshold and through the double shop doors. We cross a large windowless room, once the premises of a prosperous *duka*, dark and bare except for a neat stack of kerosene tins in the corner and an empty African charcoal burner. The concrete floor is packed hard with dust, and there is a threadbare mat at the entrance to the two small rooms at the back of the empty shop.

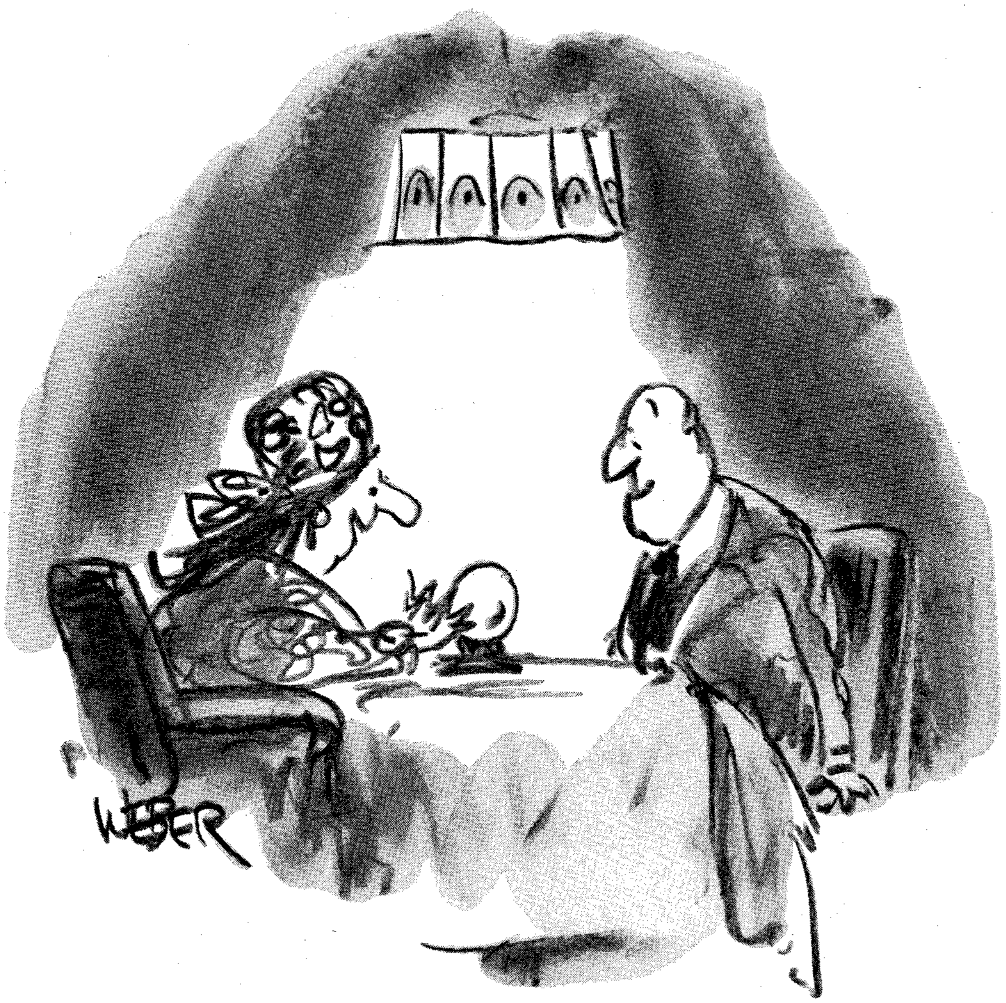
"My home," he says with a broad smile and outflung arms.

He lets fall a red cotton curtain that hangs across the doorway to his living quarters. It shields us from the loafers outside; then he takes my hand and holds it to his chest. "You're here at last! I got your telegram and knew you wouldn't make it from Dar by nightfall. Bloody awful road isn't it? Where did you stay? At Iringa? Are the Indians still running it?"

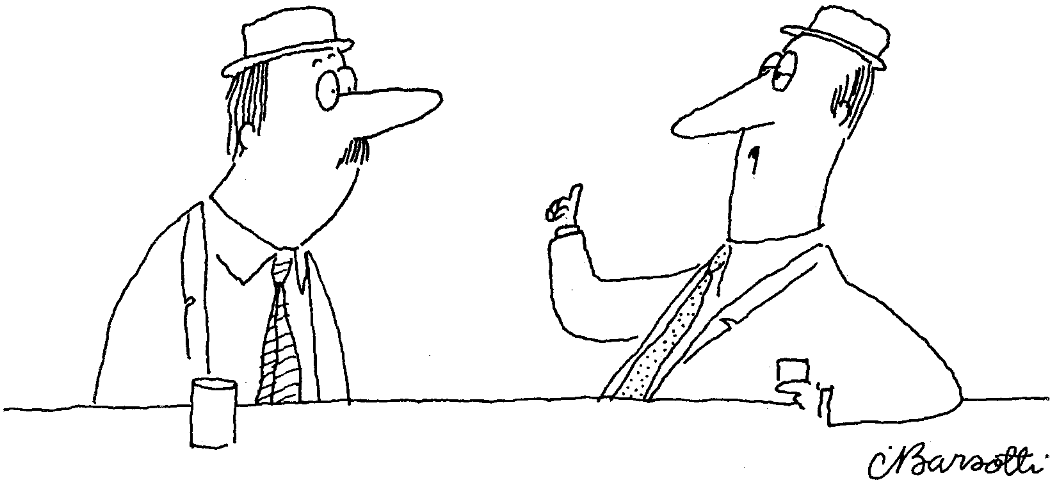
All at once, I hurry out to the car to stop my driver from bringing in the supplies, for I am suddenly ashamed that he should see how my uncle lives. "I brought some things—some whiskey!" I shout to Eddie.

"Can't hear a bloody thing today," he complains. "It's been like this since the First World War. They had me here with the Infantry. Marching supplies, you know. Wonderful time we had. The rains were on, so we only marched eight hours a day. Then the damn bomb dropped. Just down the road, on the way to Iringa. Right in a saucepan next to me, and bang went my hearing. Here, let me help you, darling."

Kneeling on the mat, I unpack the



*"Be of good cheer. Havana cigars are in the offing!"*



*"In rebuttal, may I quote from the Shell Oil Company advertisement that appeared in the New York 'Times' on Tuesday, February 19, 1974."*

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food I have carried in and then wonder where to put it. I point to a tall wooden cupboard. Its wire-mesh doors are lined inside with faded cretonne, and it is padlocked top and bottom.

"Yes, put the stuff in there," he says. "They haven't broken those locks yet."

Carefully, he unlocks the cupboard, and I see thick dust encrusting his few bits of crockery. I move an open packet of Green Label tea and a large, dented tin filled with sugar, making room for the bright new tins of food, and I heap them up on the narrow shelves.

"It looks like a bally shop!" he cries. "Whiskey, too. My God! I'll give it to Visram. He's good to me. He owns the *duka* across the road. You'll be lunching with him. His mother is an excellent cook. Nice woman. Have an arrangement with them to send my food over twice a day. That way, I don't have to bother with cooking. Here, sit down in this chair. The honored chair. I'll put the kettle on."

I sink down in the low lumpy armchair, watching him walk briskly through the narrow doorway that leads into his small bedroom. The African wooden bed takes up most of the room's space; it is neatly covered with a gray army blanket. On the far side, against the wall, there is a table for his kerosene burner and kettle. He sits with his back to me on the bed and pumps the pressure up to boil the water. I hear the whoosh as the burner ignites. I see his old raincoat and hat hanging limp on the bedroom door.

Abruptly he is back with two packs of imported cigarettes. He places them with a flourish on the stained coffee table next to me. "Those are in honor of you! Had a pack out ready for you this morning, but the kids must have pinched them." He drags out a buckled pack of local Clippers from his pocket. "I always smoke this kind."

He straightens the teacups that are laid out on a deal table covered with a neat and faded cloth. As he bustles back to the burner, some children appear in the back doorway and stand quietly, staring at me. I stare back, wanting them to go away. Eddie, returning, sees them and smiles and waves. Carefully, he places the hot teapot down on the table among the lanterns, the orderly bundles of letters, and the curling photographs.

"The kids are so excited about your visit, darling," he says. "They love my photographs. They pinched the large ones you sent me. Have to lock up my little radio. Same with the alarm. They like to fiddle with things. Take things to pieces. I was the same as a kid. Loved to fiddle." He sits upright in his straight-backed wooden chair and stirs the teapot slowly before letting it draw. "God, don't know what I'd do without my little radio. Luckily, my right ear clears in the evenings and the deafness goes. It's the discharge that keeps the line open!" His face splits into a smile.

The children drift off slowly. I move to a chair by the table to pour the tea and to sit nearer to him. The tea is delicious.

"Sometimes I can hear a little during the day, but today of all days it's all closed up on me." He stirs his tea carefully. "You know, in the last war they moved me from the Infantry to clerk work. Bloody awful it was. No privacy. First time and the last." He lights up our cigarettes. His fingers, small and unwrinkled, are stained with nicotine. "This is where I will die," he says. "Yes, this is where I will die." He grins, slapping the arms of the chair, and the lanterns and tea things rattle on the table.

I HAVE taken to writing my questions on scraps of paper. He answers them sharply and easily, switching his thoughts effortlessly. It is hard for me to remember that he is deaf and eighty-two. I try to use each moment well. His voice is clear and strong, with the slight singsong sound that suggests years spent in India and East Africa. "Don't throw any of those scraps away, darling," he tells me. "I'll treasure them and read them again and again." Then, rising, he calls over my head, "Ah, Visram! Come in. Come in and be introduced."

Visram steps in, an opened bottle of Coke in each hand and a shy smile creasing his fat face. He puts down the Cokes, and shakes hands with me formally.

"Sit down, my dear fellow!" Eddie says. "In the honored chair. I've got a bottle of whiskey for you! You know, darling, you were to spend the night at his place. Never mind. You'll be lunching over there. It's all arranged."

The Indian lowers his plump body into the armchair, and I get out the bottle of whiskey from the cupboard. I wipe the dust off two smudged glasses and pour out a couple of large shots. Eddie pours a little water into the glasses. He drinks and smacks his lips. "Marvellous stuff. Did you get it in Dar? Good for all sorts of things."

I drink some warm Coke from the bottle. Visram watches me closely. He forgets that I am not deaf like Eddie and, carefully mouthing each word, he says in a singsong English accent imitative of Eddie's, "Please, Madam, to have some whiskey, too. I have some whiskey in my *duka*. Three bottles I have."

"So, Visram, you didn't tell me the truth, eh?" says Eddie. "Kept quiet about them."

Visram, caught out, nods his head from side to side and grins. Laughing, I hold Eddie's hands in mine. They are warm now.

As Visram starts asking me endless questions about my journey, Eddie cuts in across the singsong voice. "He can sink a bottle without turning a hair, this fellow can."

Visram grins with pleasure and insists on lighting our cigarettes with his Chinese lighter. "It's gas. And it was cheap and it still works," he says, pushing the lighter into Eddie's hands. "Have it. Please to have it."

Scarcely glancing at the lighter, Eddie returns it to Visram. "Marvellous these new contraptions. Never had any luck with them myself. Cameras, cars—hopeless. Now, horses—that's different. Have precognizant dreams, you know. Dreamt about the Queen's race horse that fell. What was its name?" Clasping his forehead, he wiggles it up and down. "No, it's gone. God, my memory is going!"

Suddenly he turns his glass upside down and a few drops of whiskey fall to the dusty floor. "My glass is empty already! Darling, let's get tight! My God, Muhammad—I mean, Visram—have you a red pencil? Must circle today's date in red. What a day! Will remember it forever."

"What a red day, sir," agrees Visram. "But who will cook for you when we have gone, sir? I am worried for your uncle, Madam . . ."

I write out a question for Eddie and hand it over to him. He reads it quickly and says, "Ah yes, darling. I know you were in Bangalore last year. Got your letters. I was educated there by the Jesuits," he explains to Visram. "Loved India myself. Especially Dharwar. Never told this to anyone before, but when I was a boy there I started a kind of Scout group. Long before Baden-Powell and that mob."

Visram interrupts. "Mrs. Baden-Powell came here." He repeats it for Eddie. "Mrs. Baden-Powell came here, you know."

"Well, the district commissioner caught us all pinching some fruit from a farm," Eddie continues. "Avery. That was his name. He hauled us into his office. He said, 'This won't do at all, young Edward. Not at all.' Proceeded to pull down my pants and give me a jolly good thrashing. God, I felt such a fool in front of those young fellows. I was always pro-India, you know. After the whipping I said, 'You're going to lose India, Mr. Avery.' Well, he sent off for my father, who was his A.D.C. then. Said to him, 'You don't appear to have much control over this young chap!' So I got it again from my father. But Avery was all right. Dharwar. Dhar-war." He lingers lovingly over each syllable. "I think of those days the most." He takes a long draw on his whiskey.

"How is the hearing today, sir?" shouts and mimes Visram.

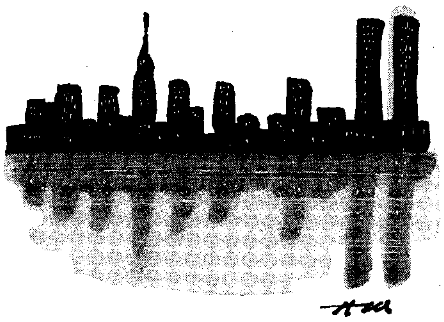
"Bloody awful! The one day she comes, and what does she find? This deaf old thing!" Eddie squashes his nose flat with his forefinger.

I place my hand on his bony knee and kiss his cheek.

"Ho, ho! I'm getting tight! Now, look at these trousers, darling. Patched and patched again. But still warm after seven years' wear. When are you going to get me another good pair like this, Visram? None of that Chinese muck, mind. I want good British material that holds a straight crease."

"Impossible, sir! You know I can only get Chinese stuff or Terylene." Visram swallows up the last of his whiskey and turns to me. "My brother is a tailor—a very good tailor—and can measure him, but he won't have them made up. He is as a grandfather to me. Who will cook his meals after we go to Canada? Oh, I am worried for him. You know, my father expired six months ago. He was a very religious man, and we had a hundred and twenty people at the burial ceremony. They all fitted in easily. My shop and house are very big. When he expired, I was in Dar es Salaam, and quickly I returned here. My father used to be over here every day, talking about India just as I do now."

They watch me closely as I refill the glasses. Visram is jiggling up and down in the honored chair as Eddie insists that Visram's father would have found the British cloth. "His father was a good chap. But I didn't go over for his burial shindig. Can't stand crowds now that I'm deaf. That's why I won't come over to Visram's for lunch today, darling. Always eat alone."



There are high-pitched moans from Visram. Whiskey in one hand, he covers his eyes and then wipes his face as tears dribble down his fat cheeks. I pat his knee to comfort him. He blinks and nods his head as he struggles to focus his liquid brown eyes. Clearly, it is well past our lunchtime. I am not hungry and I do not want to leave Eddie for a moment. But he must eat. I ask him to join us at Visram's, but he refuses. Visram and I leave by the back door. As we walk down the overgrown pathway at the side of the house, Eddie comes after us, flapping his arms up and down and laughing. "Don't forget to send my food, Visram," he says. "I'm starving."

Visram and I cross the uneven road and go through Visram's shop. It is the only *duka* in Chunya, and stocks a bit of everything. I shake hands with his mother, who sits, fat and cross-legged, behind the long wooden counter. The large room behind the shop is unpainted and dark, but a shaft of afternoon light streams through the open back door. A big table, pushed to one wall, has been covered with a fresh, patterned tablecloth. Dishes of food are already on the table. There is boiled rice, chapatties, curried meat, and fresh spinach, as well as a huge plate of hot crusty *samosas* filled with curried ground meat. A jug of curds waits to be poured.

Visram's brothers join us, and I

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## WINTER RADIO

A faint singing
Drifts between stations.

It floats out
From the barnlofts of the wind
Over rattling cornfields

Or perhaps swirls up
From the square
Where people stand about in evening dress
Between acts
In the snow

Or blows down
From the mountains of the soul
Where ice glints high up in moonlight
And a shewolf stops on the trail
Muzzle lifted to the air.

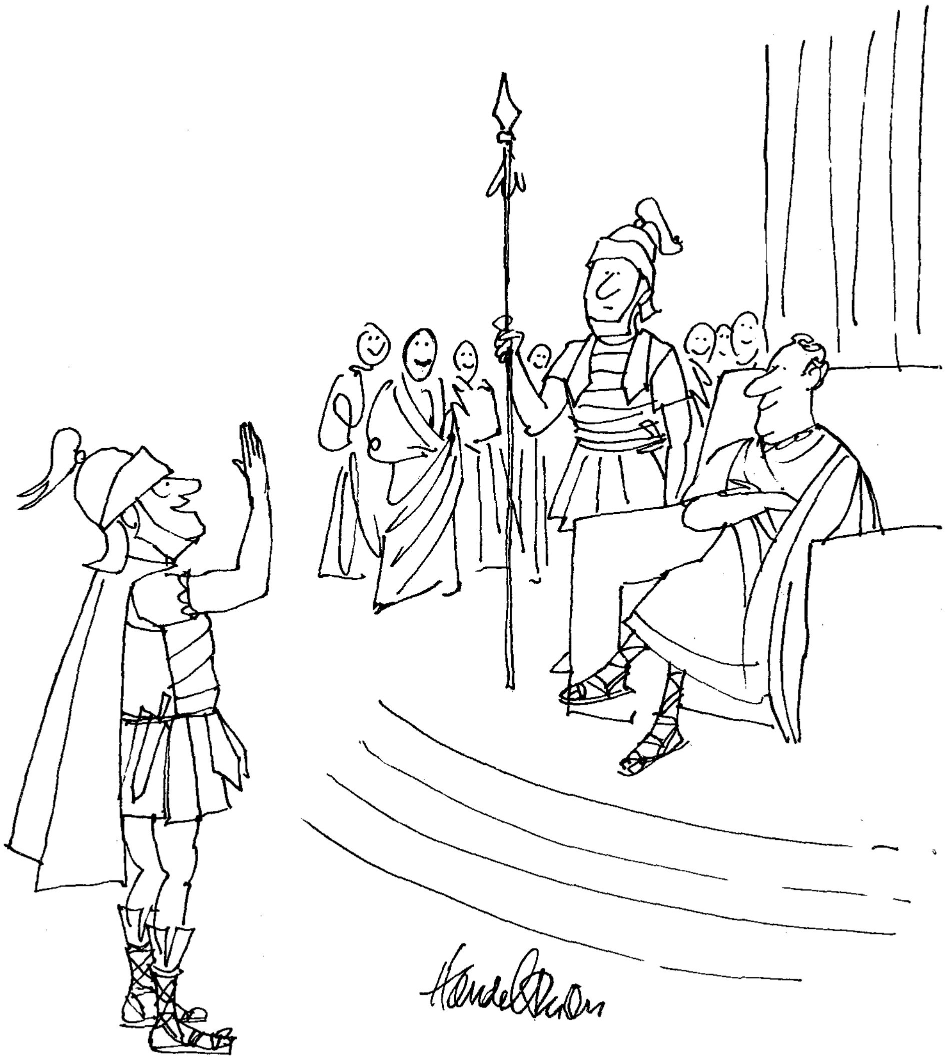
—Sheldon Flory

• •

meet his wife and little girls, who tumble in the back door. I hear the heavy wooden shop doors slamming shut, and then Visram's mother, walking with difficulty, comes to the table and starts ladling out the food. I am watched closely. The hot spicy food sticks in my throat as I try to answer the innumerable questions that are flung at me.

An African boy comes through the back door, speaks rapidly to Visram's mother, and places two covered plates on the table. Then he leaves. Visram explains that Eddie's place is all locked up and the boy has returned Eddie's lunch. Eddie had told us he was hungry. Stuffing another piece of dripping chapatty into his mouth, Visram says, "Oh, he's just locked himself in. To get some rest, you know. The children must be teasing him again." The large wall clock ticks loudly as everyone finishes up his lunch.

Slowly, Visram's mother gets up from the table and lumbers back to the shop. The little girls, milky dribbles on their cheeks, nestle up to Visram as he settles himself cross-legged on his chair and lights a cigarette. I rise suddenly. I must leave Chunya well before sunset if I am to catch my plane tomorrow night at Dar es Salaam. I take leave of the family, and with Visram trotting behind me I cross the road.



*"Hail, Caesar! The barbarians have been beaten back, and Rome is still Numero Uno."*

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THE mist is thickening in the late afternoon. The front doors are open now, and as we pass through the empty front room I forget Eddie is deaf and call out to him anxiously. He is not sitting in the straight-backed chair, and I glance into the tiny bedroom. He is stretched out on his wooden bed, fast asleep. I sit quietly on his bed. There is a large zinc bucket filled with clean water placed at the foot of the bed, with soap and a folded towel on a stool next to it. The heavy wooden shutters are wide open. His mouth hangs open, and the deep hollows of his cheeks shudder slowly as he exhales. His hands are folded on his chest and his skin is gray in the half-light. The sheets under him are yellow-brown from years of washing in river water. I stroke his shoulder softly to awaken him. He sits up. His blue eyes stare into mine. Slowly recognition comes, and he sighs and shakes his head gently. He scratches his head. "I was just thinking. It's nearly time. You must leave for Iringa . . ."

I hold him close for a moment. He fumbles in his pocket for his cigarettes. After he lights up, we slowly go into the other room.

Visram is still there, again sitting in the honored chair. "My God, sir. You have no mosquito net, sir!" he shouts to Eddie. "You must have a net. It's a bad time for mosquitoes. I have an excellent net."

Eddie hears Visram and grimaces. "Never used 'em. Never will. Just swat the little bastards. Time enough for a shroud when I'm dead! It's bad enough having to put my hat on in bed when the bloody rain pours through the roof!"

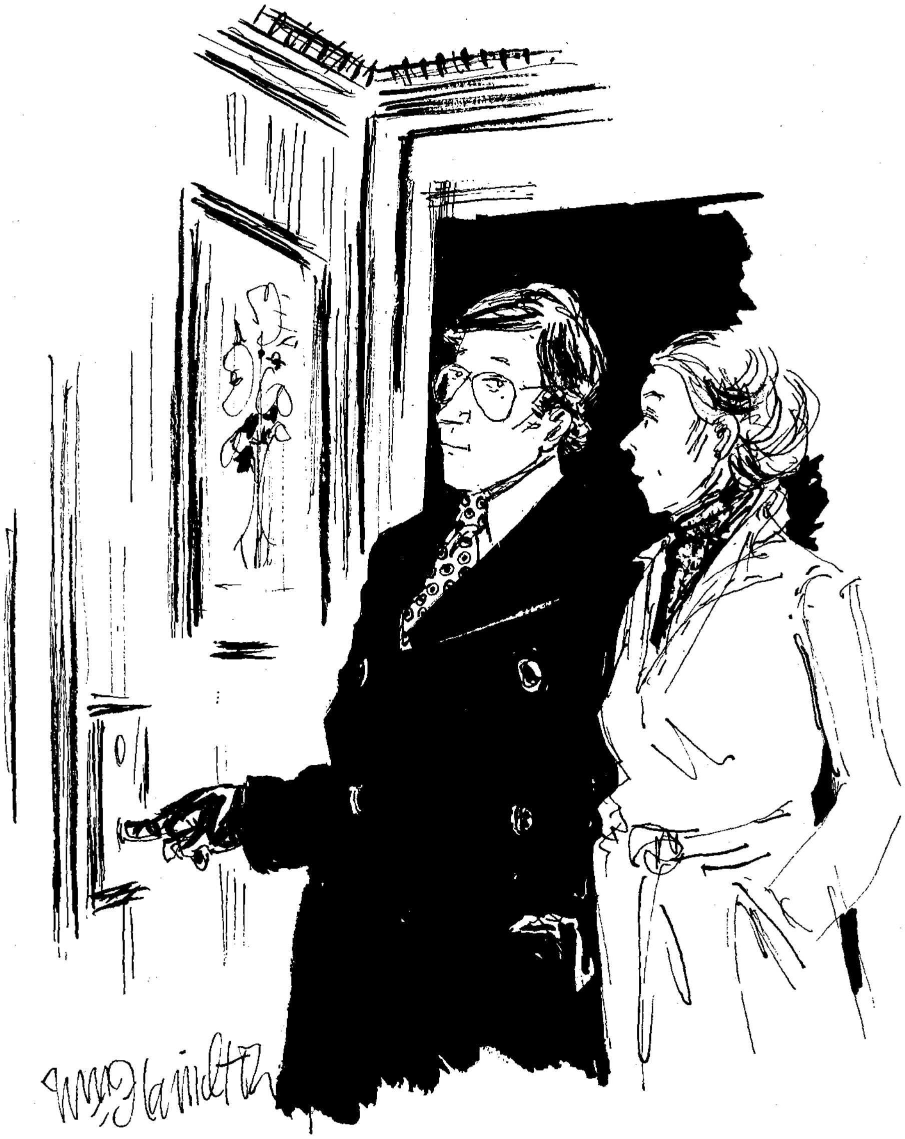
His voice is crisp again. He crosses his legs as he sits in the straight-backed chair, and adjusts his faded cravat, tucking it neatly into his white shirt collar. Then, getting up suddenly, he goes to a teak chest half hidden by the open back door. He eases out the warped top drawer and turns to me. "Look at these letters, darling. I'm having such a *shouri* with the British High Commission."

He passes a bundle of letters clipped together in consecutive order, according to date, with sentences underlined in pencil. I see the carbon copies of his replies, written in the strong square writing I know so well. "It's all over a clerical error made months ago!" he says. "They're a month behind with my pension. I have written again and again to them. I do wish you had more time in Dar to see them for me."

Eddie takes back the letters and then pulls out an old envelope stuffed with photos. "See, Visram. She sent me these through all those years." He replaces the yellowing photos, slams the drawer shut, and, hitching his belt over his narrow hips, returns to his wooden chair. "Friends were always taking pictures here in the old gold-mining days. The Russians are mining here now, you know. It won't pay them."

"Those Russians are very mean. I make no money out of them," shouts Visram.

Eddie points out to the front stoep. "I see them sometimes when I'm walking my fort. They keep themselves to themselves. We nod at each other now, which is great progress. You know, when they first arrived



*"They have a bigger apartment, but I think we're bigger people."*

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their women began to dress like our African girls. Mind you, our African girls are dressing very nicely these days. Don't you think so, Visram?"

Visram grimaces.

"Oh, Visram, the trouble with you is you like nobody! Nobody! He hates the Africans, darling!"

"No, no, no. That is not so. You see, that is not so at all. I am a religious fellow, a follower of the Aga Khan. He is our supernatural leader, you know." Visram lowers his voice. "I am born here, but the Africans make it difficult for me. They want us to go, so the taxes are made even higher than before and I am unhappy. Think, sir, I used to live here in your house and then I make much money and built myself the *duka* and big house. I make more money and I am a happy fellow. But now we must go and leave all behind. Oh, I am an unhappy fellow, I can tell you!"

"Come on, Visram," Eddie says. "You've just got too much money. You Aga Khan fellows are all the same." Eddie pulls another cigarette from his crumpled packet, but his old petrol lighter slips through his fingers as he tries to light up. Visram and I jump to retrieve it, banging our heads together under the table. Visram triumphantly hands it to Eddie. The table is neat again. The tea things, the dirty glasses, and the half-empty bottle of whiskey have been cleared away by Eddie. The notebook pages scribbled with my questions lie in a small pile. Eddie inhales slowly. The cigarette dangles loosely from his nicotined fingers.

It is time for me to leave. My driver, I see, has pulled up outside the stoep. He stands, leaning against the car, looking in at us. Night falls quickly here, and the road is wet mud for fifty miles. Eddie sits smoking quietly. He looks tired. I want to be alone with him.

"Please, Visram," I say quietly. "Please. I will see you outside?"

Playing with his Chinese lighter, Visram shambles off through the shop. Eddie looks after him as he goes. "He misses his father," he says. "His mother's a good cook, isn't she? Reminds me of Mother's Indian cooking."

Eddie jabs out his cigarette in the tin ashtray at his elbow. He pulls the lobe of his ear. "Mother was very young when she married Father and went off to India with him. He was years older. Mother studied Hindustani in Dharwar, you know. She used to swap recipes with an Indian woman down the street. Father was tickled pink with the Indian cooking. Often wondered how the Indian family liked Yorkshire pudding. . . . They both died in their seventy-fourth year." His gaze is calm and distant. "You know, darling," he says to me, "all I clearly remember of you is bouncing you on my knee. Up and down to Banbury Cross."

THERE is a slight rumble of distant thunder. I look around for my things. Eddie slowly stands up and stretches his arms out to me. "Oh, what a memorable day. A memorable day, darling," he says, stroking my hair. "And I know I will see you again. I know it."

I collect my handbag, brush off my skirt. Hands in his pockets, he looks absently around the small room. "Now, don't leave anything behind. Are you sure you've got everything? Don't leave anything behind. That would never do."

We go through the dark empty shop and out to the stoep. Dusk has set in. The loafers are still there. The driver waits in the car. Visram is nowhere to be seen. There is nothing left to do. I kiss the hollow cheek quickly. I run down the deep steps and get into the car. As I roll down the window, the car leaps forward. I wave through the window, looking back at him standing on his stoep. He waves back and then disappears from sight.

We start the descent to Mbeya. I look back and see an orange sun piercing the gray rain clouds. It sinks swiftly, wrapping the Chunya Mountains in the rain, the mists, the hills. There has been no sun for two days, but now as I look back the red fingers are there and the hills are becoming deeper blue—deeper blue, then purple, then night. I light up one of Eddie's cigarettes. I know this journey has been for me, not him. I will never see Eddie again, but he belongs to me now. If the weather holds, we should make Iringa late tonight, and I will be in Dar in time for my charter tomorrow.

—MAUREEN CONNELL

# A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

## AUTUMN NOTES—II

OCTOBER 28

IT'S a quiet Sunday. We need some quiet days now. Spiro Agnew resigned only two and a half weeks ago, and so much has happened since that it's hard to remember him. Within the past eight days alone, the President fired Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox, reversed himself and said he would turn the subpoenaed tapes over to the court, ordered a worldwide military alert, and, in his press conference on Friday night, striking out at the press, put on his greatest public display of anger since taking office.

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DEMOCRATIC congressional leaders have rejected the President's proposal that he appoint a new Special Prosecutor rather than have the Congress establish one by legislation. "No soap," says Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield.

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THE papers point out that tomorrow William O. Douglas, seventy-five, becomes the Justice who has served longer than any other in the history of the Supreme Court. Douglas was named to the Supreme Court by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1939. Three years ago, Gerald Ford led a drive to impeach Douglas. In 1969, Abe Fortas was forced to resign from the Court after it was disclosed that he had accepted a fee as consultant to a foundation headed by the industrialist Louis E. Wolfson at a time when Wolfson was under investigation by the Securities and Exchange Commission. The move to drive Fortas from the Court was, writes Robert Shogan in his book "A Question of Judgment," directed by Attorney General John Mitchell, with the knowledge and approval of President Nixon. The Fortas vacancy led to Nixon's confrontations with the Senate over his attempts to appoint first Clement F. Haynsworth and then G. Harrold Carswell to fill it. If Nixon has the opportunity to make one more appointment to the Supreme Court, he will have appointed a majority. His appointments have already had a substantial impact on the direction of the Court; and, of course, the Nixon Presidency will be outlived by the Nixon Court.

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TODAY, James Reston, in whom powerful people confide, writes in his New York *Times* column that "Mr. Nixon is encouraging even his best friends to question his judgment and think about his resignation or impeachment."

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THE Constitution does not give much guidance on the subject of impeachment. Section 4 of Article II states, "The President, Vice-President and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." Four other sections of the Constitution specify that the House of Representatives has "the sole power of impeachment;" that the Senate, by a vote of two-thirds, has "the sole power to try all impeachments" and that punishment shall be removal from office, but that someone so punished can still be liable to "indictment, trial, judgment and punishment, according to law;" that the power of Presidential pardon does not extend to impeachment; and that the right to trial by jury does not include cases of impeachment. The framers of the Constitution debated for some time the methods by which the President and other high officials could ultimately be held accountable. In the end, the phrase "treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors" was, as Raoul Berger, the author of "Impeachment: The Constitutional Problems," points out, "lifted bodily from English law." Even the division of functions between the House and the Senate parallels the respective responsibilities for impeachment and conviction of the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Impeachment was the English Parliament's method of stripping the king's ministers—and thus the kings—of absolute power, and holding them accountable. The impeachment procedure had fallen into disuse in England until Parliament, in the seventeenth century, used it against usurpations of power under the Stuarts. More than fifty impeachments came to trial in England between 1621 and 1787—the year the Federal Convention was meeting in Philadelphia. While we were drafting a Constitution for the United States of America, the English Parliament was considering the impeachment of Warren Hastings, the former governor of British India. The group meeting in Philadelphia followed the debate in England. Edmund Burke, opening the trial of Hastings in the House of Lords, said:

> It is by this tribunal that statesmen who abuse their power are accused by statesmen, and tried by statesmen, not upon the niceties of a narrow jurisprudence, but upon the enlarged and solid principles of state morality. It is here that those who by abuse of power have violated the spirit of law can never hope for protection from any of its forms . . . it is here that those who have refused to conform themselves to its perfections can never hope to escape through any of its defects.

There are a few indications of what, exactly, the framers of the Constitution intended by the words "high crimes and misdemeanors." At the Federal Convention, George Mason said that "corruption" would be impeachable. Berger points out that James Madison, at the Virginia Ratification Convention, stated that the President might be impeached if he "be connected in any suspicious manner with any person, and there be grounds to believe that he will shelter him." Alexander Hamilton, in Federalist Paper No. 65, said that impeachment was intended to reach "the misconduct of public men" and "abuse or violation of some public trust." Hamilton said that impeachable offenses were political, "as they relate chiefly to injuries done immediately to the society itself." During the first Congress, James Madison said that since only the President could remove his own subordinates, the President had to be accountable, and was therefore subject to impeachment, for their actions:

> I think it absolutely necessary that the President should have the power of removing [subordinates] from office; it will make him, in a peculiar manner, responsible for their conduct, and subject him to impeachment himself, if he suffers them to perpetrate with impunity high crimes or misdemeanors against the United States, or neglects to superintend their conduct, so as to check their excesses. On the Constitutionality of the declaration I have no manner of doubt.

Berger concludes that " 'high crimes and misdemeanors' appear to be words of art confined to impeachments, without roots in the ordinary criminal law and which, so far as I could discover, had no relation to whether an indictment would lie in the particular circumstances." In other words, according to what the drafters of the Constitution said, an impeachable offense need not be one that is, strictly speaking, a crime. And, whatever Constitutional and legal niceties are advanced as the basis of impeachment, the process is inescapably conducted in a political atmosphere.

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THE talk of impeaching Richard Nixon began shortly after his April 30th speech, in which he dismissed his top aides, took responsibility for Watergate, and said that the investigation of it would be continued. The idea of impeachment required getting used to; it seemed unreal. On July 31st, House Resolution 513 was introduced in the House of Representatives. It said simply, "*Resolved*, that Richard M. Nixon, President of the United States, is impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors." This first resolution for impeaching the President was introduced by Father Robert F. Drinan, a Jesuit priest and Democratic representative from Massachusetts. Father Drinan is one of the most liberal of the liberal Democrats in the Congress, so his move was not taken very seriously. There was some thought that it was a setback to the idea of impeachment. Serious moves, it was believed, do not begin with the likes of Father Drinan. It was the same political wisdom that dismissed the early opposition of Senators Wayne Morse and Ernest Gruening to the war in Vietnam. It is the political wisdom that overlooks the fact that someone has to go first, and that those who go first are likely to be those who are not governed by the prevailing political wisdom. In time, other impeachment resolutions were introduced in the House. Having no useful precedent to guide them, the members improvised: some stated specific reasons for impeaching the President; others drafted their resolutions in general language, calling on the House Judiciary Committee to, for instance, "inquire into and investigate the official conduct of Richard M. Nixon to determine whether in the opinion of said committee he has been guilty of any high crime or misdemeanor which in the contemplation of the Constitution requires the interposition of the powers of the House of Representatives under the Constitution."

OCTOBER 29

JOHN CONNALLY is putting some distance between himself and the President now. Connally is quoted in the Washington *Post* as saying that the President "owed the country a better explanation for his actions than we got" on the matter of the tapes and on the matter of the firing of Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox.

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THE *Times* says that this week's *Time* will say that Cox was dismissed after the White House challenged his determinations to pursue four areas of inquiry: the "national-security" wiretaps of government officials and newsmen; the "plumbers;" the handling of anti-Nixon demonstrators in the 1972 campaign; and the raising of four million dollars in campaign funds for congressional and gubernatorial candidates in 1970.

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AT lunch, a Democratic member of the House says that now Gerald Ford's nomination will move through the House Judiciary Committee with some speed, because "we would get more votes for impeachment if there was a Republican Vice-President." He says that before the weekend of the firing of the Special Prosecutor he and many of his colleagues "would have liked to hold up Ford until the tapes issue, or even Watergate, was resolved—on the ground that a President who might be impeached or suspected of criminal conduct ought not name his successor." I ask what happened to change this principle. He replies, "It has changed because impeachment is a real possibility now."

The President's decision to turn over the nine subpoenaed tapes after all, says the congressman, "had zero effect on Capitol Hill and in our constituencies." He says, "It almost made him look worse. Tricky Dick. He tried his trick and got caught. And there was his misjudgment about the importance of the issue. We have got no mail saying, 'Now that he has complied with the court order, back off.' "

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THIS afternoon, I talked with a Republican member of the House. He is one of the more junior members, and has already become a leader among what are called the "moderate" Republicans (not too conservative, not too liberal). This group would like to think that it can make the House of Representatives, and the Republican Party, reflect what it regards as its more contemporary attitudes. "A lot of my kind of Republicans are very confused," he said. "We don't feel we can tell the Democrats we will go along with them on the Special Prosecutor bill. I don't know how you get one appointed and keep him accountable to someone. We have the feeling that Cox was going too far. I guess most guys of my type in the Congress find it hard to see ground for impeachment. Of course, everyone has his own definition of 'high crimes and misdemeanors.' It looks as if the Judiciary Committee is really going to conduct an inquiry into impeachment. I kind of take the pessimistic view that we're going to be locked into this thing for quite a while. It seems unlikely that the President will resign. That would be out of character. We can't make impeachment stick as of now, so we might limp along. A resignation might set a worse precedent for the long run than impeachment, or than his staying in office. That would mean that every President hereafter would be subjected to questions of judgment, and an important group, particularly an economic one, could call for his resignation. So I'm reluctant to talk about resignation. The public outpouring against the Cox dismissal—at least as far as my district goes—was from basic middle-of-the-road types who had voted for the President. It must have scared the President to death. So maybe that isolation booth he lives in has some holes in it."

I asked the congressman what course, given the alternatives, he would prefer.

He replied, "We want him out."

He then said, "I sense a lot of feeling among my colleagues, especially the older ones, that they didn't come here to face crises every day. The load's getting kind of heavy. And some of the old-timers are feeling that the investigatory air is getting heavy. They think that they will be second-class citizens, that politics will be more trouble than it's worth. The newer guys here are more used to election laws that require disclosure. But the President's problems are going to ruin a lot of Republican congressmen—some good ones, even some who have put some distance between themselves and the White House. Everyone around here is terribly depressed—kind of worn down by the sequence of events. It's taken over everything. People have their heads down. They don't talk up anymore. They don't know what to say. It's a pretty unpleasant business. Last spring, when this thing started to break, we watched agape. Then curiously. Now we're depressed—thinking about resignation, impeachment, crisis. I can't write a script that brings us out whole. Resignation is a bummer. Impeachment is long and messy. And lurching along like this for three more years is almost the worst of the three alternatives. If that becomes the possibility, then, horrible as the precedent is, maybe someone has to go to him and say he'd better resign."

*

THIS afternoon, also, I talked with another Democratic member of the House. He is of medium seniority, and is one of the most effective members of the liberal wing of the party. I asked him why the Democratic House leaders had set impeachment in motion. "The leadership is responding to public sentiment, not leading," he replied. "The leaders really didn't have much choice. And on the face of it an investigation is not that threatening. But now the investigation has its own momentum. I think the investigation should go on, to see what more there is. I would vote for impeachment now, on the basis of what I know, but it isn't enough for a lot of others, so the investigation has to go forward."

I asked him why he was ready to vote for impeachment.

He replied, "The President has said that he learned within a few days after the Watergate break-in that an investigation might lead to an uncovering of activities by the C.I.A. That he remained ignorant of what happened for almost a year is unbelievable. That a burglary could have to do with overseas intelligence is also incredible. Either for gross negligence or for culpability, he ought to be out of there. There is the additional problem that the country has lost faith in him, but this is not an indictable offense."

The Democratic congressman said he thought that the President should resign. "I think it could be a good precedent," he said. "The President has accepted responsibility for these things. If he resigned on that ground, that would be all to the good. We can pay more respect to executive privilege if the President takes responsibility for what happened."

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LATER today, I talked with a Republican senator of medium seniority and moderate persuasion. He had at times, early in the Nixon Administration, taken stands against the President, and had thereby come under some attack by the White House and by Republican Party workers in his state. Last week, his office received six thousand letters about the President's firing of the Special Prosecutor; they ran seventeen to one against the President. "We're in very bad shape," the senator said. "The Veterans Day weekend"—the weekend Cox was fired—"set us on some irreversible courses, in which I see one of two things happening: one, something blows up and it is 'strike three' and the President has to either resign or be impeached; or, two, we have a Presidency with no leadership base. If I had to guess, I would guess it's the first. Time's running out. The surprising thing about that weekend was the feeling among conservative Republicans that the time had come to do something. The 'Saturday-night massacre' wiped out the protective line of the conservatives who used to defend him. The collision may come soon. One of the big questions is who goes in as President. I can't bring myself to say what kind of President Jerry Ford is going to make. Three years is a long time. Right now, there isn't a very viable alternative, and that's the problem. Ford going in as Vice-President is one thing; his going in as President is quite another. It's very sobering." He shook his head and fell silent.

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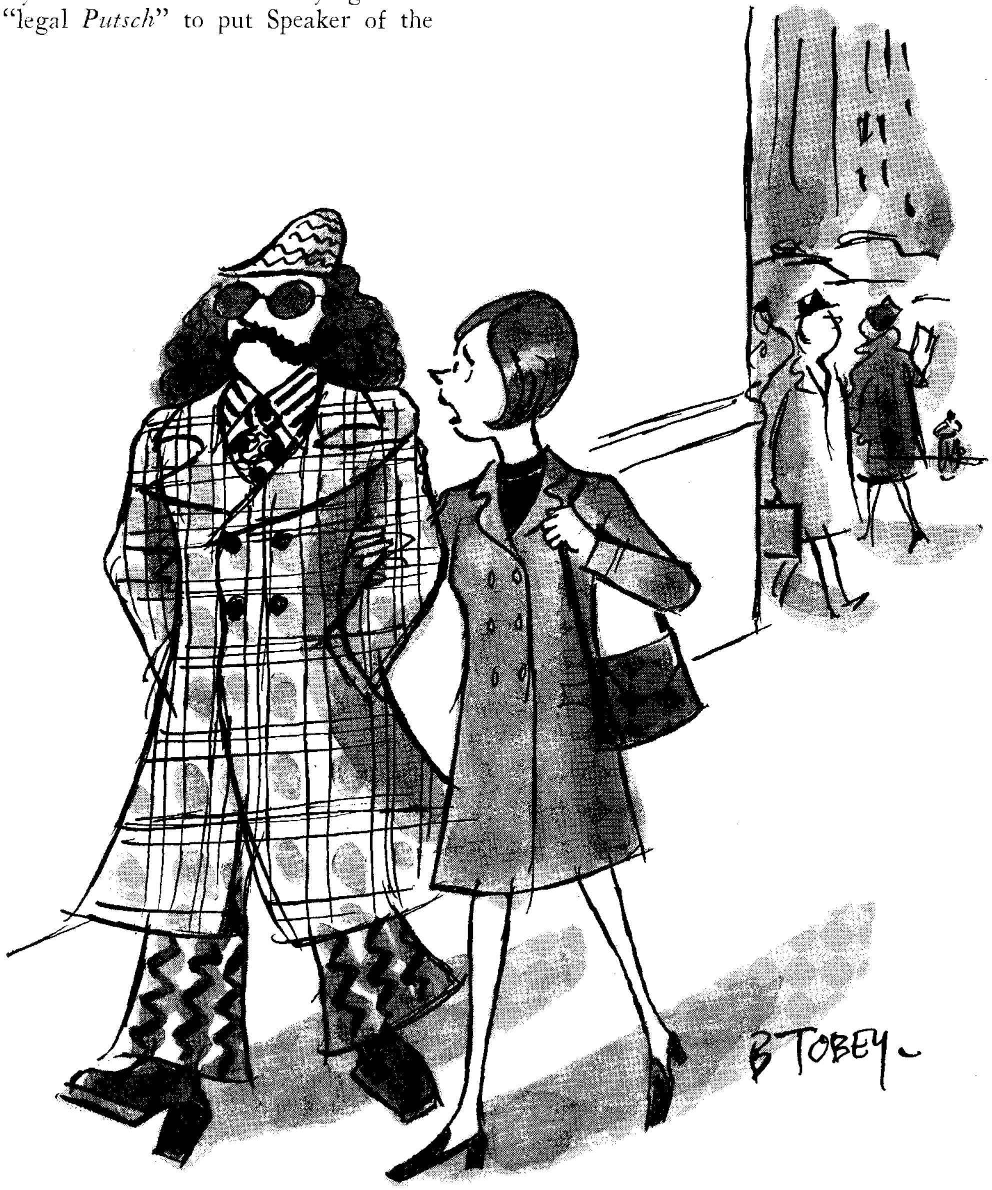
THE current issue of *Human Events*, the conservative weekly, says that Democrats are trying for a "legal *Putsch*" to put Speaker of the House Carl Albert in the White House. It writes of "the operation to countermand the 1972 election results and install a Democrat in the White House." It also reports that mail to several conservative senators and representatives has been running against the President.

OCTOBER 30

COX has given the Senate Judiciary Committee more details about the information he was trying to obtain from the White House. Each time he does this, of course, it sets loose some speculation about what he was looking for. Much of the material he was trying to obtain had to do with the plumbers—one of the more mysterious aspects of the whole Watergate business. We still know very little about what they did. The President has said that what they did was in the interests of national security, and we must not be told about it, because that might jeopardize the national security. Moreover, the Presi-



"I do love you, Larry. It's just that we look silly together."

dent and John Ehrlichman, his former assistant, have asserted the "inherent power" of the President to take certain actions in the name of "national security." Some of these actions could have the effect of suspending Constitutional guarantees—in particular, the Fourth Amendment—in the name of national security.

Among the things that Cox says he was seeking were records removed from Egil Krogh's files in the Department of Transportation and placed in the President's files, and documents regarding matters that Ehrlichman, David Young, and Charles Colson were handling, which have been placed in Presidential files. (Krogh and Young were in charge of the plumbers. Colson was special counsel to the President.) Cox says that "Presidential files have a way of expanding." Cox also says that he was seeking records about the plumbers and two of their efforts—labelled "Special Project M-1" and "Project Odessa."

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THE *Times* reports that Cox was told by former Attorney General Richard Kleindienst that President Nixon had personally ordered him not to press anti-trust action against I.T.T. The White House has called this revelation "an inexcusable breach of confidence on the part of the staff of the former Special Prosecutor." The White House also says, "The President's direction to Mr. Kleindienst was based on his belief that the . . . case represented a policy of the Justice Department with which he strongly disagreed, namely, that bigness per se was unlawful. When the specific facts of the appeal were subsequently explained in greater detail, the President withdrew his objection and the appeal was prosecuted in exactly the form originally proposed." The *Times* points out that in the hearing in 1972 on his confirmation as Attorney General, Kleindienst told the Senate Judiciary Committee that the White House had not interfered. If this story was in fact leaked by Cox, it could be helpful to the White House in its continuing battle against him. But some people notice that today's story was written by Nicholas Gage, who is known to have contacts in the Justice Department. There is also a theory that the story was leaked by Kleindienst. That is how we read newspapers these days.

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CARL ALBERT and Mike Mansfield have issued a statement calling for the Ford nomination to "proceed with all due deliberateness in both houses."

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THE *Wall Street Journal* reports that the Ervin committee has subpoenaed access to three accounts in the bank owned by the President's friend Bebe Rebozo. The *Journal* says that, according to Rebozo's lawyers, Rebozo is refusing access not because he is trying to conceal anything but because the accounts are covered by executive privilege.

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IN both the House and the Senate, the Special Prosecutor issue is becoming a partisan one, with Democrats supporting a court-appointed prosecutor, Republicans a Presidentially appointed one.

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THERE is a kind of lull now—a calming down from the tumultuous events of last week, and bracing for events to come. The politicians are confused. Even those who want to challenge the White House seem to be without a strategy. They stagger from crisis to crisis, regroup, and then change plans as events unfold. Or they get bored. The politicians' limited attention span is affecting the Constitutional issues. Now some politicians are tiring of the Special Prosecutor issue. In getting rid of Cox, the President has bought time. He may, if the Congress permits, establish his own authority over the investigation and prosecution of his own Administration.

OCTOBER 31

THE Senate Democratic Caucus met yesterday. Mansfield said that legislation for an independent Special Prosecutor should be enacted, and, as a threat to the White House and to some senators who for various reasons wanted an end to the Ervin-committee hearings, suggested that the life of the Ervin committee should be extended if an independent Special Prosecutor is not established by law. The senators gave Mansfield a standing ovation. But Senator Sam Ervin is reported to be reluctant to extend the life of the committee. At the time that the Congress reconvened, Mansfield was reported to be pressing Ervin to conclude the hearings.

Senator Ervin has said that he and the committee's vice-chairman, Senator Howard Baker, had agreed to the White House tapes compromise—the so-called Stennis compromise—without being aware that a similar offer had been made to Cox and that he had refused it. Ervin and Baker have also told reporters that they did not agree to anything with the White House on behalf of the committee on the matter of the tapes. Ervin said, "It was a proposal—not a compromise or an agreement."

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THE Internal Revenue Service has rejected a request—made by a public-interest tax-law firm, Tax Analysts and Advocates—that it name an independent auditor to examine the President's tax returns and assess the validity of his five-hundred-and-seventy-thousand-dollar deduction in 1969 for the gift to the government of his Vice-Presidential papers. The question has been raised whether the gift was made before the tax laws were changed, in 1969, to eliminate deductions for gifts of papers. (Why Mr. Nixon or Presidents before him, or other politicians, were able to consider official papers, written on government time, on government salaries, and usually by government-paid assistants, "theirs" is a mystery.) The question of how the government handles top officials' tax returns is a dilemma not unlike the Special Prosecutor dilemma.

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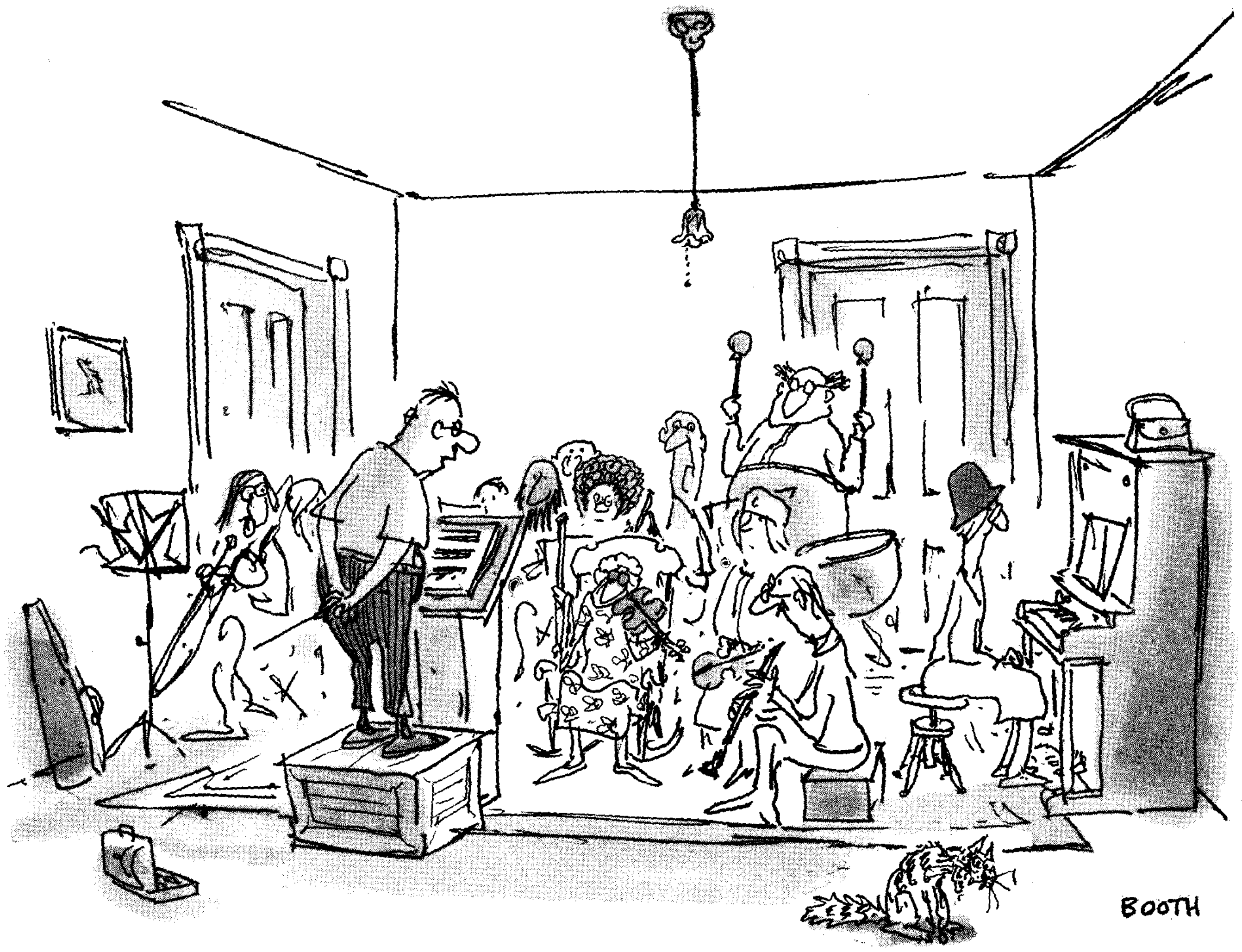
THE Ervin committee resumes its hearings today in the caucus room on the third floor of the Old Senate Office Building. On the ground floor, the yellow ropes to contain waiting spectators are still there, but the spectators are not. The television cameras have been dismantled, and fewer reporters are present. Berl Bernhard, a Washington lawyer, who was the manager of Edmund Muskie's Presidential campaign, is testifying on the subject of unethical campaign practices. Bernhard is talking of a question we have almost forgotten in the current confusion—the question of whether we really had an election in 1972.

Bernhard does not suggest that but for the interference in Muskie's campaign Muskie would have won. He is candid about Muskie's political failings and about the difficulties of Muskie's position as a "centrist" trying to bridge the gap between wings of the Party. Bernhard also gives a clear picture of the time and energy that a candidate for the Presidency must expend in the effort to raise money for his campaign. "If I had to choose the one reform which is most urgently needed, it would be the public financing of campaigns, not because Ed Muskie ran out of money but because he, and Senator Humphrey, and Senator Jackson, and Senator McGovern, and all the rest of them had to spend so much time just passing the



*"Now, last time, near the end of Ravel's 'Bolero,' I heard a scream."*

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hat," says Bernhard. "America deserves candidates who have enough time to consider the issues, enough funds to present their views to the voters, and to compete equally on the merits—not men who make the best fund-raisers, because they appeal to particular interest groups or because they are in a position to put pressure on people with money."

And Bernhard documents extensively the degree to which one political party, the party in power, interfered in the processes whereby the other political party selected its candidate for President. A memorandum written in March, 1971, by the White House aide Patrick Buchanan to the President of the United States said:

> And if Mr. Muskie is not cut and bleeding before he goes into New Hampshire, he will very likely do massively well there, building up irresistible momentum for the nomination. This scenario is not in our interest—as Muskie today is a figure ideally situated to unite the warring factions of his party, and if they are united, that is bad news for us.

According to Bernhard, Muskie campaign-planning documents disappeared. The contents of some turned up in newspaper columns. Spies were planted in the campaign organization. Bernhard's law office was broken into and his files were ransacked. Confidential documents relating to the Muskie campaign were later discovered on the Xerox machine in the campaign offices. (Bernhard does not assert that this was the work of the opposition; his point is that it was like things the opposition was known to have done and therefore was disturbing.) Days were lost in trying to track down spies within the organization. The campaign was constantly disrupted. Muskie fund-raisers were put on the White House "enemies" list. Campaign advisers—those who had worked for Henry Kissinger—were wiretapped. "We were never able to understand how it was that there was so much conjecture in the press which seemed to relate to staff discussions on the issue of Vietnam," says Bernhard. It is now reported, as a result of the civil suit brought by Morton Halperin, one of the advisers who were wiretapped, that summaries of the taps were given by the F.B.I. to H. R. Haldeman. Telephones in Muskie offices did strange things. A Muskie fund-raising dinner was nearly ruined by the chaotic arrival of food that had not been ordered and guests who had not been invited. There were more than the usual number of pickets at Muskie appearances; the pickets held up signs saying "Muskie is a racist pig," "Muskie supports draft dodgers," and the like. At some appearances, almost all the questions were about gay liberation and abortion and whether Muskie would accept a black running mate.

Bernhard acknowledges that "it is not always a simple matter . . . to make precise philosophic distinctions between rough but fair politics and rough unfair politics." And he says something to the committee which is arresting:

> I would point out that there is nothing in the resolution establishing your committee that says this conduct is reprehensible only if it has decisive significance. It speaks rather of whether the object was "to disrupt, hinder, impede or sabotage" the campaign. Does anyone here doubt that this was the objective of the dirty tricks? If they were not successful, that's a comment on the ineptitude of the perpetrators, not their moral fiber. I am troubled by the moral viewpoint implicit in offering that line of reasoning as a defense. The doctrine that the end justifies the means

is pernicious enough. The doctrine that the failure to attain the end justifies—or at least excuses—the means is terrifying.

On April 12, 1972, Patrick Buchanan and Ken Khachigian, a White House staff assistant, wrote a memorandum to John Mitchell and Haldeman. "If so much had not been done to sustain it," says Bernhard, "I would have written [it] off as no more than an act of self-satisfied puffing." The memorandum said:

> Our primary objective, to prevent Senator Muskie from sweeping the early primaries, locking up the convention in April and uniting the Democratic party behind him for the fall, has been achieved. The likelihood—great three months ago—that the Democratic Convention could become a dignified coronation ceremony for a centrist candidate who could lead a united party into the election is now remote.

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THIS afternoon, I dropped in to see a Democratic Senate aide. He is in the traffic patterns of Capitol Hill and knows a lot about not just what is going on but what it might mean. "The eggs have been scrambled," he said. "Impeachment is being spoken of openly. There is a lot of feeling that Nixon's term can be measured in months. The presumption among senators is that when they are talking about confirming Nixon's nomination of Gerald Ford for the Vice-Presidency they are talking about choosing a President. The Republicans are floundering, and very worried. Ford is going to go zipping through. The issue of his competence is now a back-burner crisis." He said that "once impeachment became an acceptable term, it remained an acceptable term." He said he believes that Nixon's "days are numbered" because of issues that "won't stay hidden"—I.T.T., Rebozo, the milk fund, the break-in at Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office, the amounts the government has spent on the President's houses. Now that the issue of the tapes is gone, he said, these issues will combine to bring down the President. The issues are diffused, he said, but one issue or another makes everyone angry. He argued that the issue of the invasion of privacy, involving a government break-in at someone's psychiatrist's office, goes very deep with the public—deeper than the politicians had at first suspected. The aide said he could not predict exactly how the events would evolve. "The Congress is like a school of fish," he said. "They dart one way, and then another. You don't know which fish will dart out and make the next move that they will all follow. There aren't built-in leaders and followers."

As we were talking, two reporters burst into the office, and one asked, "Did you hear the news?"

There is the expression "The heart stopped." That's the way it felt. Each jolt seems more severe. Literally gripping our chairs, the Senate aide and I asked the reporters what had happened.

One of them said, "Two of the tapes are missing."

After a pause, the aide said quietly, "He's playing for days now."

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THE stunning news of the missing tapes dominates tonight's news programs. The two conversations that the White House now says were not taped could be of some importance. One was the President's telephone conversation with John Mitchell on June 20, 1972, three days after the break-in at the Watergate. The other was a conversation between the President and John Dean on April 15, 1972. N.B.C., A.B.C., and C.B.S. show Dean testifying about that conversation. It was the one in the course of which, Dean told the committee, the President "got up out of his chair, went behind his chair to a corner of the Executive Office Building office, and, in a barely audible tone, said to me he was probably foolish to have discussed Hunt's clemency with Colson." Of the many surreal images of Watergate, this is one of the lasting ones—the President cowering in a corner of his own office to whisper to an aide. Dean had told the committee that "leading questions" which the President asked at that same meeting "made me think that the conversation was being taped." J. Fred Buzhardt, White House attorney, told Judge John Sirica's court today that the conversation with Dean, which took place on a Sunday evening, was not recorded, because the recording device had "a malfunction." N.B.C. replays the testimony of Alexander Butterfield—the man who, on July 16th, revealed to the Ervin committee the existence of White House tapes. It shows Butterfield saying that the tape system was "checked at least daily." It is recalled that Haldeman had taken some tapes home, and that the President had listened to some tapes, and that the President had asked Buzhardt to listen to a tape. The White House says that it discovered just this past weekend that the two tapes were missing, and therefore had not mentioned the matter until now.

Buzhardt is interviewed as he comes out of the courthouse. He is asked, "Do you think the public will believe this?"

He replies, "I don't know."

Senator Ervin says, "Everything about this has been curious from the first day."

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THE matter of the missing tapes almost drowns out other news of today. Kleindienst has said that he threatened to resign after the President ordered him not to proceed with the I.T.T. anti-trust case and that then the White House changed its position. We see on our television screens William Saxbe standing on the White House lawn and saying he is "relatively sure" that the President will name him Attorney General. Saxbe, the maverick Ohio Republican senator, recently announced that he would not run for reëlection. Saxbe is the senator who last December, during the carpet bombing of North Vietnam, said, "The President appears to have left his senses." Like George Meany more recently, Saxbe was widely quoted at the time. It is hard to believe that the President would now make him Attorney General. In his press conference Friday, the President complained that during the recent military alert network commentators had used the "same words" they had used after the December bombing of North Vietnam—that he had "lost his senses." But the only person who appears to have said anything like this, for quotation on television, is Saxbe. Now, in casually announcing his own appointment, he is being characteristically brash. Saxbe's irreverence is the source of his popularity here. Saxbe is something of an unguided missile; it is hard to locate him. He has a kind of talent for gut statements that strike people as honest and candid. But, essentially, he has been loyal to the Administration. In selecting a man who said that the President must have "left his senses," the President appears to be selecting an independent man. But it may be just that—a matter of appearances. Saxbe says that he thinks the President will be coöperative on issues of White House documents. He also says that on these matters the President "has gone further than I would have recommended."

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THE worldwide military alert, which the President put us on six days ago, has been called off.

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SPIRO AGNEW paid his ten-thousand-dollar fine today.

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THIS evening, a friend who covers the White House says that this afternoon Ron Ziegler said to some skeptical reporters that he could not understand why people did not believe the White House about the missing tapes. My friend says that White House aides admonished reporters that in reporting the story they should be clear that it was not that the *tapes* were missing—it was that the *conversations* were missing.

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THERE is a plausibility to the White House explanations of the missing conversations. From long habit, we still make the effort to see the story from the White House point of view, to entertain the idea that the President of the United States is telling the truth. The tape machine might have run out on the President and Dean. The President might have taken the precaution of speaking to Mitchell from an untaped phone. Untaped. Untapped. The President of the United States taking care not to be overheard by his own listening system. The atmosphere of absurdity has been building up. One friend called me tonight and asked, "Do you suppose they confused the things they were supposed to put in the burn bag with the things they were supposed to deep six with the things they were supposed to put in the shredder?" Another friend, a serious man, called and, before either of us had gone beyond saying hello, broke into uncontrollable laughter.

NOVEMBER 1

IT has been announced that Saxbe will be named Attorney General, and that Leon Jaworski, a Texas lawyer who was a friend of Lyndon Johnson's and is a former president of the American Bar Association, will be named Special Prosecutor. The A.B.A. had been calling for legislation for a court-appointed Special Prosecutor. Check. Ford checks the House. Saxbe checks the Senate. The chess game goes on.

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IT is already clear that those missing conversations will be costly to the President. On page 2 of the Washington *Post* are stories headed "CONGRESSMEN SHOCKED BY TAPE DEVELOPMENT" and "GLOOM GRIPS REPUBLICAN SENATORS." The second story, written by Spencer Rich, the *Post's* Senate correspondent, leads off with the statement that "President Nixon faces a massive hemorrhaging of support from G.O.P. senators unless he acts immediately to dispel all suspicions of a Watergate cover-up, key Senate Republicans warned gloomily yesterday." Rich quotes some of the senators. Senator James B. Pearson, of Kansas, says, "I'm shocked: I'm surprised—I thought all the surprises were out of me." Senator James L. Buckley, of New York, says that the disclosure of the missing tapes "has dramatically shifted the burden of proof," and continues, "As of this moment, President Nixon has the clear burden of satisfying the American people that he has been speaking the truth. If he fails in this, then we are faced with a political crisis of the most profoundly disturbing proportions."

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MRS. LEON JAWORSKI, speaking yesterday of her husband's expected appointment as Special Prosecutor, says, "It's a terrible job. I just feel sorry for him."

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EGIL KROGH'S attorneys have asked that his indictment on October 11th in Washington for giving false statements to the grand jury be dismissed. They argued that Krogh testified falsely—in saying he was not aware that E. Howard Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy had travelled to Los Angeles to break into Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office—because to have told the truth would have disclosed information "that had been officially classified by the highest security office in the government of the United States, the President himself." Krogh's lawyers also asked that there be a change of venue, that the trial be moved to Peoria. "How will it play in Peoria?" Ehrlichman, Krogh's old boss, used to ask about policy decisions.

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THE hearings on the nomination of Gerald Ford to be Vice-President begin today in the Senate Committee on Rules and Administration. Room 1202 of the New Senate Office Building, where the hearings are to be held, is not quite full. One long press table is almost vacant, and several of the seats for the public are empty. The drama now is elsewhere. The hearings on the confirmation of the next Vice-President of the United States—perhaps its President—seem almost routine. In their opening statements, the senators do their best to convey a sense of occasion. They speak of their "solemn responsibility" and of the "utmost gravity" of the proceeding. Ford begins with the observation that "this is a new experience for me," and goes on, "I realize it is also a new experience for you, and for the American people. I feel that I am among friends. . . . I am deeply conscious that today the Congress and the citizens we represent are embarking upon an historic voyage into uncharted waters." Ford, speaking in his flat, Midwestern voice, his large frame hulking over the microphone as he faces the committee, says, "These are not ordinary times." He says that he supports the President's programs, as Vice-Presidents are supposed to do. He poses the question "What makes you, Jerry Ford, qualified to be Vice-President of the United States?" And then answers it: "My answer is that I believe I can be a ready conciliator and calm communicator between the White House and Capitol Hill, between the reëlection mandate of the Republican President and the equally emphatic mandate of the Democratic 93rd Congress."

The problem for the committee is what to ask him. There is some debate and confusion within the Congress now as to whether in confirming a Vice-President members of Congress should act as "surrogates for the people" and examine his qualifications more closely than they do—at least sometimes—those of other Presidential appointees or whether they should be predisposed to give the President "his own man."

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AFTERWARD, in the hallway, I encounter a Democratic senator. "It just gets worse and worse, doesn't it?" he says. "They're picking a President in there. We're so traditional and conventional. Should we act this way in picking a President? That's what they're doing in there. Nixon can't last. Jerry Ford President? There are other Republicans we could agree to—Nelson Rockefeller, even Barry Goldwater. We know who they are. Who is Jerry Ford? If we had a parliamentary system, he wouldn't be President."

I ask the senator if he would prefer a parliamentary system.

"Yes," he replies.

Senator Birch Bayh, Democrat of Indiana, also encountered in the hallway, says that Saxbe and Jaworski are "O.K."—probably as good nominees as there could be—but that Richardson and Ruckelshaus and Cox were good, too, and "they were canned." Therefore, he will continue to press for legislation establishing a court-appointed Special Prosecutor. Then he steps in front of the cameras across the hall from the Senate Judiciary Committee room, where hearings on legislation to establish a new Special Prosecutor are being held, and repeats what he has just said.

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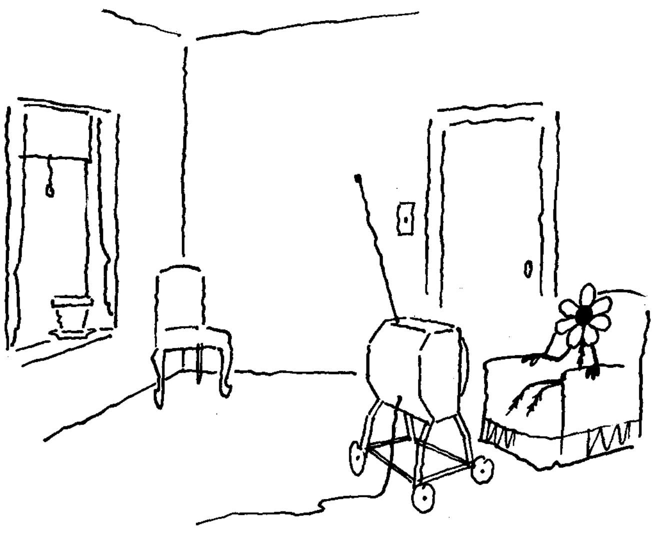
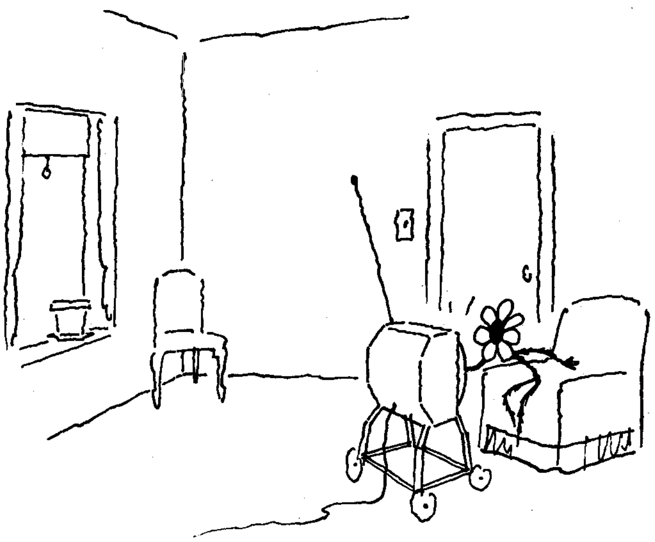
INSIDE the Judiciary Committee room, Senator Adlai Stevenson, Democrat of Illinois, is testifying. He





was instrumental in establishing the guidelines for the role of the Special Prosecutor last spring. Stevenson says that if the President has nothing to hide he has nothing to fear from an independent Special Prosecutor. Stevenson says that the President's choice of a new Special Prosecutor reminds him of something Zsa Zsa Gabor said after one of her numerous marriages: "This time, darling, it's for real."

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AT noon, the military honor guard is on the South Lawn of the White House. Golda Meir will meet with the President today. Tourists are peering through the fence.

•

AT my office, I watch the Ford hearings on television. The camera zooms in on Ford. His large, plain face—straight-back hair, smallish eyes, high forehead, slightly bulbous nose—fills the screen. This is probably as close an examination as we have ever had of a prospective Vice-President. But the camera, which often reveals things that the politician is trying to hide behind his words, reveals little. Ford deals in football imagery: "After a play is called, you shouldn't tackle your own quarterback." And in the irrelevant absolute: asked about impoundment, he says, "That would scare both of us, actually, because if we forced every President to spend every dime Congress, for one reason or another, gave them—you would have a tax increase of astronomical proportions." Senator Mark Hatfield, Republican of Oregon, talks of impeachment—"a problem that is, I think, paramount in everybody's mind," he says. The pretense that this is the confirmation of simply a Vice-President begins to slip away.

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THE military alert of a week ago has left its residue of tension. There are more conversations about who will go to whom to get the President out. A Washington lawyer says that several of his business clients are concluding that the present situation is unacceptable, and are asking him what they should do. He is advising them to see Melvin Laird and Bryce Harlow, both Presidential advisers. Laird, in the view of some, is a major *deus ex machina.* Ford is perceived as Laird's instrument. Ford was Laird's choice for Vice-President. When Ford is in office, it might be easier to oust Nixon. The idea is widely entertained now that at some point Republicans will go to the President and tell him they cannot support or protect him any longer. No one can know whether this is really what is in the minds of the people to whom such thoughts are imputed. But the imputations are factors in other people's calculations. They are part of the atmosphere. The conversations about who will go to the President began last spring. They sounded fanciful then.

NOVEMBER 2

FRIDAY. Republican politicians are suggesting that the President appear before the Ervin committee to clear things up once and for all. The idea that such an appearance would clear things up once and for all is exactly what is wrong with the suggestion. The committee is not capable of questioning the President closely. It does not have all the legal powers that a prosecutor has for gathering evidence. It has not done the necessary research into all the aspects of all the issues. Senator Goldwater, urging that the President appear before the Ervin committee, says that Mr. Nixon's credibility "has reached an all-time low, from which he may never be able to recover." This is considered significant. Goldwater is considered a moral arbiter and also a signal tower for the right wing of the Republican Party. Goldwater's moral authority stems from the widespread perception of him as a politician who says what he means. In 1964, it was his undoing. Now it is making him a hero—especially among those who want to bring down the President. Goldwater's political authority stems from the perception of him as a leader of the conservative Republicans, whose disaffection might doom the President. The President used the conservative wing of the Party to gain the nomination in 1968, and the conservative wing of the Party used Nixon to gain power. The conservatives had learned in 1964, when Goldwater was the Presidential candidate, that they could not win with one of their own. Winning with someone who needed them, and would accommodate some of their wishes, was the next-best thing. Now Nixon was undoing their work.

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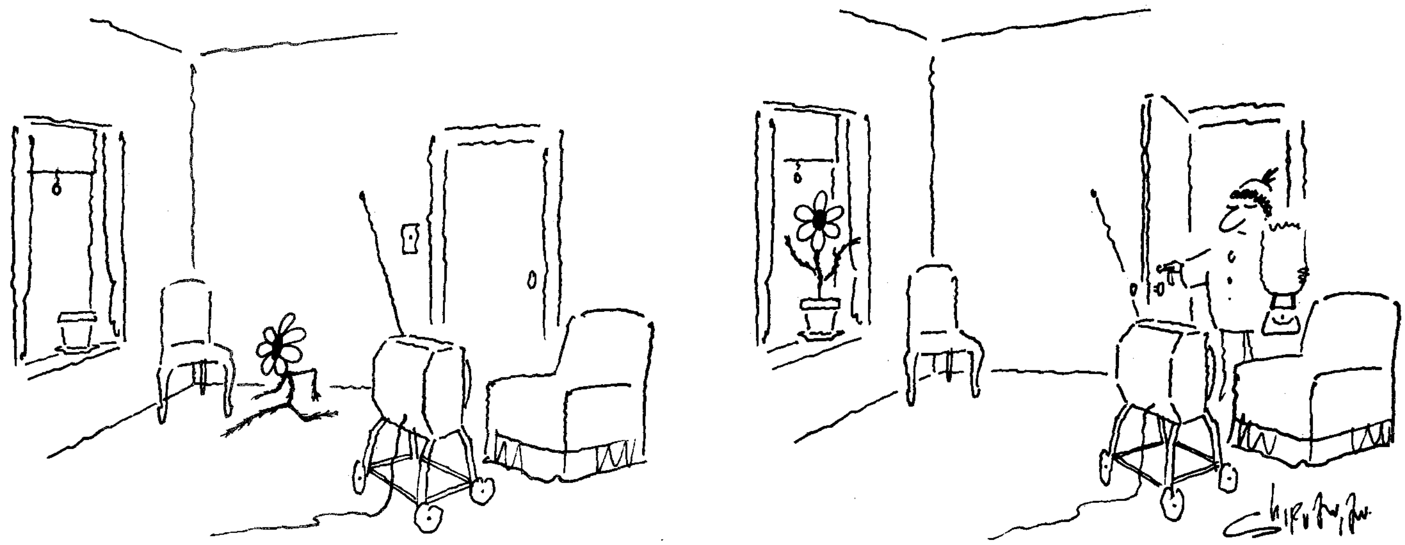
TODAY, Joseph Alsop, the columnist, calls for Nixon's resignation. This is an event, not necessarily because Alsop is influential but because of the thinking he represents. His columns often reflect the point of view of the military and its supporters. And Alsop had been a supporter of the President. Alsop says that he has reached his conclusion "with extreme reluctance." Alsop is worried that the Soviet Union will try to exploit our weaknesses, as he believes it did last week. He argues that the United States has permitted the Soviet Union to pull ahead in weaponry and now the President is too weak-



ened politically to redress the balance.

Today, James Reston also calls for Nixon's resignation. Earlier this week, Howard K. Smith, of A.B.C., said that the President should resign or be impeached. A.B.C. has been the White House's favorite network.

•

Bebe Rebozo has given an interview to the Miami *Herald*. His version of how the hundred thousand dollars from Hughes reached him is said by the Washington *Post* to conflict with two sworn accounts. (Rebozo said that he told the President's secretary, Rose Mary Woods, about the money from Hughes.) Rebozo said, as the President did in his press conference last week, that he kept the money for three years—according to Rebozo, in a vault. And, also as the President said last week, Rebozo said he returned the money after an internal dispute broke out in the Hughes organization. The dispute was between two Hughes aides—Richard Danner, the courier for the money, and Robert Maheu, who subsequently sued Hughes. Rebozo said, as the President's comment suggested, that there was concern that the fact that Hughes had sent the money would become known. The spectre of Hughes' loan, in 1956, of two hundred and five thousand dollars to Donald Nixon, the President's brother, persists. Speaking of the recent problem in the Hughes organization, Rebozo said, "They had all that flap out there, and I began to get memories of that two-hundred-and-five-thousand-dollar situation. . . . It just got worse and worse, and I gave it back."

•

The Washington *Post* reports that eleven days after the Watergate break-in Richard Helms, then C.I.A. director, wrote a memorandum to his deputy, General Vernon A. Walters, noting that the F.B.I. should be requested to restrict its investigation "to personalities already arrested or under suspicion." The memo asked that the F.B.I. be urged to "desist from expanding this investigation into other areas which may, eventually, run afoul of our operations." The *Post* reporter, Laurence Stern, says that the memorandum "appears to be in sharp conflict with testimony by the former C.I.A. Director to five Congressional committees and federal prosecutors" investigating the Watergate break-in. He says that "the thrust of testimony by Helms and Walters, as well as other principals in the case, has been that despite heavy White House pressure the C.I.A. steadfastly denied that F.B.I. inquiries into Watergate matters would expose C.I.A. activities." The debris—the damaged people and institutions—keeps growing.

•

White House witnesses were in court yesterday explaining the missing conversations. Characteristically, their explanations raised more questions. They said that the tape ran out before the President's conversation with Dean on April 15th. Yet today testimony was elicited that a box of tapes of conversations that preceded the meeting was marked "Part I." The White House lawyers could not explain why. There was, they said, no "Part II." It was also revealed that the tapes had done a good bit of travelling in and out of a storage room in the Executive Office Building. The logs of their travels were incomplete and casual; some of them were kept on pieces of brown-paper bags. There is a photograph in today's papers of a log of the tapes of the President's conversations, on these scraps of paper.

I do not think of myself as a terribly orderly person. The idea that I am more orderly than the people running my country is disconcerting.

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Carl Albert has been asked his reaction to the missing conversations. He replies, "I have passed the point of reacting."

•

Chesterfield H. Smith, the president of the American Bar Association, told the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Criminal Justice yesterday that, despite his friendship with Jaworski, he supported a court-appointed Special Prosecutor. He said that "the appearance of justice" is important.

•

Robert Bork, the Acting Attorney General, said yesterday that the President had given his personal assurances that he would not fire the next Special Prosecutor without obtaining the agreement of a "substantial majority" of the Democratic and Republican Senate and House leaders, and the chairmen and ranking members of the Judiciary Committees of the Senate and the House. As it happens, the majority of these men are likely to support the President in most actions he takes. The swing vote would be cast by James Eastland, who is even more conservative, and even more likely to support the White House, than his colleague from Mississippi, John Stennis. In any event, it is a strange arrangement. It confuses institutional roles. It makes the tenure of the investigator of the executive branch subject to agreements between the President and the congressional leaders—

not to processes. It rests, in the end, on assurances given by the person being investigated.

•

Jaworski goes to work as the Presidentially appointed Special Prosecutor on Monday. At the Special Prosecutor's office, he is awaited with interest. Members of the Special Prosecutor's staff have contacts throughout Washington, in the press and on Capitol Hill, and they can make things very difficult for Jaworski if he does not proceed with actions that they have initiated or that they recommend. In the end, a great deal may rest on what manner of man Jaworski is; on the President's assurances that he will not—or his fear that he cannot—fire the new Special Prosecutor; and on the strength of the spine of the congressional leaders. Jaworski, in mixed advance notices, has been described by people who know him as "the servant of princes" and as "a cobra." The Congress is losing interest in the legislation to establish a Special Prosecutor. Members of the House Judiciary Committee are said to be reluctant to establish a prosecutorial office that might rival their own impeachment inquiry. And many politicians, as they often do, are equating a drop in the level of mail on an issue with a loss of public interest in it. The impact of mail on Capitol Hill is felt when it arrives. This overlooks such public sentiment as welled up, and burst out, when the President fired Archibald Cox. It is likely that that kind of sentiment is still there. Politicians, to their sorrow, often overlook public opinion that is welling up, and forget that it can be cumulative. They read today's polls. Today's polls can be very misleading. Before long, they are yesterday's polls.

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The stock market is dropping sharply this afternoon. The decline stopped for a while when a rumor swept the floor of the New York Stock Exchange that the President was resigning. When the rumor was found to be untrue, the decline resumed.

•

A Businessman in New York calls. He is by temperament an optimist. He says that his business friends in New York want the President out of office but they do not know what to do. He says that the businessmen are afraid to take the President on. He says that they are particularly fearful of the President now, when he is in trouble. He says that some of the businessmen he knows are calling politicians in Washington.

## FISHING

Day and night as a child
I could imagine feeling the bite on the line
moment of fire
above a disk of white
stone water
with the line vibrating through it
one string harp
never to be out of the feeling in my fingers
name from before anyone was born
bright color in darkness through half a life
beating suddenly toward me

—W. S. Merwin

•

Someone speculates about whether Kissinger might be an instrument in the President's downfall. Kissinger has great power, through his contacts, his cachet with the press, his reputation as the reassuring presence in the Administration. He is, perhaps, unrivalled in the art of cultivating the press. Kissinger is thought to see complexities that others would not take into consideration. He is widely viewed as having exercised a restraining and responsible influence. And all this may be true. There is no way of knowing what would have happened if he had not been there. But there are also the things that did happen when he was there: the continuation of the war in Southeast Asia for four more years, the secret bombing, the military alert. Kissinger has a penchant for secrecy and surprise. He permitted the wiretapping of his own staff, and turned over a list of names of staff members who had access to information that had been leaked. Our "allies" were expected to accept diplomacy-by-surprise. The way our foreign policy has been conducted under Nixon and Kissinger was also part of its substance. It avoided public debate over choices. It showed distrust of the political process, and of the people.

•

On the evening news, it is reported that Stephen Bull, a White House aide, told Judge Sirica's court that on June 4th the President spent ten or twelve hours listening to tapes, and that there might be a tape of him listening to his tapes. The prosecutors asked for *that* tape—the tape of the tapes. The President's lawyers objected. The day before the day in June that the President spent listening to tapes, the Washington *Post* had published a story by Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein describing some of Dean's expected testimony before the Ervin committee. They wrote, among other things, that Dean would say: that the President had known of the coverup for a long time; that the President asked Dean how much the payments to the Watergate defendants would amount to, and Dean replied about a million dollars; and that the President said that there would be "no problem." Woodward and Bernstein had said that Dean's testimony would be based on Dean's recollections of conversations with the President.

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We have become so accustomed to talking about the tapes that we've almost forgotten how strange it is that there are these tapes at all.

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Gerald Warren, who now handles the White House press briefings, said today that the President would not resign.

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At dinner, a friend said that for him Washington has lost much of its beauty. He also said, "I want a President I am not afraid of."

November 3

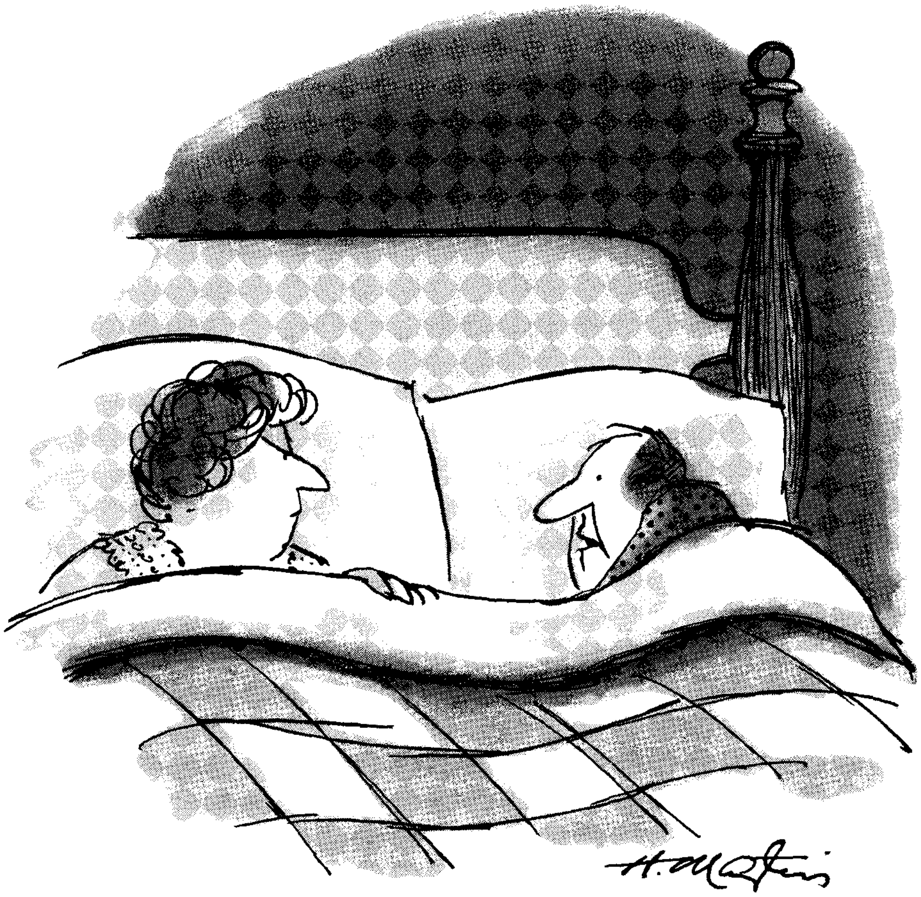
In the past twenty-four hours, the thought seems to have spread that the President must leave office. It is one of those sharp changes in atmosphere which have characterized this year. It does not appear to be linked to any particular event. It may be the result of anxieties that have been accumulating since the firing of the Special Prosecutor and the ordering of the military alert. On Thursday, the President left Washington suddenly for Key Biscayne, taking no members of the press along. There's the drop in the stock market. And there are the phone calls. The phone calls that tense people are making to each other must be having an impact. There is a word-of-mouth communications system—operating totally apart from the communications media—by which ideas travel around the country. And there are the tapes. That issue has taken too many bizarre turns. And there is fear. The fear of a President in trouble. In the House, there is a sudden urge to hurry the approval of Ford, so as to have someone in place if, or when, the President leaves office. Edward Kennedy has issued a statement calling for the prompt confirmation of Ford. The White House is not likely to announce that the President will resign until, and if, he does. Agnew said that he would not resign.

•

ON tonight's news, it is announced that tomorrow's Gallup poll will show the President's popularity at twenty-seven per cent. The Detroit *News* and the Denver *Post*, former supporters of the President, have called for his resignation.

NOVEMBER 4

IN the Washington *Star-News*, Betty Beale, the social columnist, writes, "During this shattering period in the Presidency, the White House seems to be a veritable tomb, socially."



*"Alice, do you have greater ambitions for me or is treasurer of R. T. Caulkins Company, Inc., as far as I'm going?"*

•

THE *Times* reports Representative Robert Michel, Republican of Illinois, as saying that there was "a lot of discussion" of the President's resignation in the cloakrooms of the Congress. Newsmen reported seeing Barry Goldwater and William Buckley at the airport in Wichita, Kansas, in "deep discussion." Later, Buckley, in a speech at Kansas State University, said that he thought the President would resign. Goldwater told the reporters that he was in Wichita "on vacation."

•

JULIE NIXON EISENHOWER, in an interview with the Associated Press, said that she wrote "Fight. Fight. Fight" on her calendar on October 25th. That was the day on which the President ordered the military alert.

•

THE *Times* says, in an editorial, that the President should resign.

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ON "Issues and Answers," Senator Edward Brooke, of Massachusetts, becomes the first Republican senator to call on the President to resign. Two Democratic senators, Daniel Inouye, of Hawaii, and John Tunney, of California, have already done so. Brooke says that he does not think the country "can stand the trauma that it has been going through for the past months."

•

IN the afternoon, word comes that tomorrow *Time* will call for the President's resignation. It is as if a fever were sweeping the nation.

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PRESIDENT NIXON, at Key Biscayne, issues a statement, through his press spokesman, that he has "absolutely no intention of resigning."

•

ON a C.B.S. Special Report on "The Embattled President" this evening, Joseph Alsop is interviewed. He says that he thinks the President should resign, not for moral reasons but "because he can't work." Ron Ziegler talks about the tapes. He says, "We have a good story to tell there." Ziegler concedes that it is difficult to "project" that story. He says that the talk of impeachment comes from "the President's traditional adversaries . . . his strong political adversaries from the past twenty-seven years." He then asks, "Where is the impeachable offense?"

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THE Constitution does not say that a President should leave office if his standing in the polls is low, or if he "can't work." The framers of the Constitution were trying to protect us from both kingly authority and popular passions of the moment. They knew what they were doing.

NOVEMBER 5

I MADE some calls to Capitol Hill to ask about the mood and events of the weekend. A Democratic senator says that he thinks the talk of resignation is "politically premature." He says that Congress should proceed to establish the Special Prosecutor. "The system is being tested now, and we ought to see it through," he says. "If the President were to resign tomorrow, there would be a sigh of relief from one end of the country to the other, but we would not have seen it through. We should get more of the facts. The country is way ahead of the Congress on wanting him out of office. If we are going to impeach him, we need more facts. That is why we must proceed with the Special Prosecutor." Another Democratic senator says, "I'm confused. I don't know what to think. I think he's going to leave." The Senate Democratic aide who is in the traffic patterns of Capitol Hill tells me, "Congress is on dead center. There is no movement. These guys have no capacity for movement. Nothing that has happened is the result of action by the Congress—only of ineptitude in the coverup by the executive branch. Everyone who is looking at the Congress for leadership is misdirecting his attention. Being statesmanlike is synonymous with being inactive."

•

SENATOR PETER DOMINICK, a conservative Republican from Colorado, said in a speech today in Denver that there is "a crisis of confidence in our leadership." Dominick, who will be up for reëlection in 1974, urged Republicans "to follow a more independent course" from here on. He headed the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee in 1972 and is said to be bitter, as are other Republicans, over the President's lack of support of Republicans seeking reëlection then. Gordon Allott, who had been Dominick's Republican colleague from Colorado, was defeated for reëlection last year.

•

I PHONED a Texas businessman, a supporter of the President. He said, "No corporate executive would survive this—surrounding himself with that many bad people. It's hard to believe that no one went to him and said, 'We've got a problem.' Things that would have been little things are now big things. Why does this guy go off every weekend during crises? A businessman would stay there if he discovered he had a massive problem. This guy goes off alone. These things are what have the businessmen disturbed. Bebe Rebozo and Robert Abplanalp aren't their people. He's got to get rid of the trappings of royalty. He's got to get around the country and listen."

•

WOODWARD and Bernstein report in the Washington *Post* that the prosecuting attorneys are planning to subpoena the tape of June 4th, the day on which the President listened to some tapes, but that the White House says there could not be a tape of the tapes, because the President listened to them through earphones.

•

THE *Star-News* reports that John Dean shredded Howard Hunt's notebooks last January. It says that Dean found them while he was going through a file folder containing material on the President's estate plan.

•

LAST night, on the C.B.S. Special, William Saxbe said, "If somebody upstairs wants me to be the Attorney General at this time in our history, it'll work out."

"When you say someone 'upstairs,' " Daniel Schorr asked him, "you don't mean upstairs in the White House?"

"No," replied Saxbe. "I mean God."

NOVEMBER 6

TUESDAY. Courtroom 2, on the second floor of the United States Court House, on Constitution Avenue, a short distance from Capitol Hill. Judge John J. Sirica's courtroom. About forty reporters and two courtroom artists are here. The press fills the jury box, a table on the other side of the room, and the first several rows of seats in the section reserved for the public. The courtroom is full, but there are no lines of people waiting to get in. The room is plain, with a panel of marble in the center of the front wall. The seal of the United States is on the wall above where the Judge sits.

At one table is Douglas Parker, a lawyer for the White House, pale and slightly stout; he wears horn-rimmed glasses. Parker is on loan to the White House from the Department of Housing and Urban Development. There is a heavy demand for lawyers at the White House these days. At the Special Prosecutor's table is a group of lawyers, their average age clearly under thirty-five. There are three pairs of steel-rimmed glasses, one beard, one mustache, and one woman, blond and in a miniskirt. She is Jill Wine Volner, an Assistant Special Prosecutor. One can understand the resentment that must be felt at the White House against the prosecution lawyers, whose questions its witnesses must answer and whose salaries the government pays. In one corner of the courtroom, John J. Wilson, lawyer for H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, sits unobtrusively, flag in lapel, taking notes.

Because neither of the chief White House lawyers, J. Fred Buzhardt and Leonard Garment, is here, the reporters who regularly cover the proceedings think something may be afoot. The White House has been putting it about—and it has been reported in the press—that the President would like to make the tapes public, if Judge Sirica would permit. On Friday, Stephen Bull testified in this courtroom that the President had told him five weeks ago that the two nonexistent tapes did not exist. This raised the question of why the court was informed of the "missing conversations" just last week. Over the weekend, White House aides explained to reporters in Key Biscayne, in "guidance"—a term meaning that the White House aides were not to be quoted—that the "ascertainment" that the tapes did not exist had been made just the previous weekend. They explained Bull's revelation by saying that there had been an "awareness" on the part of the President earlier that the conversations had not been taped but that there had been no urgency about "ascertaining" this, because at that point the President had no intention of giving up the tapes. After the President changed his mind, his aides explained to the reporters at Key Biscayne, the search for the nonexistent tapes began to "intensify." As a result of this "intensive" and "extensive" search, they explained, it was "ascertained" that the conversations were not recorded. Stephen Bull was at Key Biscayne over the weekend. Today, he is back in the courtroom for more questioning.

Bull is tan from his weekend in Key Biscayne, and young, his clean-cut looks not unlike those of Ron Ziegler and Jeb Stuart Magruder. He is wearing a gray suit, with a flag in its lapel. A reporter says that Bull had intended to clear matters up quickly on Friday and then go to Key Biscayne for some sun and tennis. Now he is being questioned again, by Richard Ben-Veniste, another Assistant Special Prosecutor. Ben-Veniste, short, with curly hair and steel-rimmed glasses, lobs questions slowly and quietly, and they land in the witness box like grenades. Ben-Veniste's aim is so accurate that it is hard to believe he does not already know the answers to the questions. But he does not, and as new information comes forth from the witness, Ben-Veniste does not quite suppress a satisfied smile. As Ben-Veniste, considering the next question, walks back and forth behind his lectern, the slight smile remains. "Sir," says Bull at one point in the questioning, "if I could distinguish between a missing tape and a conversation that apparently was not recorded . . ." At another point, he refers to "conversations that may have not been recorded." He slows up when he comes to this, as if to be careful to get it exactly right. I notice that he does not say "were not recorded." Sirica, with the familiar wavy hair and bushy eyebrows, watches, expressionless. He says little. Sirica is now one of the lions of Washington. He is a major attraction at parties.

Bull explains that Buzhardt understood two weeks ago "that I was unable to find those two conversations." But, he says, no one was sure at the time "that these conversations were unequivocally unavailable." At one point, Ben-Veniste elicits testimony that in late September Bull took a number of tapes to Camp David. Bull also says that he did not return all the tapes.

Now Judge Sirica starts to question Bull. He asks him how many tapes he received. Bull tells him that he received "approximately one dozen tapes."

"How many did you return?"

"Approximately four or five, sir."

"To whom did those four or five go?"

"Returned them to John Bennett, Your Honor." (General Bennett, who is an assistant to General Alexander Haig, now the President's top adviser, is the latest custodian of the tapes.)

"What happened to the rest of them?"

"The remainder were retained by the President's personal secretary, who is working with the President."

"What is her name?"

"Rose Mary Woods, sir."

"How long did she keep them?"

"At least a week, but I do not know beyond that period, sir."

"Is that the last time you saw those seven or eight, or whatever the number was, when you turned them over to the personal secretary?"

"Perhaps a period of two weeks afterwards—I can't recall the precise date I saw it, sir."

"They were in her possession away from you for about two weeks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where, in the White House or Camp David?"

"The White House."

"What part?"

"Miss Woods' office."

"She kept them in her office for a period of two weeks?"

"Presumably."

"She returned them to you?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know what happened to the seven or eight tapes?"

"No, sir."

"You don't know to this date what happened?"

"No, sir."

"All right."

Judge Sirica suggests that "someone get word to Miss Woods that she will be called as a witness in this case."

Ben-Veniste then draws some tales from Stephen Bull about the adventures of the White House tapes. On the last weekend in September, Rose Mary Woods was working with them in a cabin at Camp David. The President of the United States went to the cabin where his secretary was at work. Then someone from the "camp-support element" came to the cabin, and, says Bull, "I think we took precautions to obscure from his view the tapes and the tape-playing device." In his appearance in court on Friday, Bull testified that on two occasions in April and May he had given Haldeman twenty-two tapes. Today, Bull testifies that in July, with the President's approval, he had sent "about a half-dozen" tapes to Haldeman. The President, says Bull, told him to tell Haldeman that when he testified before the Senate committee he should base his testimony on his personal recollections rather than on information from tape recordings.

Just after he has finished his questioning of Bull, Ben-Veniste has a new thought, and returns to his lectern. He asks if any tapes were carried anywhere else.

"Yes."

"And where was that?"

"They were carried to Key Biscayne."

"And when was that?"

"That was, approximately, October 4th. I think that is— Let me look at a calendar here. That is the week after the September 29th Camp David— Make that October 4th or 5th, please."

The President and Miss Woods, says Bull, were continuing to review the tapes. Bull says that in the meantime the tapes were locked in Miss Woods' safe.

Bull says, "Miss Woods was reviewing the tapes at Key Biscayne."

"Do you mean she was typing transcripts from the tapes?" Ben-Veniste asks.

"No, sir, I did not say that she was typing a transcript."

"Did you make some conscious effort to avoid looking at what she was typing?"

"I certainly did."

Judge Sirica establishes that the tapes at Key Biscayne were those covered by the grand-jury subpoena.

"Do you know when those tapes were returned?" Judge Sirica asks.

"No, sir," replies Bull.

"Were you aware of any statement by the White House press personnel that the tapes were being secured in the White House itself under the President's personal control?" asks Judge Sirica.

Bull replies, "I read that recently in the newspaper."

◆

AS Bull leaves the courthouse, the cameras and television reporters close in on him. This scene will be on tonight's news. Cameramen have been waiting outside in the cold. The reporters ask, for the cameras, "Exactly when did the President know the tapes were not there?" Bull says that he wants to emphasize "very strongly" the distinction between missing tapes and nonrecorded conversations.

The tapes were not "missing." They were "unequivocally unavailable."

◆

AT noon, there are rumors that the President will go on television soon, for the purpose of everything from "clearing things up" to resigning.

◆

THIS morning, in the *Times*, John Herbers writes, "The narrowness of Mr. Nixon's day-to-day contacts has become a matter of growing concern to a number of Republican leaders in Congress and to some White House aides." There have been several stories in the papers about how the President's circle has contracted to General Haig and Ron Ziegler, neither of whom is likely to question the President's judgment or bring him perspective from "the outside world." But the President's circle was never very wide, nor did it ever contain many people likely to question his judgment or bring him perspective from "the outside world."

◆

THE familiar cycle has started up again. The President suffers some misadventure, and his standing goes down. Some of the politicians call for drastic action. The President recovers, but not quite to the point where he was before. The politicians, fingers ever to the wind, temporarily back off. On Capitol Hill, it has been noticed that no Republican senators joined Brooke in his call for the President's resignation. He was left alone out on that limb. Many Democrats say that they cannot call for the President's resignation, because that would appear partisan. "We are in a holding pattern," said someone on Capitol Hill today. But the events are not in the control of either the President or those on Capitol Hill.

◆

THE Washington *Star-News* reports, "The trucking industry poured more than $600,000 into the

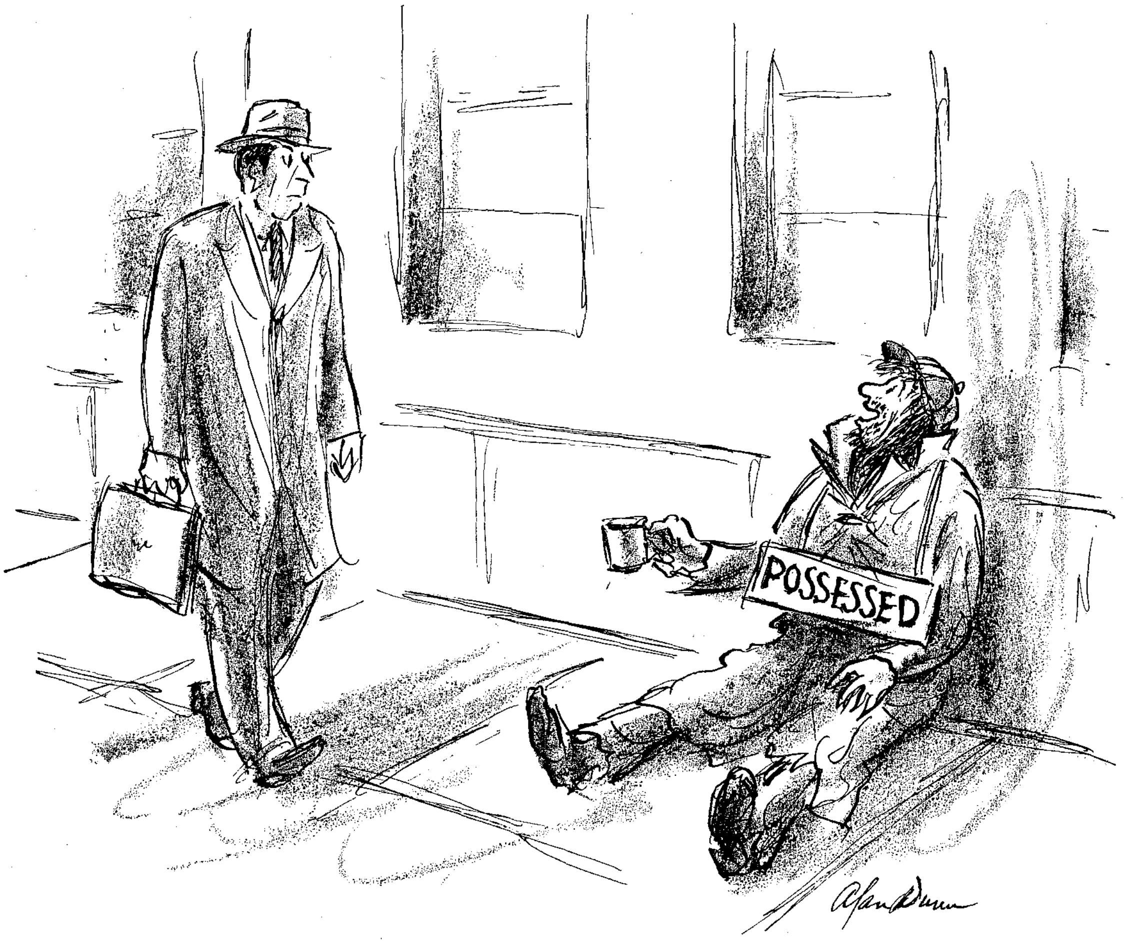
Nixon campaign last year while it was fighting a government proposal that would have caused more competition in highway shipping.” This was, said the *Star-News*, more than was contributed by the milk industry.

### November 7

A YEAR ago today, Richard Nixon was elected to his second term as President of the United States, with the support of just over sixty per cent of those voting. The conclusion had been foregone. The only question was the size of the victory. John Chancellor, on N.B.C., announced the President’s reëlection a very few minutes after 7 P.M., when the election-night coverage began. It was generally accepted that the President had won in a “landslide.” His opponent, George McGovern, carried only Massachusetts and the District of Columbia. Mr. Nixon’s loss in 1960 had been narrow, and his victory in 1968 had been narrow. In 1972, he had scored a triumph.

But something odd happened. Just before the election, the President gave an interview to Garnett Horner, of the Washington *Evening Star and Daily News* (now the *Star-News*), and the bitterness poured out. The interview, released just after the election, caused a sensation at the time, and is even more interesting in retrospect. The President attacked federal programs and the “bloated” bureaucracy. He said that in order to set an example the White House staff would be reduced—in which he may have been unconsciously, or perhaps even consciously, prophetic. The President said that he expected all his appointees to submit their resignations, so that he could, if he chose, dismiss them. He said that the country had passed through a “spiritual crisis” in the nineteen-sixties, which should be attributed not simply to the war but also to the “breakdown” in the “leadership class” and to “permissiveness.” The President said, “The average American is just like the child in the family. You give him some responsibility and he is going to amount to something. He is going to do something. If, on the other hand, you make him completely dependent and pamper him and cater to him too much, you are going to make him soft, spoiled and eventually a very weak individual. . . . Now I realize what I have just said, in many quarters of Washington in which we live, in the Georgetown cocktail set, that will be tut-tutted by those who are living in another era.” The President said he was going to “encourage [people] to do more for themselves, not only to encourage them, but to give them incentive to do more for themselves on their own without government assistance.”

There followed a rather grim period in which word came from the White House about impending “shakeups.” It is routine for Presidential appointees to submit their resignations after an election, in order to give the President the option to select his new “team.” But the post-election tone set by the Nixon Administration was different. The President had been vindicated in the election, and now there would be vengeance against those who had been giving him trouble, thwarting him in his efforts to achieve his goals: the Congress, the press, liberals, even people within his Administration who disagreed with him on some issues. At the time, an Administration official told me that because of the narrow victory in 1968, and because the Nixon Administration was new to Washington, it had been somewhat intimidated in the first term by the power of the Congress and the press and the bureaucracy to determine the mood in Washington and to define issues. But this time, said the Administration man, “we beat the bastards.” There followed the carpet bombing, the impoundments, the President’s display of contempt for the Congress by not delivering the State of the Union address in person, and the unprecedented claims of executive privilege. There followed the shakeups, and the dispatch to the departments and agencies of men whose credentials were their loyalty to Haldeman and Ehrlichman, in an attempt to take total control of the government. John Ehrlichman once said, “The President *is* the government.”



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TONIGHT, the President will go on television to give an address on the energy crisis. All day, he has been holding meetings on energy with labor leaders, industry leaders, governors, mayors, and congressional leaders. If he comes across as the leader dealing with a difficult problem that affects us all, this can help him. We need someone to handle this problem. The Congress can’t do it. The energy crisis is the President’s opportunity.

There is, of course, a large element of theatre in the Presidency, and even though we know it, it often, like any theatre, Because it has the same type of steering system as the racing Ferrari and a luxurious interior like the Mercedes-Benz 280…

Because it has front-wheel drive like the Cadillac Eldorado and just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow…

Because it has the same type of ignition system as the Porsche 911, the same trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV and the same independent front suspension as the Aston Martin…

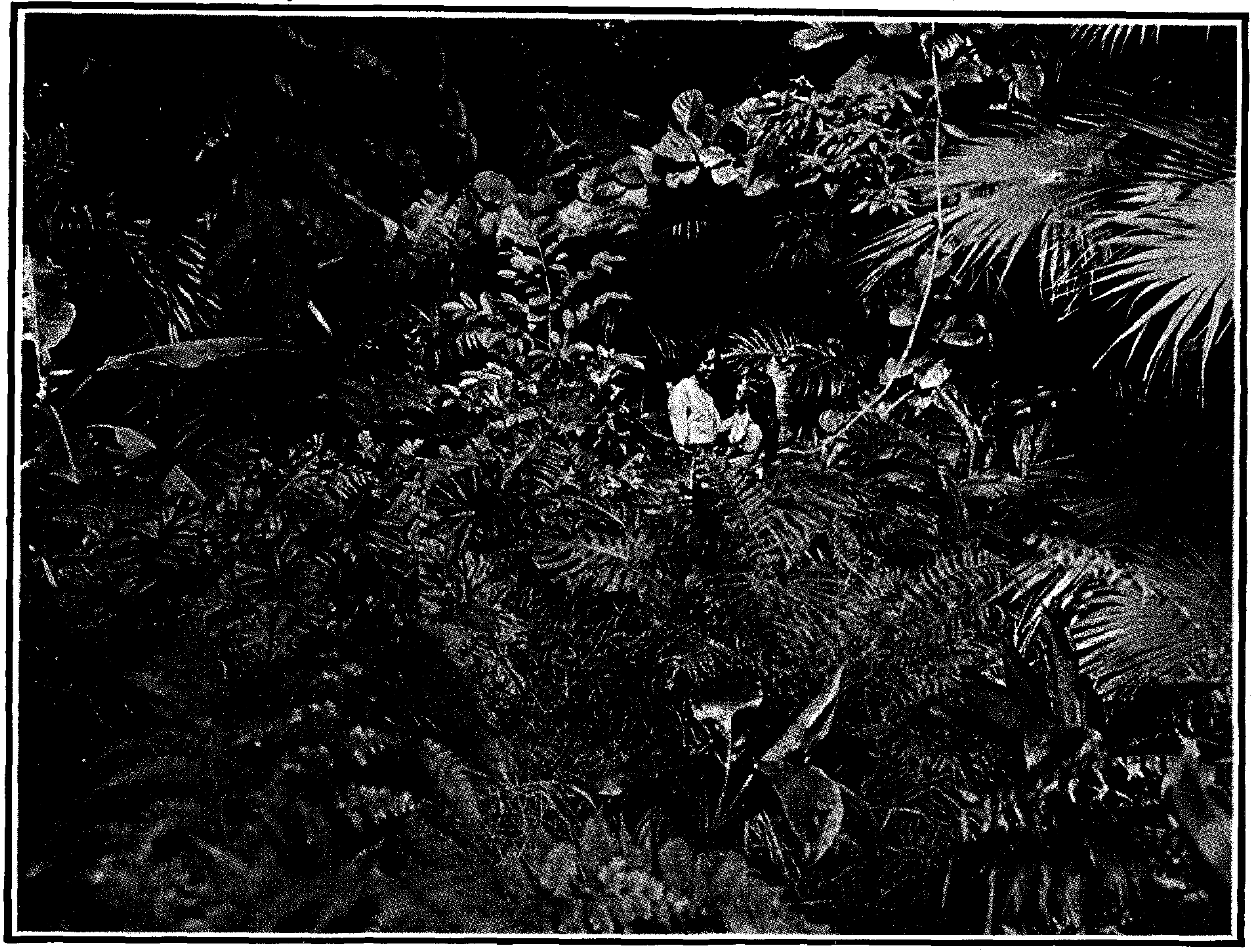
Because it has all this—*and also gets virtually the same mileage as the Volkswagen*—that makes the Audi 100LS the only cars in the world that get 24 miles to the gallon.

## The 1974 Audi® 100LS

**It's a lot of cars for the money.**

The only cars in the world
that get 24mpg.

*Photographed in Wailua Valley, Kauai.*



# A garden of Eden fed, clothed and sheltered the children of Hawaii.

In the Hawaiian Islands, the older one becomes the more beautiful. Kauai is the oldest island in the chain. Moreover, nearly all of the plants and trees making up her verdant countryside have a job. Kind of like a functional horticulture.

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**Hawaii**

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*On behalf of the Islands of Hawaii. Kauai, Lanai, Maui, Molokai and Oahu.*

draws us in. Whoever is President can pull back the curtain at will and use all manner of props. As Commander-in-Chief, the President can review troops, view awesome weapons, decorate heroes. If the President goes to church, it is noted in the papers. The President can command television coverage. Tonight, the President will be on television as our leader in the energy crisis.

It is not exactly clear when the energy problem became a "crisis." There had been predictions for years that an energy shortage was coming. A Senate subcommittee headed by Senator Philip Hart, Democrat of Michigan, predicted it four and a half years ago. Consumption of energy grew at exponential rates. The timetable for the crisis was speeded up by the still unexplained sudden shortage of fuel last summer and by the cutoff of supplies by the Arab countries this fall. But all that does not entirely account for the crisis. Government has difficulty in dealing with a crisis before it is perceived as a crisis. Government is not anticipatory. Our prophets are without honor. Then, when a problem is ordained a crisis, it becomes all the rage. Congressmen hold hearings, and Presidents announce programs. There are conferences and commissions and television specials. We write books about it, spend money on it, and set it to music. And then we become bored with it. The transportation crisis. The urban crisis. The race crisis. The environmental crisis. Now the energy crisis. How long will the crisis of the Constitution hold our attention?

•

IN tonight's speech, the President announces a number of energy-saving measures. He asks for authority to relax environmental standards, so that more coal and high-sulphur oil can be used; to limit the number of hours that stores and other commercial establishments may stay open, and to curtail outdoor lighting; to control highway speed limits. He asks us to drive at fifty miles an hour or less, and to lower our thermostats to sixty-eight degrees. The President of the United States setting our speedometers and our thermostats. Even though the compliance is to be voluntary, this is an unprecedented reach of federal authority. But it's probably necessary, and probably just the beginning. The President calls on Americans to "unite in the service of their country;" he calls for "a time of renewed commitment." In a postscript, he says he will not resign. "I have no intention of walking away from the job I was elected to do," says the President. "As long as I am physically able, I am going to continue to work sixteen to eighteen hours a day for the cause of a real peace abroad and for the cause of prosperity without inflation and without war at home." At one point, he says, "enemy" when he means "energy."

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TODAY, Congress overrode the President's veto of the war-powers bill. Several people had misgivings about the bill—were concerned that in fact it gave the President more powers. But by now it had become symbolic—a contest, no matter what the bill actually said, between the President and the Congress. It is believed that one reason several Republicans voted for the first time to override a veto by President Nixon is that Republicans suffered some defeats in elections yesterday. The national significance of such off-year elections is never clear, but politicians think that they are significant, and therefore they are. Earlier this week, one Republican member of Congress said that it was important to override the veto in order to give the Congress more confidence. Therapy.

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GEORGE AIKEN, of Vermont, the senior Republican in the Senate, said today that Congress should impeach the President or "get off his back." People are trying to figure out what he meant. He may have meant exactly what he said.

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AT dinner, a Democratic senator says something startling. He says, "I hate Richard Nixon with a deep, personal hatred." Politicians don't usually say things like that. He says, "I hate Richard Nixon with a deep, personal hatred not just because of what he has done to the country but because of what he has done to politics."

NOVEMBER 8

IN a White House briefing yesterday, Ron Ziegler said that the President will give detailed answers to Watergate issues and questions. It is not yet clear how this will be done. Said Ziegler, "We are compiling information on all of those problems that have come in such a rush, and we are going to communicate to the Congress, the press, and the American people the President's position more effectively than we have done in the past." Ziegler was asked some unprecedented questions. Has the President been seeing a psychiatrist? "Absolutely not" was the answer. "After the briefing," reports the Washington *Post*, "Ziegler told another reporter that Mr. Nixon also was not taking tranquillizing medicines or any other drugs."

•

IN Egil Krogh's trial in California, the attorney for the defense has demanded that the President turn over information dealing with the creation of the plumbers. Krogh's attorney said that the documents would show that "any action which may have been taken by Krogh was pursuant to a directive of President Nixon." Krogh has asked the court to subpoena Mr. Nixon to testify. Krogh seemed somewhat different from the others. While he was in the White House, he used to engage in earnest and troubled, though not disloyal, conversations with friends. He had practiced law with Ehrlichman in Seattle. He talked about his respect for the President and Ehrlichman, but he also talked about his concern over what he said he saw to be the President's divisive stands on crime and the war. After Krogh, in trouble, resigned from the Administration in May, he said that he wanted to be part of "the healing process." The others did not say that. Krogh is said to be weighing the possibility of coöperating with the Special Prosecutor.

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THE A.F.L.-C.I.O. today announced a drive for the President's impeachment. The White House calls this "unseemly."

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TODAY, in court, Rose Mary Woods said that the quality of some of the tapes was "very bad."

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ELLIOT RICHARDSON says that two days before Cox was fired the White House complained about his investigation of Rebozo.

William Ruckelshaus, the former Deputy Attorney General, says that the White House complained about an investigation by the Cox staff of allegations of violations of the civil rights of some peace demonstrators who sought to attend a rally held by the Reverend Dr. Billy Graham.

Representative Wilbur Mills, Democrat of Arkansas, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, and a powerful man, says that pressure from the news media, the Congress, and the public will force the President to resign "within a short period of time."

### NOVEMBER 9

THE Washington *Post* has a story saying that the President's energy proposals are too late to help in this coming winter. I am keeping my thermostat at sixty-eight degrees, and I feel very patriotic, and I'm cold.

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THE Dow Jones stock-market average dropped twenty-four points today—its biggest drop in eleven years.

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IT is considered a major event that today the President met with Republican leaders at the White House and was reported to have listened to them.

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TODAY, Judge Sirica reduced the sentences for all those—except G. Gordon Liddy—convicted in connection with the break-in at the Watergate.

### NOVEMBER 11

ON "Meet the Press," Senator Charles Percy, Republican of Illinois, announces that in the coming week the President will meet with all members of Congress, in six sessions, to be "interrogated" by them. Percy says that he thinks "this is the beginning of full and total disclosure." A crescendo of Republican calls for "full and total disclosure" has been building. It is not clear what the Republicans mean by the term. The White House has been at pains to make as little "disclosure" as possible. Outsiders have no way of judging what there is to disclose. Therefore, we would have to take the President's, or the politicians', word that there has been "full and total disclosure." Are the politicians, in their eagerness to get this thing behind them, going to coöperate in the President's new maneuver? Institutional confusion is growing.

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TODAY, there is a news story headed "GOP HILL SUPPORT AT 38-YEAR LOW." A Gallup poll shows that if national congressional elections were being held now, the Republican loss of seats in the House of Representatives would be far greater than that normally suffered by an Administration in off-year elections.

### NOVEMBER 12

AN important House Democrat reached into his wallet and pulled out a bill of particulars for the impeachment of the President. "I keep it there because one time I dropped it in the hallway," he explained.

I asked him why he wanted Mr. Nixon out of office.

"Because I haven't wanted that guy to have power ever since he was a member of the House and was a sore loser over a twenty-five-dollar pot in a poker game," he replied, and he continued, "The best thing for the Democrats, as many people have said, would be to keep Nixon in. If he should still be in next fall, we'd sweep the congressional elections. If he should still be in in 1976, we'd be sure to win. If Jerry Ford should become President before that, he could run and win. Truman did. Coolidge won, after the Harding scandals, on the argument that he had restored integrity in government. Jerry Ford could run on the ground of having improved the situation, which it would be very hard not to do."

I asked the Democrat again why, then, he wanted to get Mr. Nixon out of office.

"You have to think of the nation," said the House Democrat. He appeared to mean it. I had heard this kind of answer before when I asked why the Democrats would want to get Mr. Nixon out of office. I had been told that I had to consider the possibility that they were putting patriotism ahead of Party interests.

The Democrat said that the pressure on the President to resign would become very strong after Ford was confirmed as Vice-President. He said that the Republicans were very much concerned, and were in touch with each other now, and with members of the financial and diplomatic communities. "They are very much concerned, especially, about the military alert last month," he said. "The alert did it. For us, too."

A number of people say that there has to be "one more thing," one more big revelation, one more earthquake, before the President can be removed from office. Some people have almost become addicted to these earthquakes, and take some satisfaction in their horror. I asked the Democrat if he subscribed to the "one more thing" theory. He said that the movement for impeachment would proceed in any event. "The House Judiciary Committee will build the case before the vote," he said. "It won't turn back."

•

THE tapes have struck again. Today, the White House announced that the President could not find the dictation belt that recorded his recollections of his April 15th meeting with Dean, of which it is also said that there is no tape. Twelve days ago, Buzhardt had promised that the dictation belt would be produced. This latest loss came to light in the course of a White House effort—which included a statement issued by the President—"to help dispel those doubts" about the two nonexistent conversations. The President offered to make available to the court tapes of two conversations with John Dean on March 21st which had not been subpoenaed, and dictation-belt recordings of those conversations, as well as a dictation-belt recording of his recollection of the telephone conversation with Mitchell. In his statement, the President expressed concern over "misconceptions about this matter" which have arisen "simply because certain basic facts are not being presented to the American people." Ziegler gave a briefing to the press and also made himself available to network correspondents for interviews. In the briefing, Ziegler said, "Now I know that the dramatic news lead would be—and I say that respectfully—that something else is missing." Ziegler said that the "objective" of the briefing was to convince the American people that the President was being forthcoming with the information. The President ended his statement as follows: "It is my hope that these steps will clear up this aspect of the Watergate matter once and for all."

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THE stock market dropped eleven more points today.

### NOVEMBER 13

IN today's Washington *Post*, there is a photograph of Donald Segretti ("dirty tricks") going to jail.

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LEON JAWORSKI, the new Special Prosecutor, filed a brief in court yesterday arguing that "not even the highest office in the land" has the authority to break the law in the name of national security. Jaworski said, "In the recent past, national security has become a kind of talisman, invoked by officials at widely disparate levels of government service to justify a wide range of apparently illegal activities."

•

COX said in a speech yesterday—he is still at it—that he had been told that the President had said that Cox should "keep the hell out of" the

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matter of the raid on Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office. Cox also said today that the White House had refused to give him access to the files on the milk industry's campaign contributions.

•

A GALLUP poll says that the public is against removing the President from office by a percentage of fifty-four to thirty-seven.

### NOVEMBER 14

THE rift between the President and the Republicans is even wider than I had thought. Today, I went to see a Republican senator who had been very loyal to the President. I asked him if it was, as some said, just a matter of time before the Republicans broke with the President. He replied, "Yes. I considered myself a Nixon supporter. I faulted those around Nixon—felt that they used us and then cast us aside. When we got into Watergate, my gut reaction was to stand up and flail at the critics. But, as you may have noticed, not many of us did that. We didn't know. There was a suspicion on the part of the senators. We figured, why should we stick our necks out? We don't know what to think. There is one disclosure after another. Some of us would be willing to lose our Senate seats if we felt that the President was not involved. But I won't stand on this desk and take an oath that the President has convinced me that the President is totally innocent. It's going to take more than a statement by the President. I'll need an independent source now—maybe Judge Sirica, maybe the House of Representatives. I'll go out and charge into the critics if I feel that I'm armed with the facts, but I can't feel that now. I call it a no-win situation for the Republicans now. If you go to speak to a Republican group, they are probably for the President, and they'll say afterward, 'Senator X didn't stand up for the President,' but there's probably a reporter there who will write about it if you do. It's bad. I think many Republicans are waiting now. They've been used. I don't see what the President can do himself to restore the lost confidence. Hedging is legal, and a lot of it is done in politics, but it's difficult for us now. So we have to ask ourselves, 'If there's no way out for the President, how many others should suffer?' Senators and House members will lose seats. And there are all the people outside the political arena who are losing faith. If he's clean and he can find a springboard, and it doesn't break with him jumping up and down on it, we might survive next year."

The senator said there were three groups of Republican senators: those who had not supported the President at any point, and who, the other Republicans noticed, were now the strongest politically; those who remained loyal to the President; and those he described as "back and forth." "There aren't many gung-ho Nixon types in the cloakroom these days," he said. "We wonder how he can stay. We wonder how much he can be enjoying this. The main thing is that there is now a disbelief. How can we believe? What can we tell the people? I have decided that I don't know of any recourse but an impeachment inquiry. That or Judge Sirica. It's too late for him to get up and say, 'I didn't tell the American people about this or that, and I regret that.' It's too late. But he won't give up. He just doesn't give up. There's nothing you can really point to about which you can say that that is what is causing time to run out, but a lot of us feel that it is running out. People here seem to feel Jerry Ford has gone over well with the American people. They find him acceptable—more acceptable than Nixon." The senator said that if, as many thought, Ford had been chosen to provide insurance against the President's impeachment, because of his apparently lacklustre credentials for becoming President, it was turning out to be "just the reverse." The senator continued, "At first, when they said to us, 'Come to the White House,' we thought that was quite something. But that doesn't work anymore. We're not awestruck anymore. They kept telling us that this story would go away. It's still here."

•

SAID another Republican senator, "We keep weighing having him out of office versus limping along for three years. We are losing confidence in his ability to turn it around." The senator said he was getting letters from third-grade children who were troubled about the President. He said, "This is deeper on the college campuses than Cambodia was." Finally, he said, "When it's a question of me and thee in politics, it's usually thee who has to go."

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A FEDERAL judge ruled today that the firing of Archibald Cox was illegal. He said that the action by Acting Attorney General Robert Bork violated a federal regulation that had the force of law. The ruling did not have the effect of reinstating Cox.

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I SHARED a taxi from Capitol Hill this afternoon with two men who were getting off at the Justice Department. "You work at the Justice Department?" the taxi-driver said to one of them. "I guess you stand a pretty good chance of being Attorney General."

### NOVEMBER 15

THE Washington *Post* reports that Representative John Anderson, Republican of Illinois, who is an important member of the House, has said that he has decided not to run for the Senate next year. Anderson cited "the spectre of Watergate" as the reason for his decision. He said a private poll taken for him in Illinois showed that forty-six per cent of the voters there thought Watergate was the most important issue.

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THE Administration is reported to be divided over whether to impose gasoline rationing.

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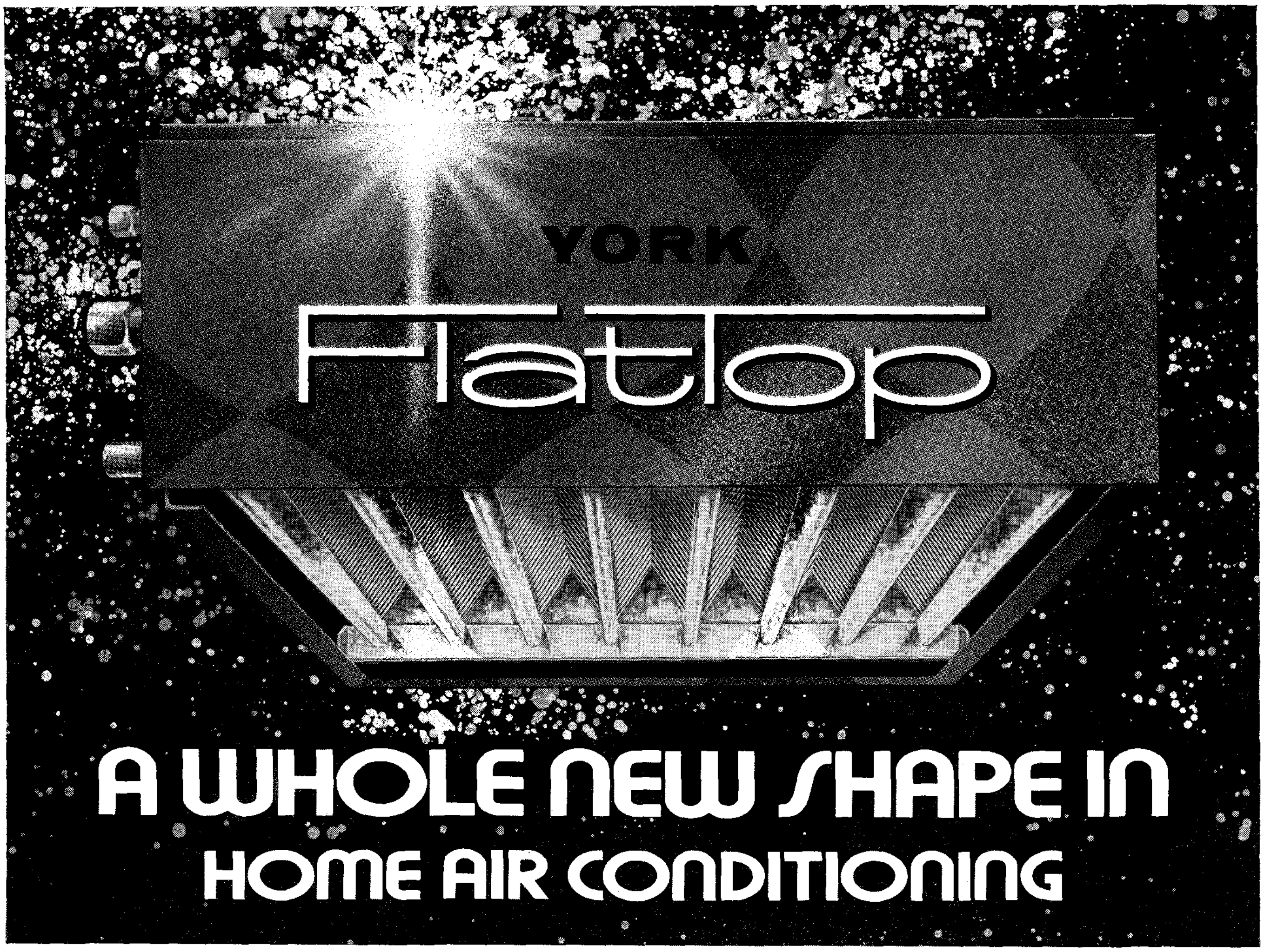
A WASHINGTON *Post* feature on Peter Rodino, Democrat of New Jersey, and the chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, brings to the surface a question that there has been in conversation about Rodino, whose committee is to conduct the impeachment inquiry. Rodino was close to, and at one time shared a Washington apartment with, former Representative Hugh Addonizio, who, like Rodino, represented Newark. Addonizio later became mayor of Newark and recently went to jail on charges of corruption. The *Post* points out that Rodino represents "a region where organized crime has been entrenched and political corruption common." It quotes the United States Attorney who prosecuted Addonizio as saying, "There's never been an inquiry about Rodino, never the slightest anything. In my opinion, Pete Rodino is an honest man and a fine public servant." The *Post* quotes Rodino as saying that he would not know a mobster "if I fell over him." Rodino told the *Post* that there was nothing in his background that the Administration could use to induce him to go easy on impeachment.

It has come to that. We wonder, because we have to, who has what on whom. We assume that the question of potential blackmail extends to many



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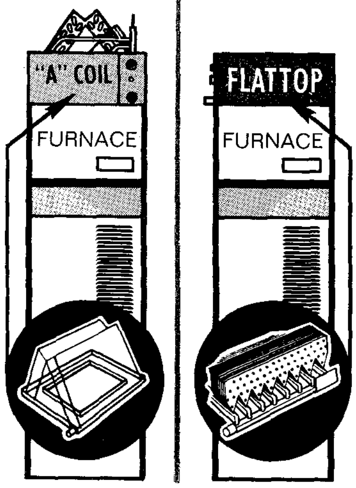

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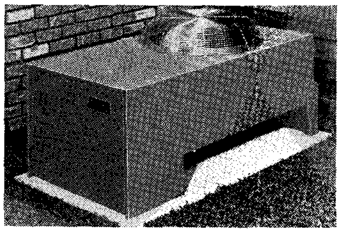

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levels—staff members, lawyers, anyone in Washington peripherally involved in the question of the President's fate. It is an unpleasant way to have to think about the Constitution, but there is no escaping it.

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IN Senate hearings yesterday, Ford's record on civil rights was attacked by leaders of the civil-rights movement. But now even less attention is being paid to the hearings on Ford.

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YESTERDAY, Judge Sirica issued a statement saying, "If the President thinks it advisable to waive any privilege and make tapes or other material public, he of course is free to do so at any time."

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LEON JAWORSKI has told the court that he has been assured of access to White House tapes and documents regarding the work of the plumbers. Earlier this month, in the court in Washington, Krogh's attorney indicated that the defense will seek to show that Krogh lied about the work of the plumbers because he had been under orders from the President to maintain secrecy about the plumbers' activities. Two days ago, the judge in the case, Gerhard Gesell, termed Krogh's argument that he lied under orders "a Nuremberg defense." (In the Nuremberg war-crimes trials, some former Nazi high officials defended themselves on the ground that they had been following orders. This line of defense was not accepted by the tribunal.) Judge Gesell said, "I don't think that's an argument I can entertain. We would have no society." Today, Judge Gesell dismissed the motion by Krogh's lawyers to dismiss the indictment on the ground that Krogh had been ordered to lie.

•

TONIGHT, on the television news, the President is standing in front of a giant replica, with colored lights, of the American flag. It may be the largest replica of the flag that I have ever seen. The President is beaming and waving his arms over his head. The scene is from his appearance this morning before the National Association of Realtors, meeting at the Sheraton-Park Hotel here. He says, "As far as the President of the United States is concerned, he has not violated his trust and he isn't going to violate his trust now."

As a powerful man starts to fall, or as his power begins to decline, one can almost sense people pulling in their lines of credit. It is a cruel but sure judgment that people who know about power make. Unseen, an enormous alteration in his situation takes place. The alteration affects the kinds of people he is able to hire, the willingness of people to go to great lengths, take risks, for him. One senses that this has happened to Richard Nixon. But there is also a deep fear of moving against him. The fear is felt even by some of those who believe that he should be removed from power. He is still the President, and the levers of power are still within his reach. In part, the paralysis stems from fear of making a move that will not succeed. This is not the sort of struggle one can afford to lose. Many businessmen want the President to go, but they are afraid to speak out—which is characteristic. Businessmen who were disturbed about the continuing war in Southeast Asia were reluctant to speak out on that. I have asked a number of businessmen, and their Washington lawyers, about this reluctance. Most of them offer the same explanation: that business has too much business with the government to speak out against it. There are the merger applications, the contract bids, the airline-route requests, the license renewals. The President's power to reward or punish continues, even if the President is in trouble. Businessmen believe that the enemies list was real. When others were laughing at the enemies list, one businessman, whose politics are very liberal, was admonished by his board of directors not to take any action, or take any position, that might land him on an enemies list. Many politicians are also frightened. They do not want to be on the losing side of this issue. Many politicians are less frightened of Richard Nixon than they used to be, but the fright is still there. Some citizens are frightened. Perhaps the sense that this was a tough and punitive Administration, one that would give trouble to those who gave it trouble, was deeper—and has had more lasting effect—than we may have thought. Perhaps, in fact, it was a very effective posture for an Administration to take. Perhaps, in fact, it has set another precedent. Memoranda written by Nixon Administration members on how to frighten the media—through license challenges, anti-trust suits—have recently been made public. We also know that many of their recommendations were carried out. There was a time, not long ago, when many people stopped to consider whether to speak out on an issue, sign a petition, file a lawsuit—for fear of retribution. Some still do.

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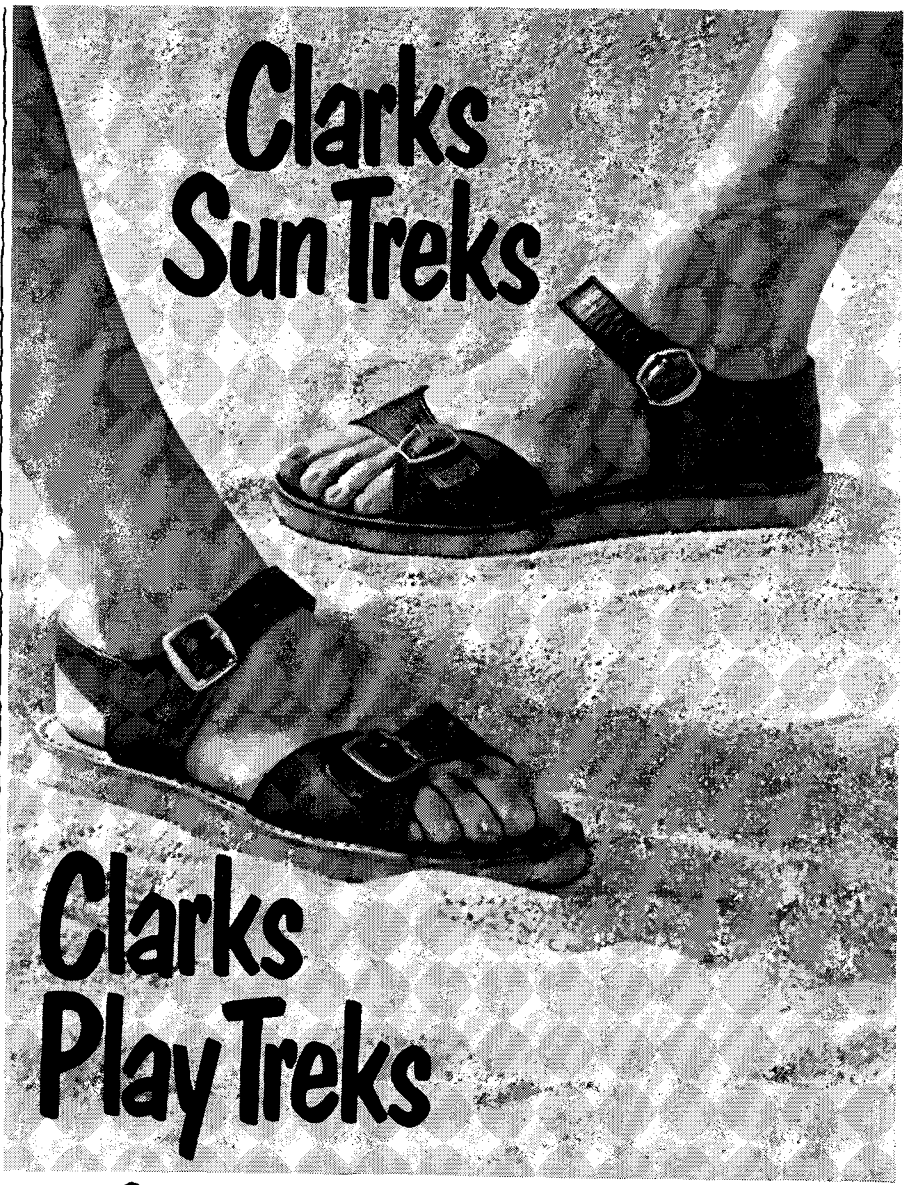
JOHN CONNALLY is interviewed by Daniel Schorr on the C.B.S. news tonight, and Connally appears to be very upset. He has been subpoenaed by the Ervin committee. There are allegations that Connally helped collect funds from the milk producers, and helped persuade the President to override other officials and raise the price supports for milk. On television tonight, Connally complains about "the atmosphere and the times in which we live, the inferences, the innuendos, the rumors." Connally says, "And I must say, Dan, that if this environment prevails that exists today in the United States and in Washington, I tell you very frankly, I'll have no plans for '76."

NOVEMBER 16

THE President is going South, where the climate and his political reception promise to be warmer than in Washington or other parts of the country. He will make some public appearances. It is becoming more complicated for the President to travel. Now he is under criticism for the amount of fuel that such trips consume. Yesterday, Gerald Warren told reporters that the cruising speed of the President's jet, the Spirit of '76, will be reduced from five hundred and twenty-five miles an hour to four hundred and seventy-five, and that the spare plane usually sent on such trips will be grounded for this one. The Presidential helicopters will, however, fly to Key Biscayne for the President's use, and his special limousine will be flown South in a separate plane.

•

THIS week, the Ervin committee—for three days—was instructive on the subject of money. Executives of various kinds of corporations, including shipbuilding, oil, and airlines, told how they raised and turned over illegal campaign contributions. Some of the executives and the corporations themselves have been charged by the Special Prosecutor with making illegal corporate contributions. The testimony illustrates how the illegal funds were gathered—through entering fake bonuses and false expense reports, through disguising the funds as investments in land, or through transferring the funds from foreign subsidiaries. Last spring, when the revelations of large cash contributions had begun, a Washington lawyer was asked at a party how it was that corporations



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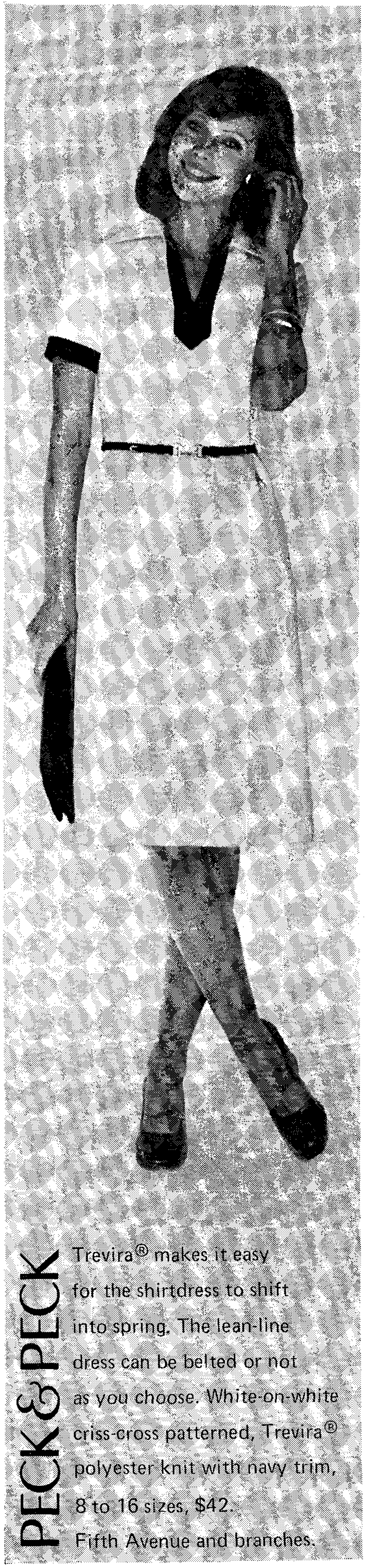
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could come up with such large sums in cash. We had read that oil-company executives had stuffed seven hundred thousand dollars in cash and checks into a suitcase, which was then flown to Washington, in a jet owned by Pennzoil. A successful businessman, puzzled, said to the lawyer that he did not understand how a business could secure substantial amounts of cash. The lawyer, who knows a lot, said, "Oil companies can."

The businessmen who testified before the Ervin committee spoke of the "pressure" on them to contribute to the President's reëlection. One said that both John Mitchell and Maurice Stans, the chairman of the Finance Committee to Re-Elect the President, had asked him for funds on various occasions. He said, "That is just a little bit different than somebody collecting for the Boy Scouts." An oil-company executive said he feared that if his company did not contribute, it would be on an Administration "blacklist" or at the "bottom of the totem pole." He said he was aware that other oil companies were contributing. There is in this subject of money a problem of definition. The law makes a distinction between "extortion" and "bribery." The distinction may be much clearer in the words of the law than in reality. The way the act of making a contribution is interpreted may depend upon what a prosecutor is looking for. The more the businessmen portray themselves as having been, in effect, victims of "extortion," the less they are subject to prosecution for "bribery." This is what made Agnew so angry. Moreover, many contributors can say, in all honesty, that they gave because they believed in the politician. And many politicians can say, in all honesty, that they took an action that happened to be in the contributor's interest because they believed the action was right. It is usually fruitless to search for the specific *quid pro quo* between a campaign gift and a political decision by the recipient. The parties to these acts usually do not talk to each other about them. It is rare that the *quid* and the *quo* are discussed. Dita Beard's memorandum (which she later described as a "forgery" and a "hoax") received so much notoriety precisely because it broke this well-established rule of procedure. It contained the suggestion, at least, of a *quid pro quo* concerning "our noble commitment"—for I.T.T. to contribute four hundred thousand dollars to the Republican convention that was not held in San Diego in exchange for a favorable anti-trust decision. Many politicians make a point of not knowing what their fund-raisers do. In his October 26th press conference, President Nixon said that he has made it a practice to refuse "to have any discussion of contributions."

The Ervin committee's attention to the subject of money was limited. We still do not know to what extent the government was sold in the last election. Many businessmen give to the Republican Party because they believe that its policies are better for America. Some believe that this is the only way to balance the influence of unions on the Democrats. Nixon officials often point to the "checkoffs" of union dues which go for political activities, and ask how these are different from the corporate contributions to the Nixon elections. They point out that corporate executives have often contributed to Democrats, too.

As with other areas in which Nixon officials cite precedents, they have a point, and at the same time they miss the larger point. For years, it has been widely known that labor, through its contributions of money and manpower, has had a strong influence on the Democratic Party. It has been widely known that there have been underground rivers of money flowing into campaigns, and that some government decisions have been guided by the access of money to power. In recent years, two things made this a problem of a different order, and a different nature. The first was the sudden, rapid growth in the costs of campaigns in the nineteen-sixties, largely because of television advertising. The second was that in raising money, as in other things, the Nixon Administration overreached. Like others around Nixon, Nixon's fund-raisers did not recognize limits. Maurice Stans and Herbert Kalmbach, the associate chairman of the Finance Committee to Re-Elect the President and the President's personal attorney, carried to unprecedented lengths the practice of raising money from those who did business with the government. In the process, they broke the game wide open. The Common Cause suit helped us to see what they had done. And Watergate changed the atmosphere. Some candidates for Congress are now said to be having difficulty finding treasurers for their campaigns. The businessmen do not want to get trapped again, and will be reluctant to be so generous in the future. The politicians are beginning to wonder what they will do for money.

•

INEVITABLY, stories are leaking out about this week's meetings between the President and mem-

# Nick and Lalla Craig explored and golfed extensively before deciding on the Shipyard side of Hilton Head Island.

Nick first visited Hilton Head seven years ago. Then he and Lalla visited for a week of golfing and to look for a vacation home to buy in the Spring of 1971.

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The Craigs plan to stay on the island through the winter and into June, when Nick will return to Maine to tend to various business matters. Lalla says they'll possibly rent their antique-filled villa during the summer months. A number of Shipyard residents do this at various times during the year. If you'd like to visit, you might request a copy of A Guide to Vacationing on Hilton Head Island. Write: Charles Rousek, Vice President, The Hilton Head Company, P.O. Box 1304-D, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina 29928.

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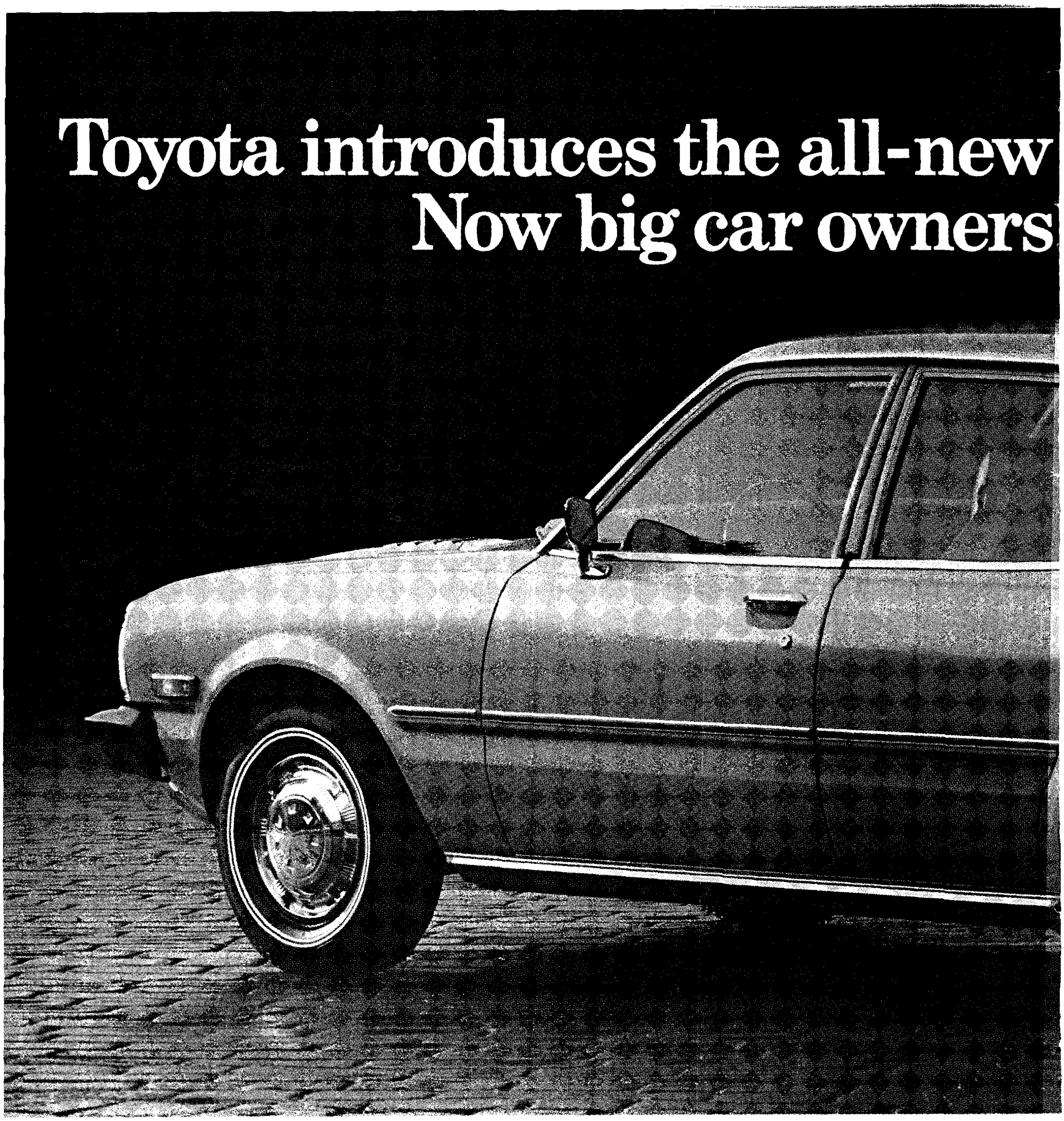

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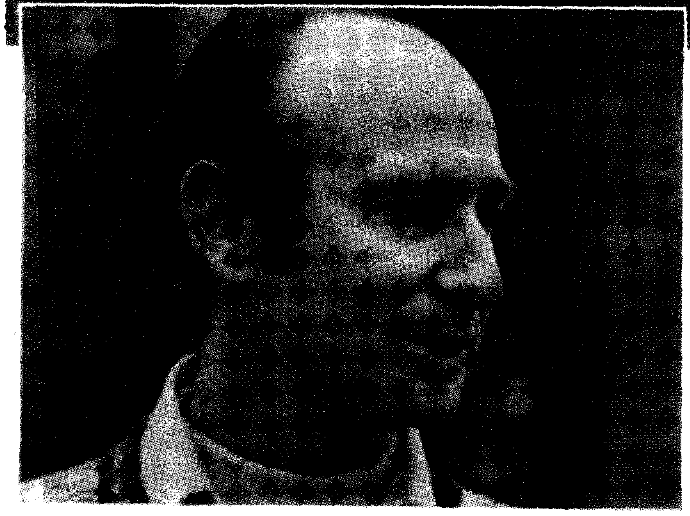

*In a 3-week test conducted by Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute, Dr. John C. Fletcher and 39 other big car drivers gave up their big cars for all-new Toyota Coronas. Dr. Fletcher’s opinion? “...I’m favorably impressed and didn’t expect to be...I can’t think of any time when we said ‘I wish we had the big car.’”*

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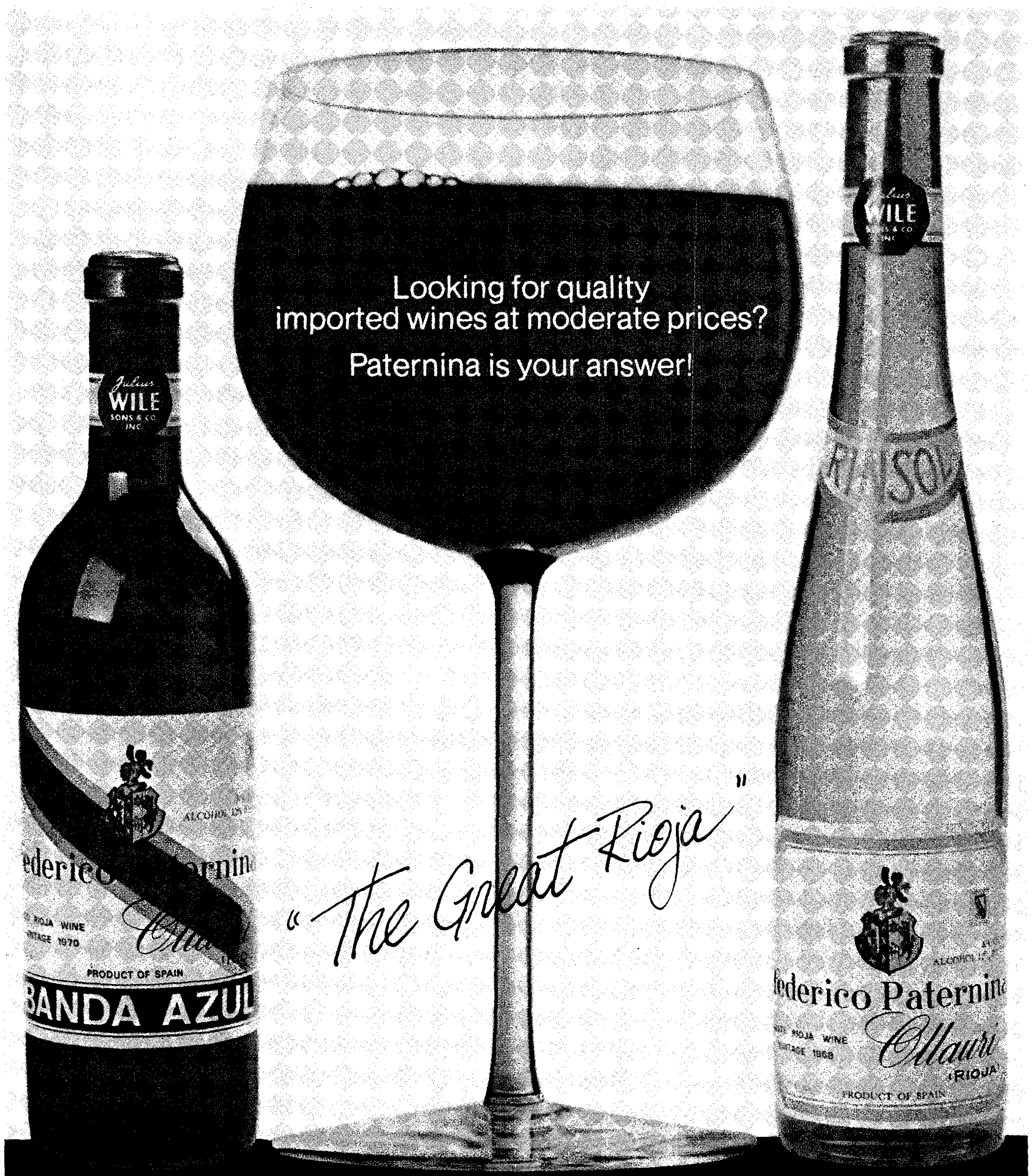
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bers of Congress. Members of Congress are notorious sieves. Senator Percy was not exactly correct in saying that the President would meet with every member of Congress. The President met with Republicans and selected Southern Democrats. The President has done his arithmetic: this is the group that could save him in a vote on impeachment in the House or conviction in the Senate. At some of the meetings, the President spoke at length on the energy crisis and foreign policy as well as Watergate, leaving little time for questions. Someone has told me that at one meeting Senator Eastland, in a burst of enthusiasm, said, "We believe in you, Mr. President," and that Senator Stennis then said to Senator Eastland, "Quiet! Let the boy speak." At another meeting, Senator Roman Hruska, Republican of Nebraska, said, "The State of Nebraska is behind you, Mr. President." Some senators are reported in the papers to have told the President that he must be more "frank and open." The President is said to have suggested that Elliot Richardson had not told the truth when he said he would not be a party to prohibiting Cox from trying to secure more documents. The President is said to have suggested that Richardson took the position he did at the end because he wants to be governor of Massachusetts. Addressing Senator Charles Mathias, Republican of Maryland, during a discussion of the Administration's problems, the President mentioned that contributors to former Vice-President Agnew had also contributed to Senator Mathias. (There has been no suggestion that Mathias has been connected in any way with illegal contributions.) The senators interpreted the President's remark to Mathias as an indication of the kind of research he had done on those who might oppose him. Mathias later said to the President that it was no longer adequate for the President to assert executive privilege or national security as a reason for doing certain things. He asked for a detailed explanation of his approval of the plumbers and of the Huston plan for admittedly illegal intelligence gathering on American citizens. The President said that he would send a report to the Congress on the plumbers and the Huston plan.

•

THIS week, Senator Howard Cannon, Democrat of Nevada, said, "There's always the chance that we may be confirming a President, not just a Vice-President."

•

THE President said some optimistic things about the energy crisis today as he signed a bill permitting the construction of an oil pipeline in Alaska, and the stock market went up. The energy crisis has caused the environmentalists several reverses. Like civil-rights and poverty activists, the environmentalists were indulged until their objectives were seen as inconveniencing the majority.

•

ON the news tonight, Julie Nixon Eisenhower and Anne Armstrong, a Presidential counsellor, pose with a suitcase containing messages of support for the President. The suitcase was not the happiest choice of container.

NOVEMBER 17

AT 7 P.M., there is no choice but to watch the President being questioned by newspaper editors meeting at Walt Disney World, in Orlando, Florida. The buildup to this appearance has been akin to that which precedes the Super Bowl. One television announcer says that this is part of the President's "new campaign to increase his credibility." The President will submit to questions about Watergate. He has, of course, submitted to questions about Watergate before, but this, the week of Operation Candor, is the week to "turn it around." The President is forceful, strong-voiced, landing on certain words for emphasis. He says he spoke on the telephone with John Mitchell "at the *end* of the day in the *family* quarters." He talks of things he will "disclose to this audience." Politicians and officials usually prepare some "disclosures" for press conferences and interviews. The point is to try to set the agenda and assure the headline—on the right subject. Tonight, the President discloses that he telephoned John Mitchell on June 20, 1972, in order to cheer him up after the men were caught in the Watergate. He goes into detail about why a tape ran out, and we are farther and farther from the point. He explains that his taping system was "a Sony, a little Sony that they had," and that "what they had are these little lapel mikes in my desk." As he says that, he rubs the flag in his lapel. He says, with a smile, that the equipment President Johnson had "was, incidentally, much better equipment." He adds that he is not criticizing Sonys. An editor asks him his reaction to the dis-

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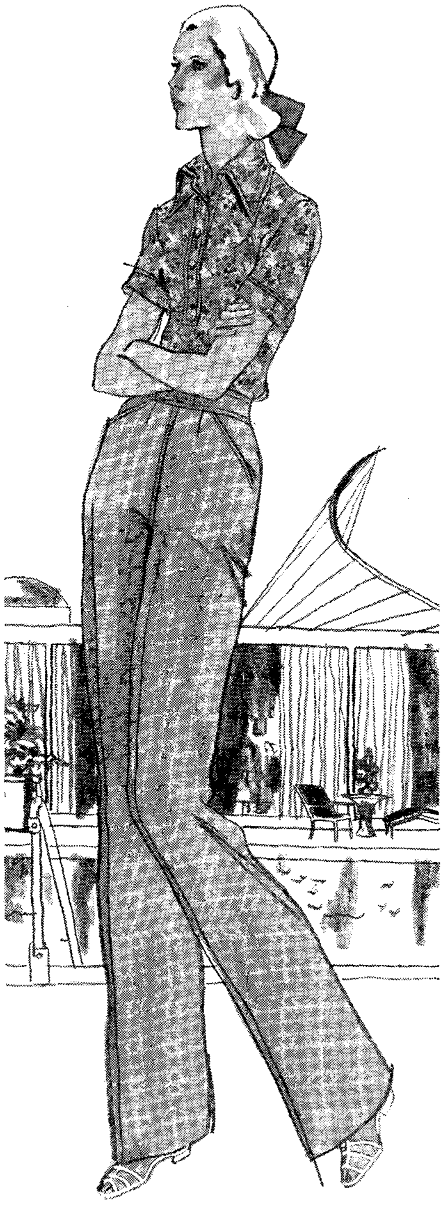

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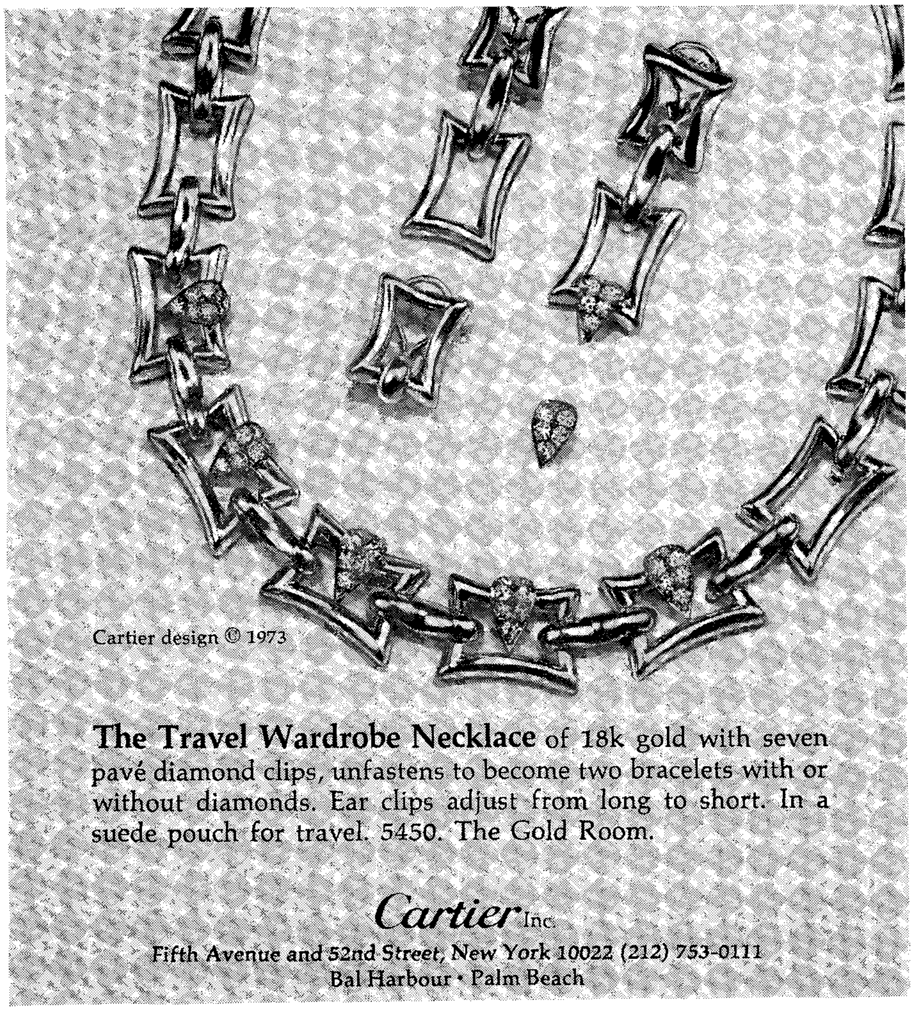

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covery that tapes of the conversations with Dean and Mitchell did not exist, and the President replies that it was one of "great disappointment, because I wanted the evidence out." He says that the plumbers were established to stop leaks of information that were endangering the national security, including one "so serious that even Senator Ervin and Senator Baker agreed it should not be disclosed." He gives some details of his finances, and then he says, "Let me just say this: I want to say this to the television audience—I made my mistakes, but in all of my years of public life, I have never profited, never profited from public service. I have earned every cent. And in all of my years of public life, I have never obstructed justice." He says that he welcomes "this kind of examination, because people have got to know whether or not their President is a crook," and then he says, "Well, I am not a crook."

•

SOCIETIES need unifying symbols, and the Presidency has been ours. We cling to the idea that the Presidency is worthy of our respect, because we want it to be. In linking his fate with the fate of the Presidency itself, Mr. Nixon has made his ordeal ours. In trying, through his office, to protect himself against the damage from all that has happened, he has attached the damage to the office. That is part of what makes this such a painful time. It is humiliating to see a President subjected to humiliation, whatever its origin. It's hard to watch him struggle to answer questions that should never have to be asked. It is difficult to watch a President running and maneuvering like a hunted man. There are stories in the papers these days about the Afo-A-Kom, the sacred statue of the kingdom of Kom, in Cameroon. The statue, a symbol of the political and religious heritage of the people of Kom, had long been missing, and was recently found in the United States. It is being returned to Kom. The well-being of the tribe depends upon its presence. When the totem is gone, the tribe is in trouble. We seem to have an almost totemistic view of the Presidency. Our well-being is involved with it. In Mr. Nixon's frequent reminders that he is the President, he speaks to something in us.

NOVEMBER 19

MONDAY. At a press briefing in Macon, Georgia, where the President spoke yesterday, Ron Ziegler said that the response to the President's performance Saturday evening was highly favorable, and "quantitatively larger" than the adverse reaction to the firing of Archibald Cox. Ziegler also said that "a lot" of the reaction to the firing of Cox was "manufactured and coördinated" by "traditional adversaries of the President." When the President's plane landed at Robins Air Force Base, outside Macon, a crowd estimated at about twenty thousand met him. The crowd cheered. It carried signs saying "We Love and Support President Nixon" and "Keep Up the Good Work."

•

ON the Op-Ed page of the *Times* is an article by Charles Colson calling for public financing of political campaigns; for the barring of elected officials from any source of personal gain beyond their salaries while they are in office; for complete financial disclosure, including disclosure of tax returns, by public officials; and for a law requiring publication of all contacts by members of Congress with the executive branch. This is almost as thoroughgoing a reform agenda as any that has been suggested. Colson delighted in being known as the "tough guy" in the White House—even cultivated the image. His memorandum saying that he would "walk over my grandmother if necessary" to get Richard Nixon reëlected was famous, if, in the light of what we now know, perhaps understated. Colson seems to have been thrashing about for a way to confront Watergate. He had left the White House in March and begun to practice law in Washington, where he might have hoped to benefit from his well-placed contacts. After Watergate broke, he kept his distance, at least publicly, from the White House for a while. Then for a while he was all over the media, defending the President. Then he disappeared again. Now, like Agnew, he is calling for political reform. The Bible tells us to welcome penitents.

•

THE stock market dropped twenty-eight points today.

•

THE current *Newsweek* reports that Charles Colson and the President met with representatives of the milk industry in 1970, a year before the better-known meeting between the President and the milk producers which preceded the raising of price supports for milk. It has also been revealed recently, as a result of the suit brought by Ralph Nader against the price-support increase, that in 1969 the milk pro-

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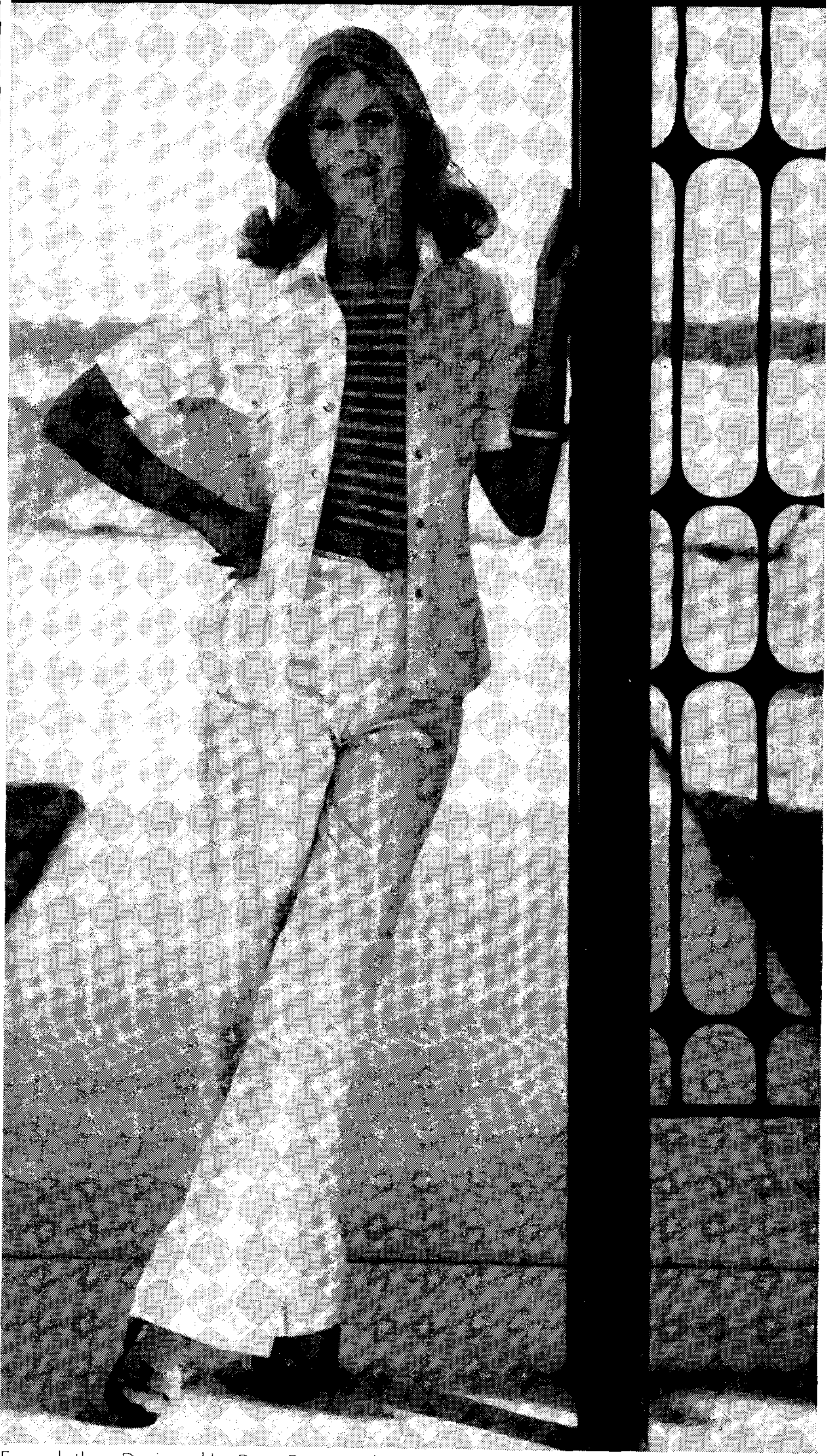

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ducers made a retroactive payment of a hundred thousand dollars to the President's 1968 campaign in order to win a more sympathetic hearing from the new Administration. The payment was made by Milton Semer, a Washington lawyer and former assistant to President Johnson. Semer, according to a deposition presented to a federal court last week, delivered the hundred thousand dollars in cash in a briefcase to Herbert Kalmbach in California. Semer said that Kalmbach told him the money would be used for White House favorites in the 1970 campaign. It has subsequently been learned, according to Saturday's Washington *Post*, that Kalmbach accumulated a "trust fund" of one million seven hundred thousand dollars in money ostensibly left over from the 1968 campaign. Among the expenditures from it, according to the *Post*, was one of about a hundred and forty thousand dollars to pay Anthony Ulasewicz, a private investigator hired by the White House in 1969, and Donald Segretti. The *Post* story goes on to say that four hundred thousand dollars was to have been expended in an effort to defeat George Wallace in his 1970 campaign for governor of Alabama. Kalmbach has testified before the Ervin committee that he was instructed to disburse four hundred thousand dollars to people whom he did not know, and that half of this was disbursed by Haldeman's brother-in-law. Kalmbach said he subsequently heard that "part or all" of this money went into the Alabama campaign, but he said he had never been told by anyone in authority that its purpose was to defeat Wallace. Haldeman testified before the Ervin committee that he authorized the transfer of campaign money left over from 1968 to support Wallace's 1970 opponent. Kalmbach has testified that most of the remainder of the money purportedly left over from 1968 was spent on the President's reëlection.

•

In 1970, I asked Murray Chotiner, sitting in a White House office, his desk littered with computer print-outs and a catalogue of federal grant programs, what he was doing. He replied, "To infer that the White House is engaged in any political endeavors isn't correct. The White House isn't the place for it, and the public would resent it."

November 20

The White House has been granted a six-day delay in turning over the seven tapes to the court. It told the court that it needed more time to prepare an analysis and an index of the materials, because one of the lawyers was ill.

•

George Gallup told the Republican governors, who have been meeting in Memphis, that it was "wishful thinking" to believe that the Republican Party would not be damaged badly by Watergate.

A Harris poll published in today's paper shows that only twenty-five per cent of those surveyed consider themselves Republicans. This is an all-time low. It represents a drop of two percentage points since August. But the Democratic allegiance has also dropped—by one percentage point, from forty-eight to forty-seven. The most interesting figure is the one for those who call themselves independents, which has risen from twenty-five per cent to twenty-eight per cent. There are now, according to this survey, more people who call themselves independents than people who call themselves Republicans. The study shows that the professed allegiance to both parties has been dropping constantly since 1968, when this particular survey began, while the percentage of those who identify with neither party has steadily grown.

November 21

YESTERDAY, the Senate Committee on Rules and Administration unanimously approved the nomination of Gerald Ford to be Vice-President of the United States. The approval came one month and eight days after Ford's nomination. Senator Cannon said that the committee had conducted "the most exhaustive investigation of a nominee ever undertaken by a Senate committee." The House Judiciary Committee plans to complete its hearings on Ford's nomination today.

•

This morning, I called on an official of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. The labor federation's offices are in a mammoth building on Sixteenth Street. The building has a marble façade and is on the north side of Lafayette Park—across the park from the White House. There had seemed to be, for a time, a cordiality between the A.F.L.-C.I.O.—or, at least, its president, George Meany—and President Nixon. In 1970, Meany was the honored guest at a White House Labor Day dinner. Meany appeared to support the President's reëlection. The White House had designed several of its policy positions to please the labor leader, because it needed the political support of his troops. The Administration had talked

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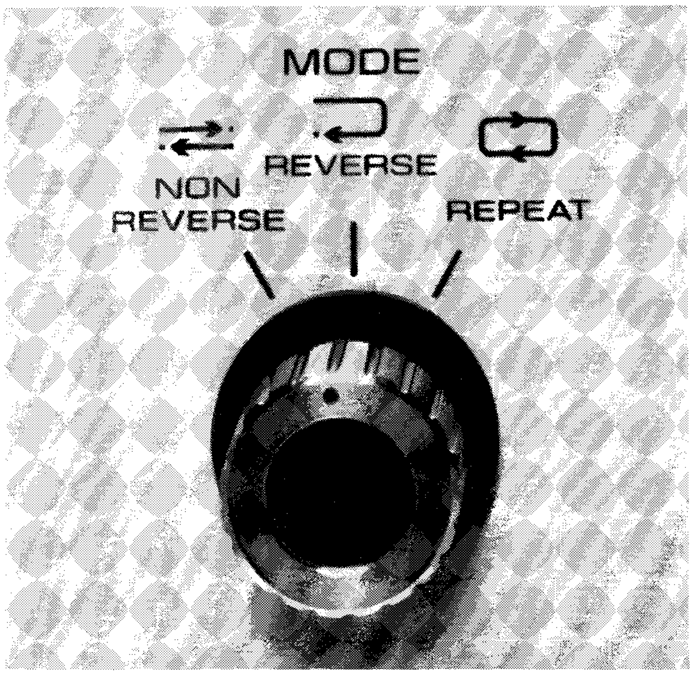

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So take a look at some of our products. They're among the most advanced you can find. Like the PT-490. A cassette deck that's so advanced it can even record backwards.

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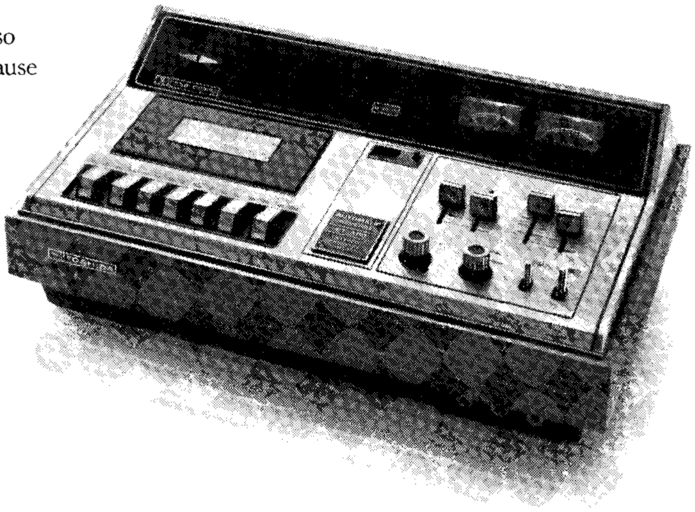

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of fashioning "the New Majority," wherein the interests of both business and labor would be accommodated. Charles Colson, the man in charge of White House liaison with interest groups, was matchmaker for Mr. Nixon's courtship of labor. George Meany grumbled over the President's trips to China and Russia, and growled over his economic controls, but when it mattered—in the 1972 election—he remained neutral. His distaste for George McGovern was undisguised.

The A.F.L.-C.I.O. is now leading a drive to impeach President Nixon. It is the largest and most important organization to be doing so. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. represents a hundred and eleven unions, with a total membership of nearly fourteen million workers. I wanted to find out why it was seeking to impeach the President. I asked the labor official—who requested that he not be named—what had caused the final falling out. "There was never any falling together," he replied. "Labor's feelings about Nixon go back to the Jerry Voorhis campaign. We opposed him in every election except the last one. We never had any regard for him as a politician or as a person. There was a considerable amount of misconstruction of the nature of any relationship we had with the Nixon Administration after the 1968 election. The Nixon Administration went through the period of its so-called 'New Majoritarian' enterprise. There was some romancing. The highlight was that Labor Day dinner at the White House, which we were not enthusiastic about to begin with—but the President of the United States is hard to refuse. As soon as that thing was held, all the labor reporters wrote about the 'love affair' between us and Nixon. But what would they have written if the President had extended the invitation and we had said no? They'd have written 'Labor Boycotts White House,' 'Labor Insults Nixon.' We knew we were being sort of used at the Labor Day dinner, but there wasn't a hell of a lot we could do about it. We have a long string of issues in the executive and on Capitol Hill." He named Social Security, the budgets for the Department of Labor and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, appointments to the National Labor Relations Board, the money spent for medical research, and the appointment of labor attachés in American embassies. The list of issues, he said, "could be as long as your arm." He continued, "We can't say publicly that the wrong guy got elected. We'll talk to whoever we can. When the White House was working on 'the New Majority,' it worked around the A.F.L.-C.I.O. leadership. Colson built up telephone contacts with their own labor buddies they thought they could build up around us. They used to have little meetings in Blair House with industrialists and a few labor people. We'd usually hear about it." Blair House is the government's guest house for state visits.

I asked him about the relationship between the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and Peter Brennan, who was formerly the head of the New York Building and Construction Trades Councils and is now the Secretary of Labor.

"We hardly ever used to see Pete," he said.

The A.F.L.-C.I.O. did not anticipate McGovern's nomination, felt that it would be a disaster for the Democratic Party, and tried to stop it at the Convention. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. also worried that McGovern's nomination might cost the Democrats the control of the Congress. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. cares very much about maintaining Democratic control of the Congress. Therefore, it declined to endorse McGovern. Between the 1972 election and the drive to impeach the President, there occurred the following events, as the A.F.L.-C.I.O. official recounted them: the President's veto of a bill raising the minimum wage; the impoundment of funds; the development of "government by veto." "Comes Watergate," said the labor official, "and we became convinced that not only was this man going to use his last four years to dismantle a great many programs that we thought were vital. We had thought maybe this man would want to use his last four years to make a record for history. We found out he was a man who wanted to use his last four years to get even, in a vindictive sense. There was no reservoir of good will toward Richard Nixon in this organization. We had gone through the fights over Haynsworth and Carswell against him."

For the A.F.L.-C.I.O., as for others, the impetus to try to remove the President from office developed from a combination of motives. The labor official cited "the spectacle of the apparatus he had set up to pervert the Justice Department, the F.B.I., the I.R.S.," and said, "It wasn't a confrontation between the Presidency and the Congress or the courts. It was a confrontation between the Presidency and the American people. That's what was at stake." He continued, "The Brennan thing was an exacerbating factor. Peter Brennan was not our nominee; he was Chuck Colson's. We

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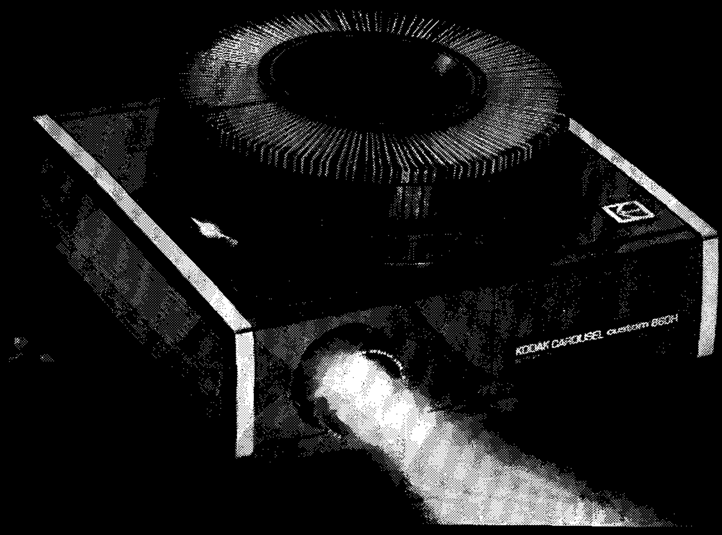

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never felt it was a good idea to put a trade unionist in as Secretary of Labor. We'd rather have a civilized employer or a professional middleman. A trade unionist is always going to be put in an anomalous position. We accepted the Brennan appointment and supported him, and then became rapidly disillusioned with the guy." The official said that "Brennan double-crossed us" on the minimum-wage issue by supporting the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s position in his confirmation hearings and then opposing it in testimony after he became Secretary of Labor. He said that Brennan's predecessor, James Hodgson, "used to come over and tell us what positions he was going to take, and we could argue with him." Brennan, he said, "never darkened our door."

At its meeting in May of this year, when Watergate was breaking, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Executive Council called on the President to insure a full and independent investigation into Watergate. "It was quite obvious," said the official, "that we could not go into a fall convention and duck that question." The official did not mention it, but one A.F.L.-C.I.O. official was on the enemies list. At the biennial convention in Miami Beach in October, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. Executive Council held a breakfast meeting and decided to call for the President's resignation or impeachment. "Logic leads you that way," said the official, "unless you decide that nothing is going to be done about it." He then said, "We believe that there are grounds. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. has published its bill of particulars, and is devoting a section of each weekly newsletter to an item in the list. Beyond that, it is for the good of the country. As long as this guy is in power, it means that every damn issue that's up is going to be filtered through Watergate. Remember, he put the country on a military alert. It's a terribly dangerous way to live for three years. We don't have any illusions that by impeaching Nixon we'll find a shortcut to progressive government. That's not in the cards."

I asked the labor official what he thought would happen on the question of impeaching the President.

"It is always true that in a closely contested issue there are a lot of people who want to wait and see," he said. "It's a mass of fuzz at the moment. It depends on developments. Remember, we're dealing with a guy who has been laid out for dead many times."

I asked the official how he felt that his own constituents—workers—viewed Nixon. His answer said some interesting things about how judgments are formed by "the public." "Our people never cared for Nixon," he said. "The suspicion was always very deep. He played on an element that working people have, that most people have—they don't think it's wrong to be patriotic. He understood that. It's simply astute politics to know your clients. The tragedy of the Democrats is that they didn't know their clients. Nixon used to be a very effective television performer, but more and more, people have gotten inoculated against his devices. And now Nixon stands exposed as a hypocrite. Of *course* most people believe in law and order. But they believe it should apply to everyone."

•

It is the afternoon before Thanksgiving, and the city is quiet. A number of people have already left town. Others are leaving their offices early. This year, people seem to be particularly eager to close up shop and stop thinking about what we have been thinking about.

•

On the news tonight, it is announced that one of the seven tapes is "inaudible" for eighteen minutes. The tape is of the meeting on June 20th, three days after the Watergate break-in, between the President and Haldeman. The White House has said that during the portion that has been obliterated by a "tone" the President and Haldeman were discussing "scheduling."

•

On tonight's news, government officials say that the energy shortage will be greater than has been predicted.

November 22

Thanksgiving, and the tenth anniversary of the assassination of John Kennedy. It is a beautiful day—warm enough to play tennis outdoors.

•

It is reported in the papers that yesterday Gerald Ford, in his confirmation hearings, said he favored Constitutional amendments to permit school prayers, to forbid school busing for racial integration, and to let states decide whether abortions should be permitted.

•

At a press conference yesterday, Kissinger, reminded of his pledge to give out the information justifying the military alert, said, "It's a mistake to assume that everything that is said

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# 10 QUESTIONS THAT WINE EXPERTS ASK EACH OTHER.

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We've set down 10 of the most interesting questions and answers we've heard in our 94 years of making fine wine. Try them on yourself and your friends and see where you come out.

## 1. WHAT DO RABBITS HAVE TO DO WITH THE MAKING OF SHERRY?

In Spain in the 1800's, it was customary to put rabbit carcasses in casks full of sherry in order to enrich the alcohol. Fortunately, for rabbit lovers as well as rabbits, this practice was discontinued around the turn of the 20th Century.

## 2. WHAT IS THE LARGEST WINE BOTTLE COMMERCIALLY AVAILABLE?

The Jeroboam, also known as the double magnum, is the largest bottle of wine available for sale to the public. It contains 5 bottles of wine (a bottle being about 1½ pints). There have been larger bottles of wine sold in the past, but they are no longer in general distribution. They are the Rehoboam, 6 bottles; Methuselah, 8 bottles; Salmanezar, 12 bottles; Balthazar, 16 bottles; and last but not least, the Nebuchadnezzar, containing 20 bottles of wine.

## 3. WHAT IS A "FORMAL MESS"?

During the reign of the British Empire, an affair at which military officers gathered together in formal dress for the sole purpose of toasting was called a "formal mess." Each man had a bottle of wine before him. One officer would rise and say, "I propose a toast to the Queen of England. Gentlemen, charge your glasses." Everyone stood up, charged his glass, put away another glass of wine, and sat down. This procedure continued on down through the hierarchy of the entire British Empire. By the time they came to the Governor of Rhodesia the wine was gone.

And so were the officers.

## 4. HOW DID COLORED WINE GLASSES COME INTO USE?

Wine glasses tinted red, blue and green were introduced in the Victorian age in order to mask the large amount of sediment present in wines at that time. Better bottling techniques have been developed since then, and tinted glasses have become a thing of the past.

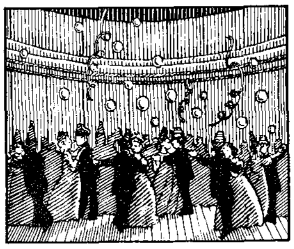
## 5. WHO INVENTED CHAMPAGNE?

When Dom Perignon first tasted his luscious creation in 1705, he said, "Come quickly, I am drinking stars." He is also credited with the invention of the cork.

## 6. WHAT WAS THE BIGGEST PARTY EVER THROWN IN A WINE VAT?

Back in 1897, Italian Swiss Colony of Asti, California decided they needed a wine vat.

Since they were already a very big winery, they didn't mess around. They built a vat capable of holding 500,000 gallons of wine, which was at that time the world's largest wine vat, underground or not. In order to celebrate the event, they threw a party in the vat. It was large enough to hold a 15 piece military band, and 100 couples who danced and drank for 2 days and 3 nights.



## 7. IS IT TRUE THAT THE BIGGER THE BOTTLE, THE BETTER THE WINE?

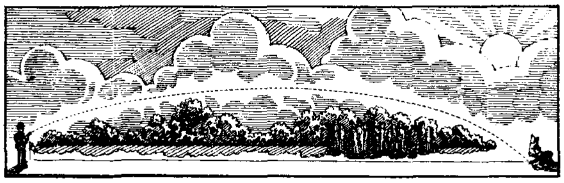
It doesn't make a bit of difference with Champagne. But with a claret, burgundy, or port, the wine will age more slowly in a larger bottle, the end result of which is a fuller-bodied wine.

## 8. WHAT IS THE VALUE OF 1 ACRE OF LAND IN THE NAPA VALLEY?

The Napa Valley is one of the finest wine producing areas in the world, often compared to the Bordeaux region of France. To buy 1 acre of grape producing land there could cost you as much as $10,000.

## 9. WHAT IS THE WORLD'S DISTANCE RECORD FOR A CHAMPAGNE CORK?

According to the 1973 edition of the Guinness Book of Records, the longest distance for a champagne cork to fly is 73 feet 10½ inches, popped by A. D. Beaty at Hever, Kent, England, on July 20, 1971.



## 10. WHAT WAS THE HIGHEST RECORDED PRICE EVER PAID FOR AN AMERICAN WINE?

The price was $5,000 and the wine was a 12 bottle mixed case of Inglenook Cabernet Sauvignon and Pinot Noir produced between 1887 and 1900, and sold at auction in 1971. This should come as no surprise, since this is an ad for Inglenook. What is surprising is that we make these same wines today as if we were still in the 19th Century.

For instance, our wine cellar in the Napa Valley probably could have been replaced long ago with an easier-to-maintain structure. But its 3 foot thick stone walls keep our wine at a perfect 56° year around. And our 200 year old German wine barrels could probably be replaced with more modern steel vats. But the Black Forest oak has a mellowing effect on our wine that we couldn't get any other way.

In addition, we still produce estate bottled wine at Inglenook, which is about as practical as making Tiffany shades these days.

But growing, crushing and fermenting our grapes right there where we can keep our eyes on them, gives us the control necessary to produce a great wine year after year.

That's the way they do it in Europe. And that's the way we do it at Inglenook.

That way, a case of 1968 Inglenook Estate Bottled Wine will be worth a small fortune another hundred years from now.

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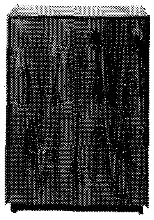


Every busy person needs one. A place where you can organize things, and know they'll be there when needed.

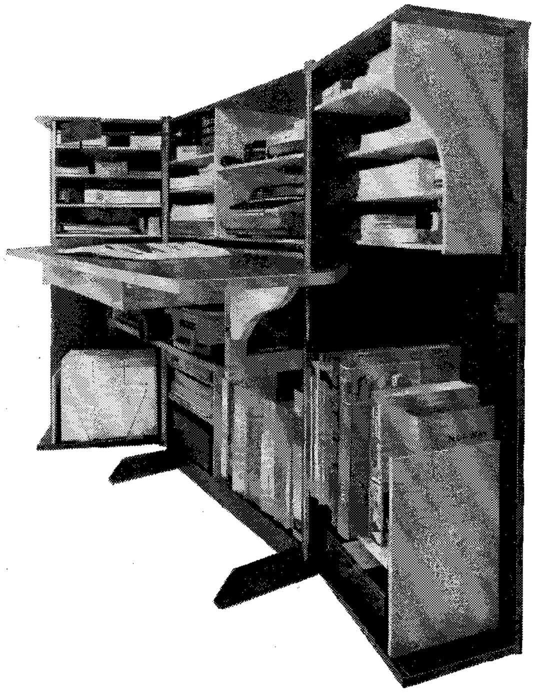
Handcrafted in Norway, The Organizer is designed to help you get more work done in less space. And it fits beautifully into your living room, den, bedroom, or wherever you like to work.

Closed, The Organizer is a handsome cabinet just 32"W x 45"H x 21"D. But open it, and you'll find everything you need to get down to business. Including a folding glide away desk. 19 adjustable shelves to store all your papers and books. Separate vertical file. Compartmented center drawer. Built-in lamp. Even a lock and key. All in a space just 64"W x 30"D.

The Organizer saves you money as well as space. Because you buy direct from the importer. Choose from three dramatically grained woods: Teak or Walnut ($395), and Rosewood ($445). It's usually tax-deductible. And comes with a 30-day, money-back guarantee.

Come in and see the Organizer. Send check, or charge to Master Charge, BankAmericard, Amer. Exp., or Diners Club. Or call our order desk (686-7233). We ship anywhere in the U.S. for $25 or less (depending on location). Send for color brochure No. YO318-4. Isn't it time you get organized?

**The Organizer.**



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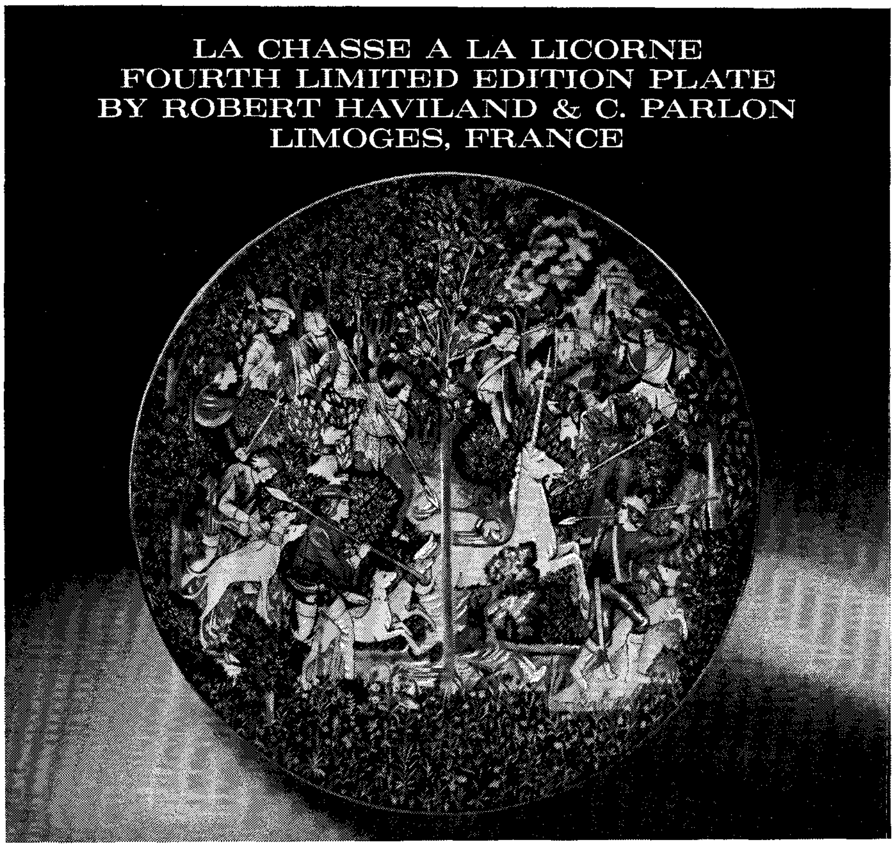

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in a press conference is fully considered."

•

YESTERDAY, a federal judge ruled that the Administration's impoundment of money for education was un-Constitutional. There have been several court tests of the Administration's impoundments. In almost every decision thus far, the Administration's action has been held illegal.

•

ROWLAND EVANS and Robert Novak, the columnists, report that after Jaworski filed his brief in court on November 12th contending that the President could not break the law in the name of national security, he was summoned to the White House and told of a national-security matter that the White House said was so sensitive it should not be divulged. They write that Jaworski decided to proceed with his inquiry into the activities of the plumbers.

•

IN court yesterday, Buzhardt said that "all of the other tapes subpoenaed have been audible throughout." Richard Ben-Veniste said that the tape recording of the conversation between the President and Haldeman had been "partially obliterated." A panel of six scientists has been chosen jointly by the White House and the Watergate prosecutors "to study the authenticity and integrity" of the tapes. Someone has told me a number of interesting things about the scientists. One of the six is the director of the Haskins Laboratories. There is a certain symmetry to this. A few years ago, the Haskins Laboratories invented a machine that can create a human-sounding voice. Another member of the panel was involved in restoring Enrico Caruso records by removing scratches and other obstructive noises. There is some thought that he might be able to restore the voice of Haldeman. Some of this expertise grew out of an interest on the part of the Pentagon in finding ways to stop the Russians from jamming "Voice of America" broadcasts. Now it will be applied to Richard Nixon's tapes.

•

C.B.S. has released a poll showing that more people believe the news media than believe the President.

A Harris poll says forty-three per cent of those polled think that the President should resign. Previous percentages registered in favor of this proposition were thirty-six in October, thirty-one in September, twenty-eight in August, and fourteen last May.

*

THE President has gone to Camp David, where, according to his aides, he will work on the energy crisis.

*

THE Washington *Post* has a summary of "more than three dozen types of crimes that were either committed or proposed in connection with the Watergate scandal." The categories of crimes are: conspiracy; breaking and entering; bribery; perjury and suborning perjury; lying to the F.B.I.; illegal wiretapping; bribing a witness; contempt of court; contempt of Congress; destruction of evidence; campaign-finance violations; blackmail; showing classified documents to an unauthorized person; falsifying government documents; *income-tax violations*; defrauding the United States; embezzlement; extortion; distributing false or unsigned campaign literature; slander; libel; malicious mischief; intercepting mail; flight to avoid prosecution or to avoid testifying in a criminal investigation; theft.

*

TIME for Thanksgiving dinner.

NOVEMBER 23

THIS is a semi-holiday. Many offices are closed, and the city is once more moving at half speed, as it did on the Monday following the firing of Cox. The telephone is quieter than usual. One colleague took his wife for a bicycle ride through Rock Creek Park. Another called, sounding depressed. For some, the quiet, too, is hard to take. The sudden availability of time, the sudden drop in the flow of adrenalin can be difficult.

NOVEMBER 26

ACCORDING to the news, the President's secretary, Rose Mary Woods, will go to court to explain the eighteen-minute gap in the tape. Evans and Novak report that before Special Prosecutor Jaworski informed the court about the gap, White House lawyers "pleaded" with him to delay making the information public. According to Evans and Novak, Fred Buzhardt and Leonard Garment went to Jaworski's office to ask for more time to get their "ducks in a row before shocking the nation once again."

*

A HARRIS poll in today's Washington *Post* says that forty-four per cent of the people believe that the Presi-

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dent has violated the law. A month ago, a survey showed that thirty-nine per cent believed this.

•

THERE are stories in the Washington *Post* today about Robert Vesco, another of the shadowy and elusive figures in this whole affair. Vesco is in the Bahamas, and is fighting extradition to the United States, where he faces charges on a number of matters. Four federal warrants have been issued for Vesco's arrest. Vesco has sought and been granted permanent residence, and immunity from extradition, in Argentina. He has also established a base in Costa Rica, where he is reported by the *Post* to have invested more than sixty million dollars belonging to mutual funds, some of the money going into a company founded by the President of Costa Rica, José Figueres. Costa Rica has refused a United States request to extradite Vesco. It has also been reported that Donald Nixon, Jr., the President's nephew, who is an aide to Vesco, has spent time in Argentina on Vesco's behalf. According to a recent story in the *Times*, Donald Nixon, the President's brother, of whom we have heard in other connections, has said that a lawyer who had done work for Vesco helped his son obtain employment with the financier. The lawyer, Howard Cerny, has said, according to the *Times*, that he also represented both Donald and the President's youngest brother, Edward. The papers point out that Edward Nixon helped to arrange Vesco's secret contribution of two hundred thousand dollars in cash to the President's reëlection campaign. John Mitchell, Maurice Stans, and Vesco have been indicted for trying to obstruct an investigation into Vesco's affairs by the Securities and Exchange Commission. The S.E.C. has brought a two-hundred-and-twenty-four-million-dollar civil-fraud suit against Vesco and forty-one other individuals and corporations. In 1971, Vesco took over control of Investors Overseas Services, a Swiss-based mutual-fund operation, from Bernard Cornfeld, who is in jail. The S.E.C. fraud suit against Vesco is in connection with his handling of the funds of Investors Overseas Services. Vesco and his associates have indicated in interviews that they have information of pertinence to the investigations into Watergate. In an interview with a Costa Rican newspaper last August, Vesco said, "My presence in the United States would aggravate the Watergate case." A close associate of Vesco has said that he and Vesco had a "missing link" to Watergate. The associate has also termed the two-hundred-thousand-dollar contribution an "extortion." The cash contributed by Vesco went into the secret fund in Maurice Stans' safe. The fund financed the espionage-and-sabotage activities against the Democrats. There is a photograph of Robert Vesco in this morning's *Post*. He has a full head of dark hair and a mustache. He is thirty-seven years old.

•

TWO days ago, the Washington *Post* reported that John Caulfield, a private investigator hired by the White House in 1969, told the Ervin-committee staff that the President's brother Donald not only was wiretapped but was apparently under physical surveillance by the Secret Service. At Disney World, the President said that his brother Donald was wiretapped because, among other reasons, someone might have been trying to "get him" in order to "use improper influence," and that whoever that was might have been in a "foreign country."

•

THE stock market dropped twenty-nine points today—the fifth-largest drop in its history.

•

THE President today addressed the Seafarers International Union, which has supported the President. Paul Hall, the union's president, voted against the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s action calling for the impeachment of Mr. Nixon. Tonight, we see the President on television, addressing the union. Rocking back and forth on the podium, he says, "I don't get seasick, however rough the seas are. . . . You don't need to worry about my getting seasick or jumping ship. I am going to stay at that helm until we bring it into port." This week's *Time* reports that the office of the Special Prosecutor is investigating the arrangements by which the Seafarers Union made a contribution of a hundred thousand dollars to the President's reëlection.

•

TODAY, the President turned the seven tapes over to the court.

•

ROSE MARY WOODS explained in court today that the gap was caused by the fact that in the course of transcribing the tape, on October 1st, she received a telephone call, touched the "Recording" button instead of the "Stop" button of the tape recorder by

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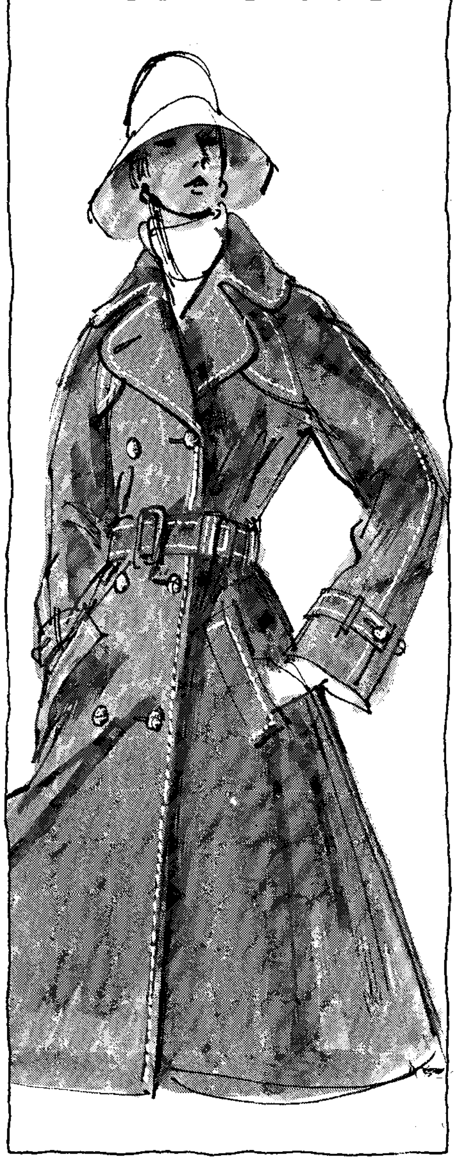

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mistake, and kept her foot on its pedal, thus causing the tape to be erased while she talked. She said, however, that she thought she had been on the telephone for only about five minutes, whereas the gap in the tape lasts for what is now said to be eighteen and a quarter minutes. Miss Woods said that she had not mentioned this during her appearance in court two and a half weeks ago, because she had been "petrified," and because she did not think the tape had been subpoenaed. "All I can say," Miss Woods said to the court, "is that I am most dreadfully sorry." In her testimony yesterday, Miss Woods said that the President had listened to the tape on a Sony machine she used at Camp David. She said, "The President listened to different parts of the tape, pushing the buttons back and forth."

NOVEMBER 27

NOTES written by Haldeman after the June 20th conversation (the one with the gap) and introduced in evidence yesterday say, "What is our counterattack? PR offensive to top this. Hit the opposition w/ their activities. Point out libertarians have created public callousness. Do they justify this less than stealing Pentagon Papers, Anderson file, etc.? We should be on the attack for diversion." Jill Wine Volner, one of the Assistant Special Prosecutors, charged that the notes showed that "the portion obliterated related to Watergate." Leonard Garment objected. Judge Sirica commented that "the exhibit will speak for itself."

•

IN court yesterday, Miss Woods said that when she realized she had erased part of the tape she went in to tell the President "just as soon as I saw his office was empty." Miss Woods said that she told the President she was "terribly embarrassed," and that the President said, "It's too bad, but don't worry about it. That is not one of the subpoenaed tapes." Buzhardt told the court that "it was not until the evening of Wednesday, November 14th" that the President's lawyers realized that the tape of the conversation between Nixon and Haldeman was covered by the subpoena. The White House analysis submitted to the court yesterday said that the hum on the tape "was caused by the depression of a record button during the process of reviewing the tape, possibly while the recorder was in the proximity of an electric typewriter and a high-intensity lamp." In claiming executive privilege on the tape, the White House said that

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the conversation between the President and Haldeman "relates primarily to scheduling and travel." The claim of executive privilege was based on the need to "protect the confidentiality of advice given to the President."

◆

THE President told a group of senators yesterday that he would release his income-tax returns by the end of this week.

◆

THIS afternoon—Tuesday—the Senate is debating an amendment to provide for public financing of elections for the Presidency, the Senate, and the House. The amendment is being offered to a bill to raise and extend the expiration date of the ceiling on the national debt. The current legal debt ceiling expires at midnight on Friday. The Congress regularly extends the debt ceiling for only a few months at a time, and uses the legislation, which is essential for running the government, as a vehicle for attaching amendments on other subjects. The idea is that the debt-ceiling bill is not likely to be vetoed, so the amendments are likely to become law. The amendment for public financing of campaigns is sponsored by a group of senators, including Hugh Scott, the Senate Minority Leader; Edward Kennedy; Walter Mondale, Democrat of Minnesota; Charles Mathias; and Richard Schweiker, Republican of Pennsylvania. For some time, while the senators were busy competing over whose bill to establish public financing of campaigns would be pushed, the reform languished. Finally, a bill combining provisions of the various bills was worked out, and the names of the senators were attached to it in alphabetical order. The idea of public financing of campaigns seemed radical not long ago. The fact that it is now before the Senate, and seems likely to pass, shows how quickly things have changed. Maneuvers by conservative Republicans and Democrats to kill the amendment are failing. In the debate, Mondale says, "The shakedown tactics of the Nixon fund-raisers have shown many businessmen what can happen when the present system is pushed to its outer limits. It becomes simple extortion, the collection of protection money."

◆

IN a small, dark, musty room off the Senate floor where senators come from the floor to meet reporters, I ask a Republican senator, a moderate, how things stand with the Republican senators and the President.

"Everyone is sort of at the head-

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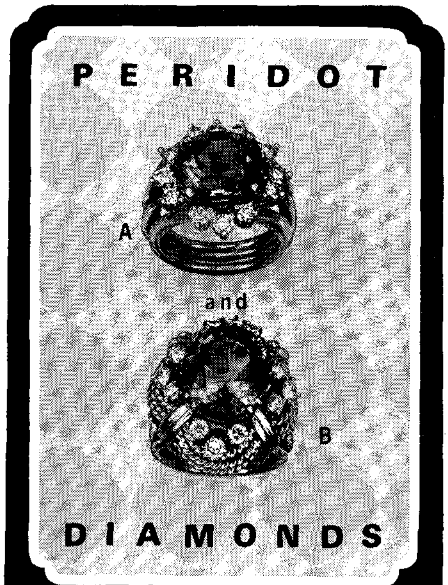

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shaking stage," he says. This morning, an emissary of the President had breakfast with the Republican senator, and asked him what message he would like to send the President. "I said, 'Hell, none,' " says the senator. " 'I don't have anything to tell him, and he wouldn't listen.' " He continues, "I think that's how a lot of people feel. It's got to the ridicule stage. In politics, criticism is a healthy stage. Ridicule and sarcasm are the unhealthy stage. That's where it is now, even among serious people. The two missing tapes probably took it to that stage. The White House meetings didn't do him any good." The senator says that his colleagues have been talking with each other about this week's Harris poll showing that forty-four per cent of the people think that the President violated the law. "You hear senators all giving their opinions about what he has to do to get out of trouble," he says. "They aren't talking about what *we've* got to do to get him out of trouble. They look at it like spectators. Most people don't think he'll get out of it—some because they think he's not necessarily innocent, and some because they think he's not adroit enough. You know, one of the things in human nature is that there is an almost inevitable wave of sympathy that builds up. Anyone who has as much power as he has with the press and television, with as much power to manipulate the press, has every chance to build the sympathy backlash. The President hasn't been able to do it. Then we voted that piece of legislation on energy the other day which gave him almost total power."

I asked him why the Senate had done that.

"We didn't want to deal with it—couldn't. Also, it's a nice hot potato to pass to him. He won't be able to manage it."

•

AT three-forty-eight, the Senate begins its consideration of the nomination of Gerald Ford to be Vice-President of the United States. It has reserved one hour for the occasion. The voting on the public-financing amendment is temporarily suspended. Most of the senators depart. There is some question about what the Senate is to do with this hour, since the confirmation is a foregone conclusion. There is nothing to "debate."

Edward Brooke says, "This is an historic occasion." I had expected more of this kind of talk. But the senators do not seem to have it in them to try to infuse history or majesty into the occasion. They seem tired and distracted. They are treating this as a routine necessity. It is difficult to infuse drama into an occasion if there is no drama available to infuse. But behind that quiet scene down there on the Senate floor an invisible, and very great, drama may be taking place. There are some references—oblique, fleeting—to the fact that the senators may be confirming someone who will succeed the President before the President's term has expired. They seem to be aware that in confirming Ford they may be taking a step toward driving the President from office. They cannot say this, of course. But in some of their comments the senators indicate what may really be going on.

Brooke praises Ford highly. Brooke has called for the President's resignation. He says that Ford "is well qualified for the Vice-Presidency and, if necessary, the Presidency." He goes on to say, "Jerry Ford is a man who gives me hope." Some of the speeches sound like nominating speeches at a political convention. But the senators' confusion is understandable. The Senate has never had to do this before.

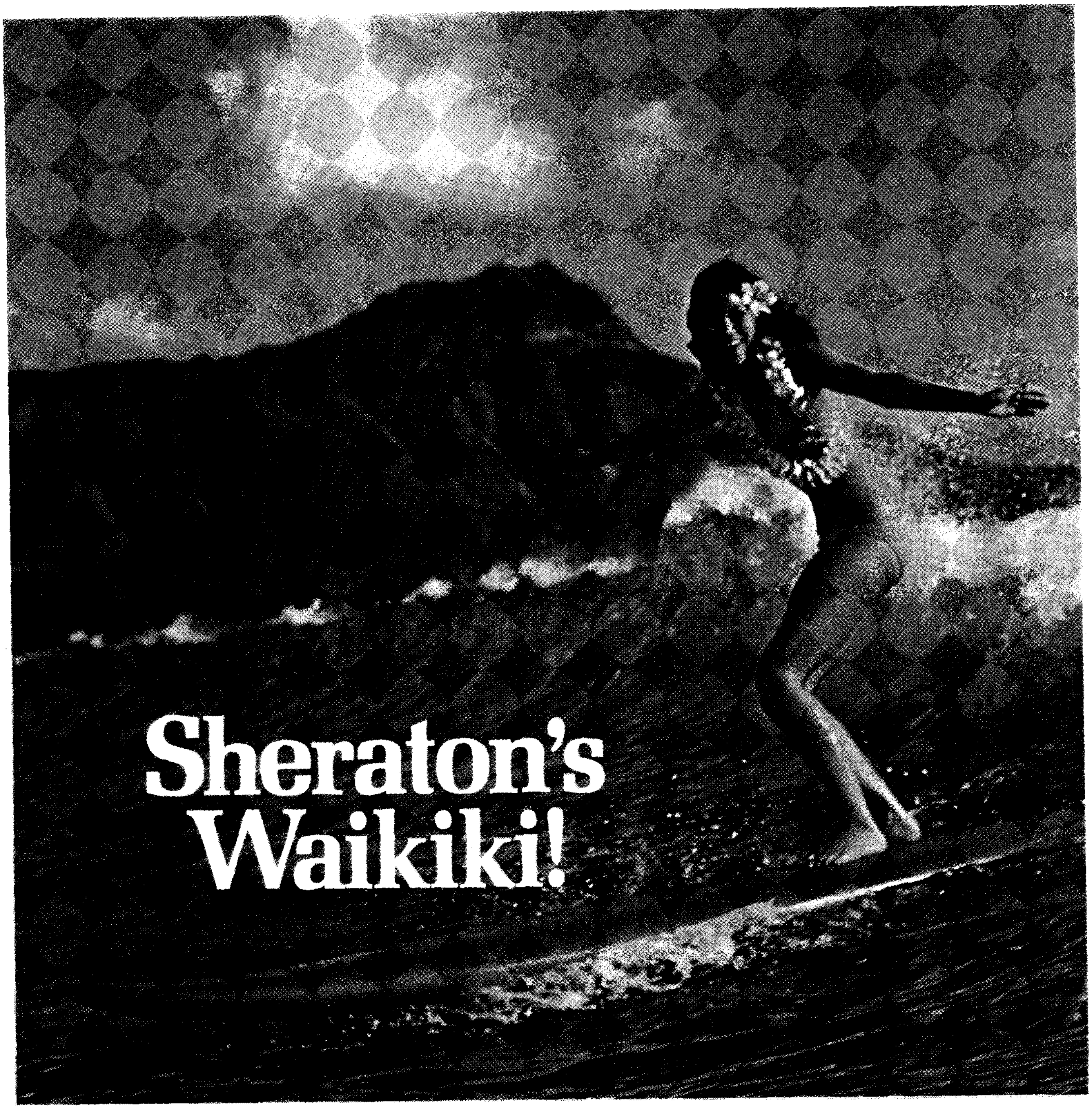
Charles Percy, who is interested in running for President in 1976, says, "Many of us are under no illusion that we are advising and consenting to . . . a name that will go down in the annals of history like such great former Vice-Presidents as John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, John C. Calhoun, and Theodore Roosevelt. . . . I believe that Jerry Ford would be the first to say that though he probably would not yet be classified as one of the potential great Vice-Presidents, he nonetheless will strive to achieve this stature."

"There is a certain exhilaration," says Carl Curtis, Republican of Nebraska. There isn't, but Curtis is trying. "Is Congressman Gerald Ford of Presidential calibre," asks Curtis. He replies, "I can answer, with unequivocal and positive enthusiasm, yes."

At four-thirty, there seem to be no more speakers available. It is time for the roll to be called, and the senators return to cast their votes. The only senators who vote against the nomination are three Democrats: Thomas Eagleton, of Missouri; William Hathaway, of Maine; and Gaylord Nelson, of Wisconsin. The vote is ninety-two to three for Gerald Ford to be Vice-President of the United States.

NOVEMBER 28

THE new required subject, in this year in which there has been much to learn, is the operation of tape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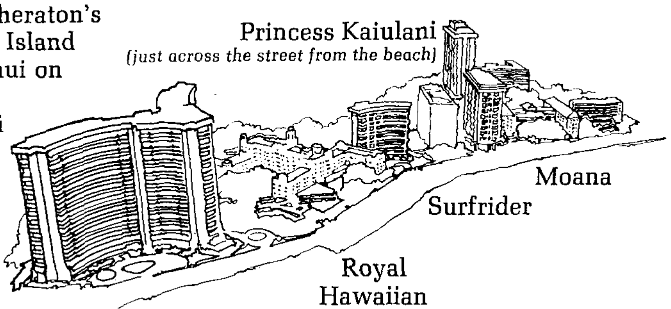
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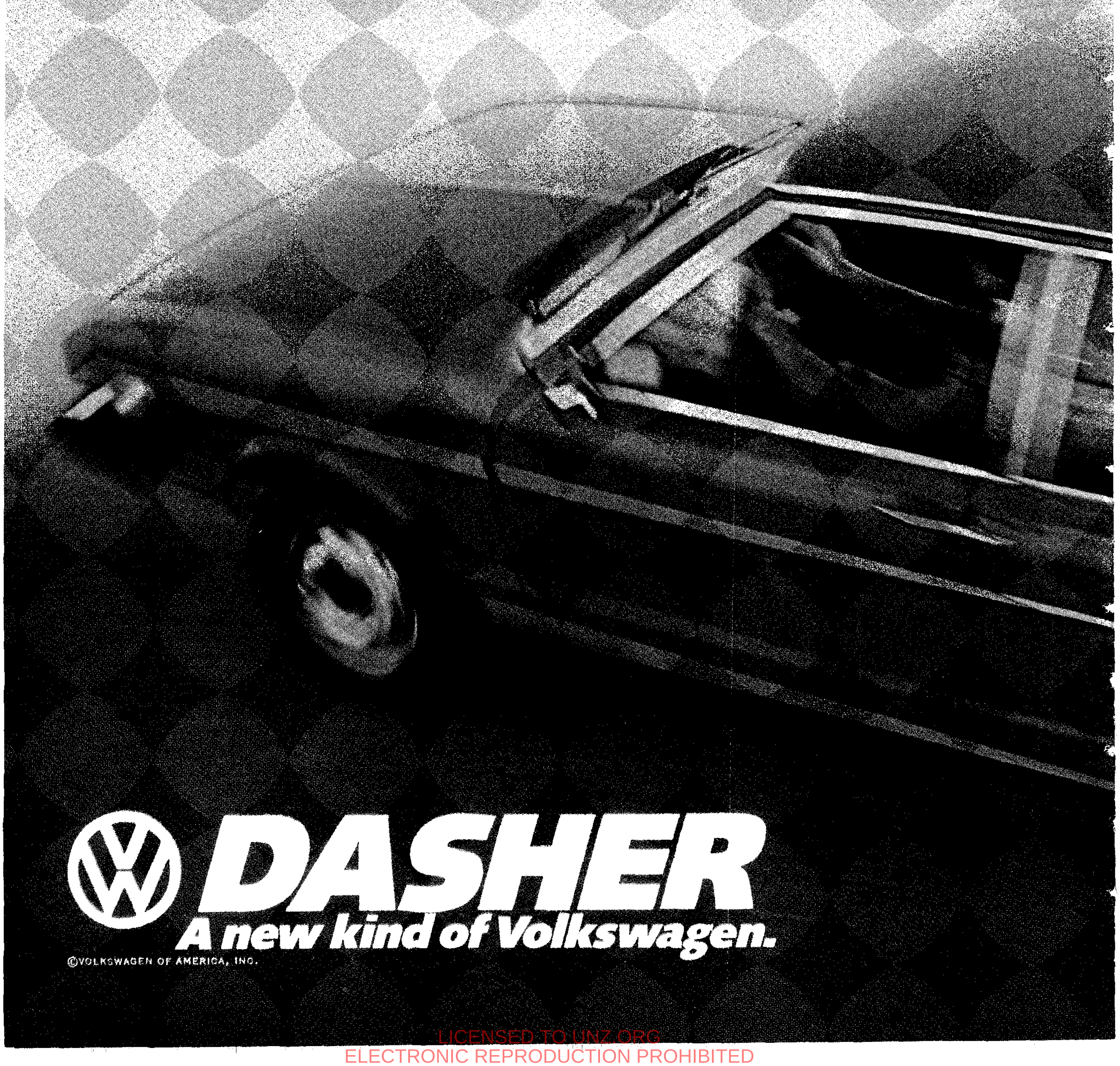

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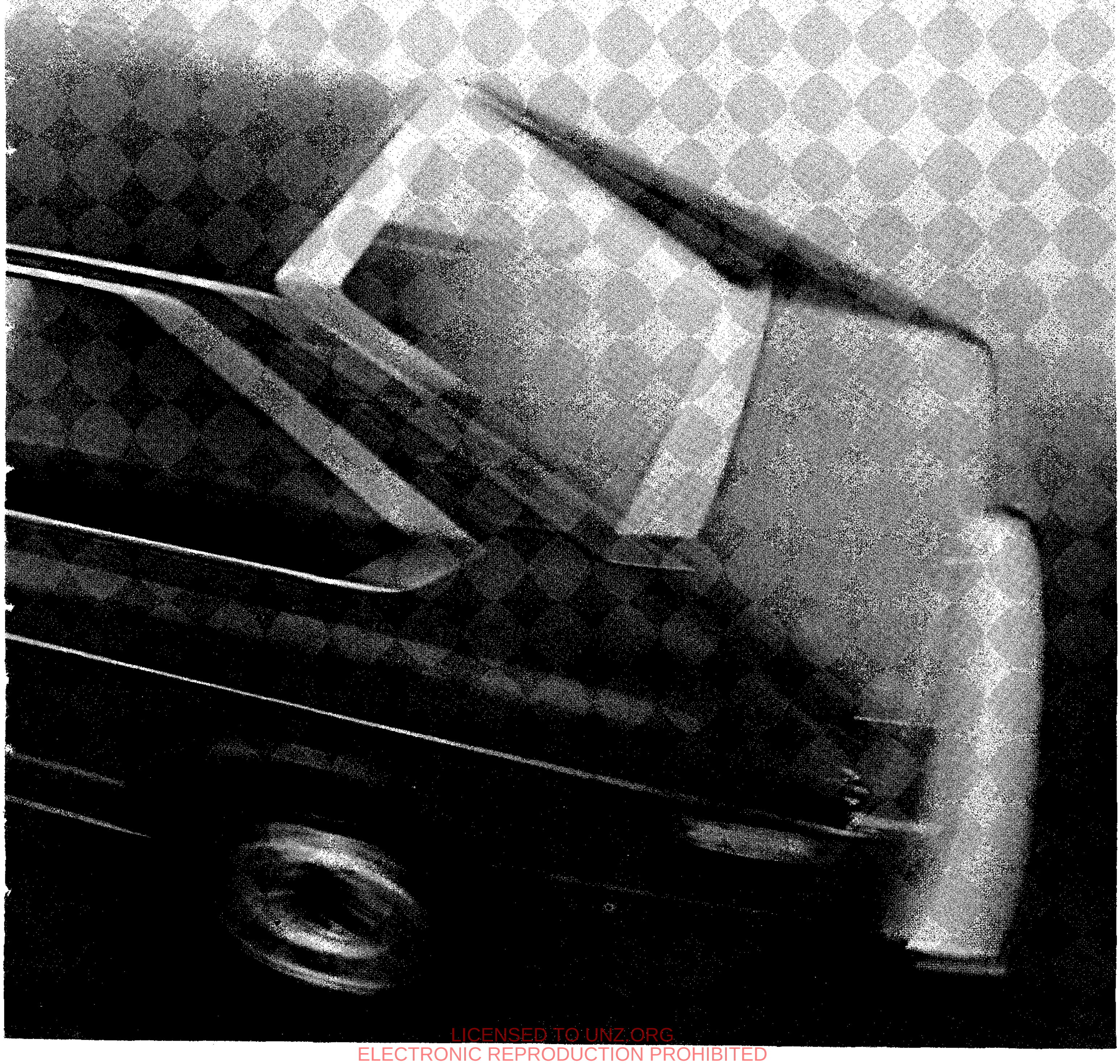

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recorders. Last night, television newsmen went through some contortions to demonstrate what Miss Woods said had happened while she was playing the tape and answering the phone. We were shown how to keep a foot on a pedal, take off earphones, push a "Recording" button, and answer a phone, all at about the same time. Electronics experts were interviewed on television. When Miss Woods demonstrated in court yesterday what is now becoming known as "the Rose Mary stretch," she took her foot off the pedal.

•

GREAT scandals are often remembered for their symbols. Deep freezes, vicuña coats. By now, one legacy of Watergate is an abundance of symbols. And even the symbols changed on us sometimes. A red—later brunette—wig. Suitcases stuffed with money. The money symbol used to be hundred-dollar bills, but then, like Watergate itself, the money symbol swelled: a hundred thousand dollars. Mexican lanterns and Mexican laundries. And now we have come to tapes and recorders and tape gaps. Great Constitutional issues reduced to a hum. And even the hum got longer.

•

LAST night, the Senate, by a vote of fifty-seven to thirty-four, approved the amendment to provide public financing of federal campaigns. This morning, I asked a senator why it had passed so easily. "No one wanted to vote for 'corruption,' " he said.

•

IN another act of "Rashomon," Richardson has released to the press two documents to support his version of the story of the firing of Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox.

•

THE Ervin committee announced suspension of its hearings, and Senator Baker said that they may never be resumed.

•

LEON JAWORSKI will pursue the I.T.T. question.

•

ON the evening news, Buzhardt, coming out of court, says, as he has just told the court, that there are more gaps in the tapes. He tells reporters, "It's nothing to get excited about."

NOVEMBER 29

IN court today, Buzhardt said that there was "no innocent explanation" for the eighteen-and-a-quarter-minute erasure.

•

THERE are press reports that the President will get a new team of lawyers.

•

DWIGHT CHAPIN, thirty-two, former appointments secretary to the President, was indicted today for lying to the Watergate grand jury about his association with Donald Segretti.

•

TODAY, Ron Ziegler attacked the Special Prosecutor's staff as having "an ingrained suspicion and visceral dislike for this President and this Administration." Ziegler said that Jaworski was exempted from his remarks. Ziegler also said today that the President's current lawyers had made "some mistakes" and might be replaced. Buzhardt, asked about this by reporters at the courthouse, said, "I've never pretended I was perfect."

NOVEMBER 30

TODAY'S Washington *Post* reports that Laird met with reporters at the White House yesterday and said that he does not believe that as of now there is a "great desire" in the House to impeach the President. This cannot be very reassuring to the President. And Laird knows that these things are matters of momentum. What members of the House say now about how they would vote on impeachment is not very significant. What is significant is the chain of events that will precede their having to cast the vote. Moreover, the House Judiciary Committee will have made its study and recommendations. If it recommends impeachment, House members will have to cast a vote for or against impeachment on specified grounds. Then the question will not be as theoretical as it now seems. Representative John Rhodes, Republican of Arizona, who will replace Ford as House Minority Leader, said earlier this week that it was "quite possible" that the House committee would approve a resolution of impeachment. Laird has confirmed earlier reports that he will leave the White House short-

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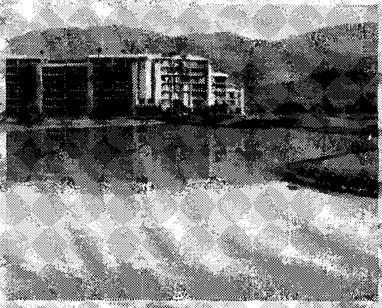

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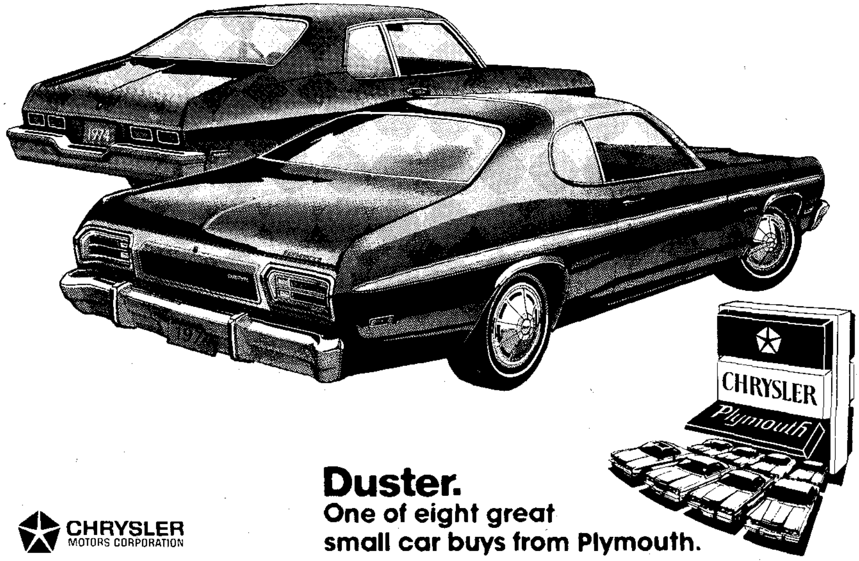

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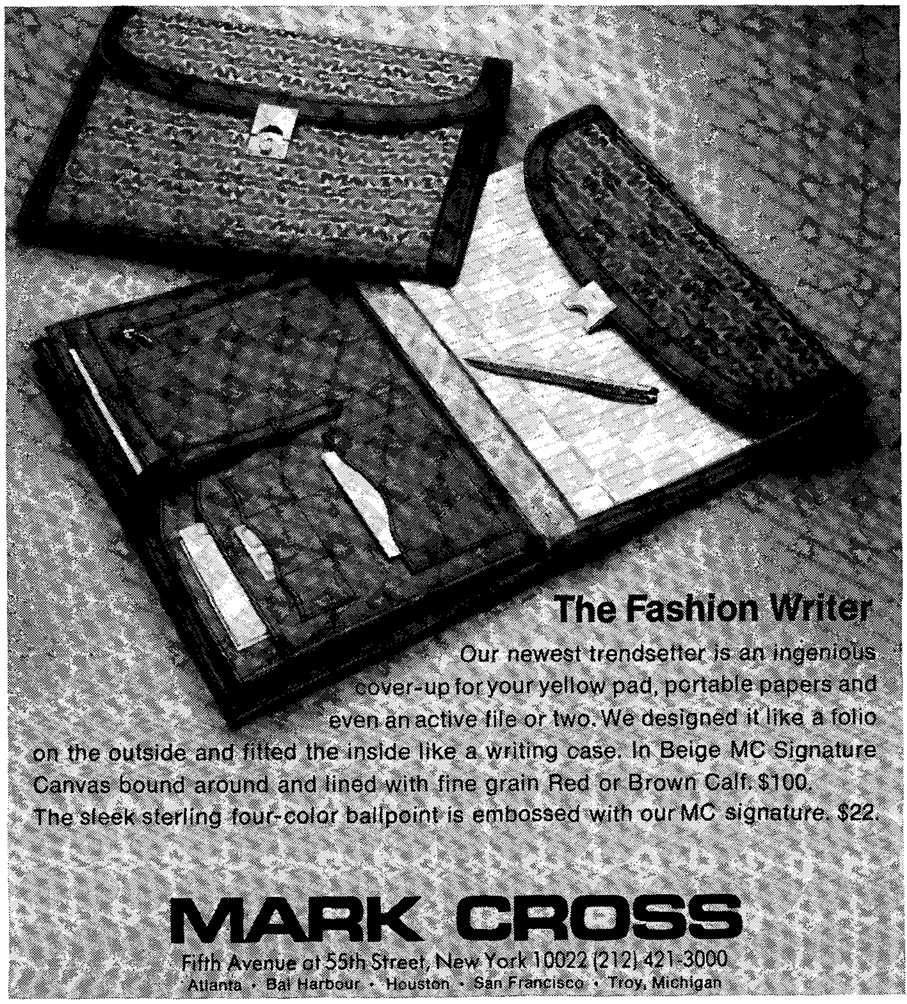
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ly. He says that he will depart after Ford becomes Vice-President, because then Ford can assume Laird's responsibilities. Bryce Harlow is also said to be planning to leave the White House soon.

•

YESTERDAY, Hugh Scott, the Senate Minority Leader, said in an interview, "I've had a terribly difficult job trying to strike a balance as a Party leader and at the same time trying to hold the confidence of people that I'm telling the truth. . . . I've never been more uncomfortable." Scott said that the President must make "a complete, all-out disclosure," and continued, "I think that promise of candor is fine, but actual, complete candor is essential."

•

RON ZIEGLER said yesterday that next week the White House would make public "a full report" on the President's finances. The statements, said Ziegler, would clear up "all questions" about the President's personal finances.

DECEMBER 1

EGIL KROGH pleaded guilty yesterday to conspiracy to violate the civil rights of Ellsberg's psychiatrist, and promised to make a "full and truthful disclosure" of what he knows about the incident. Krogh said, "I simply feel that what was done in the Ellsberg operation was in violation of what I perceive to be a fundamental idea in the character of this country—the paramount rights of the individual." The plan is that Krogh will be sentenced in January and then will cooperate with the prosecutors. He said he had sought this arrangement in order to "avoid any possible suggestion that I am seeking leniency through testifying."

•

UNDER ordinary circumstances, all grand juries expire within eighteen months. At the request of the Justice Department, the Congress, in what may be an unprecedented action, passed a bill extending the life of the Watergate grand jury for another year. Yesterday, the President signed the bill.

•

THE President is at the White House this weekend. Gerald Warren said, "The President will do everything he can to conserve energy and set an example for the nation." Last week, the *Star-News* reported that the President had spent only four of the forty-four weekends of his second term at the White House.

•

THE Senate is meeting today—Saturday—because Senator James Allen, Democrat of Alabama, is filibustering the debt-ceiling bill. He objects to the amendment authorizing public financing of Presidential campaigns. The sections providing for public financing of Senate and House elections have already been stripped from the bill, because the House members objected. House members gave high-minded reasons for their objections, but the reason they give among themselves is that public financing of campaigns would guarantee financing of challengers. The advantages of those candidates in office over those not in office are impressive. There is the franking privilege, giving members of Congress an average of seventy thousand dollars in free mailings each year. Last week, Common Cause released a study showing that incumbents in the House and the Senate were able with striking regularity to raise about twice as much campaign money as could their challengers. This was true of Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives. The figures released by Common Cause also showed that special economic groups—banking, business, labor, farm interests, physicians, and so on—contributed almost three times as much to incumbents as they did to challengers.

The White House, too, opposes the public-financing provisions. One would think that it had enough on its mind, but it is still fighting its fights in the Congress.

In any event, the manner in which the public-financing amendment was added to a bill on another matter may not be the best way to proceed to make such a fundamental change.

•

ON tonight's news, it is reported that the President is planning to announce that he and Mrs. Nixon will give their San Clemente estate to the American people when they die.

DECEMBER 2

LAST week, Ron Ziegler said to a White House reporter, "Don't they realize what they're doing to our institutions?"

"Who's 'they,' Ron?" the reporter asked.

"Those people on Capitol Hill," said

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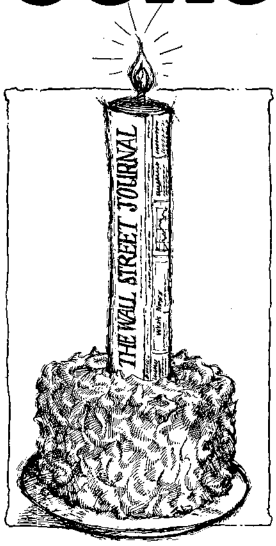

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Ziegler. "How will they feel in 1978, when the Republicans and Southern Democrats impeach a Democratic President?"

•

THERE is to be another shakeup of the group that advises the President on energy policy. It is the fourth such reorganization this year. Now former Governor John Love, of Colorado, is out, and will be replaced by William Simon, who is Deputy Secretary of the Treasury. Simon is said to be opposed to rationing, and in favor of dealing with the shortage by letting the prices of oil and gas rise. He is said to believe that if the price of gasoline rises sufficiently consumption will drop. The move is interpreted as a victory for Secretary of the Treasury George Shultz, who is philosophically opposed to controls.

Jack Anderson reports that the figures on campaign contributions show that oil and gas interests contributed at least five million dollars to the reëlection of the President. Anderson reports that "major stockholders, directors, and officers" of Exxon contributed four hundred and forty-two thousand dollars. Anderson also reports that Exxon's profits for the first three quarters of 1973 were one billion six hundred million dollars—an increase of fifty-nine per cent over 1972. Anderson may be reaching to make connections between some of the contributors and the oil companies, but his basic point seems documented well enough. Anderson notes that executives of Gulf, Ashland, and Phillips have admitted to making illegal contributions of a hundred thousand dollars to the Nixon reëlection campaign. He reports that Gulf "laundered" its money through a Bahamas subsidiary, and that Ashland routed its payment, in hundred-dollar bills, through Africa.

DECEMBER 3

THE Senate, meeting in Sunday session yesterday, failed to cut off the filibuster against public financing of Presidential campaigns. Senator Allen was assisted in the filibuster by Robert Griffin, of Michigan, the Republican Whip. Two Republican senators were flown back on a government plane from Oklahoma, where they were on a quail hunt, so that they could vote against ending the filibuster. The White House hinted strongly that the bill would be vetoed. Senator Wallace Bennett, Republican of Utah, opened yesterday's session with a prayer asking forgiveness for meeting on the Sabbath.

•

A CONGRESSIONALLY commissioned study by Louis Harris shows that Americans place more confidence in garbage collectors than in—in declining order—the police, the press, church, business, Congress, or the White House.

•

ON the evening news, it is reported that General Motors will lay off a hundred and thirty-seven thousand workers before Christmas, because of the energy shortage.

DECEMBER 4

ON the television news tonight, the President introduced William Simon, his new energy "czar." The President's delivery was wooden, and fatigue showed in his face. Simon told reporters today that he and the President did not believe that the profits of oil companies were too high. He said he and the President believed that high profits, "properly reinvested," were the best way to solve the problems. Truck drivers, protesting the lower speed limits and higher fuel costs, are blocking interstate highways.

•

IN court, it was learned today that Haldeman still gives instructions to the White House staff. An aide, Lawrence Higby, told of being asked in November by Haldeman to obtain Haldeman's notes of the June 20th meeting—the one recorded on the tape in which there is that gap—and to read them to him before giving them to anyone else at the White House. Higby said that after he read the notes of the meeting to Haldeman, Haldeman said, "That's not a problem."

•

TONIGHT, someone tells me that Leonard Garment will be leaving the White House before long.

DECEMBER 5

IN the Washington *Post* this morning, it is reported that "President Nixon and his lawyers have given skeptical Republican congressmen an account of his personal finances that substantially contradicts previous Presidential statements." The President is reported to have stayed at the meeting for only ten minutes and then left his tax attorneys to answer questions, in what one congressman called "a frank and

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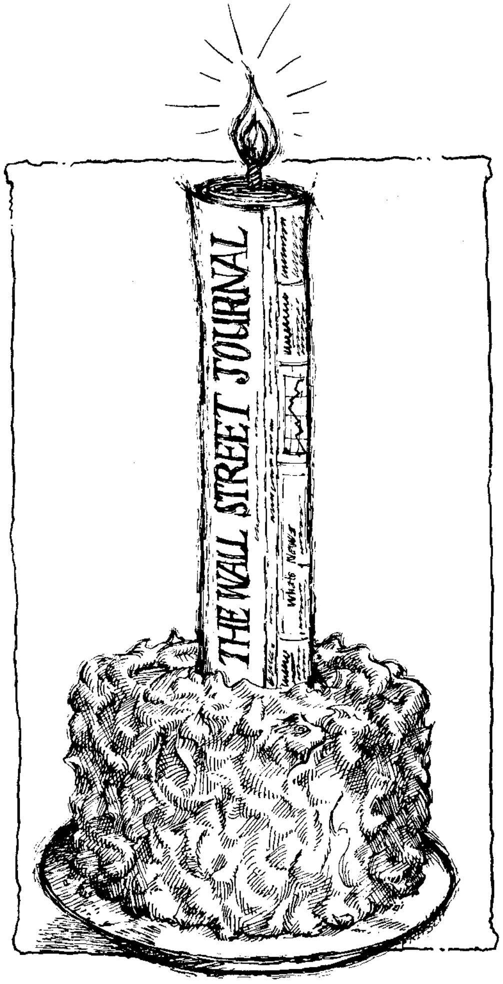

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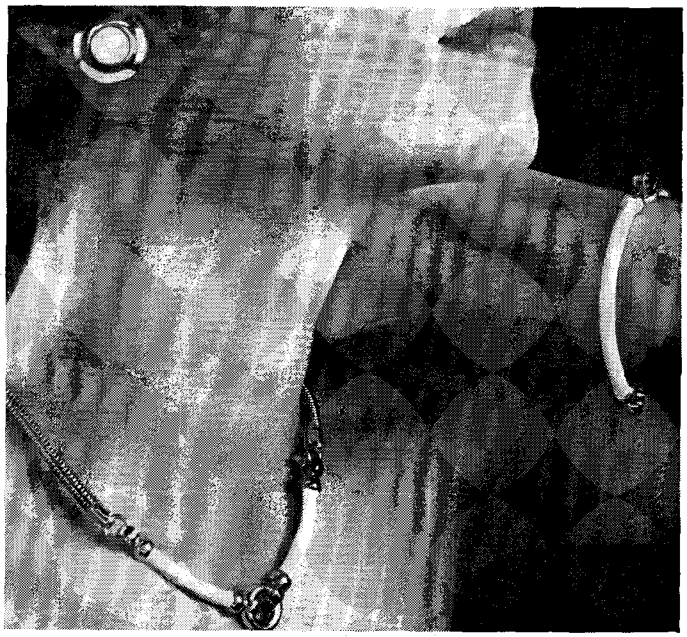

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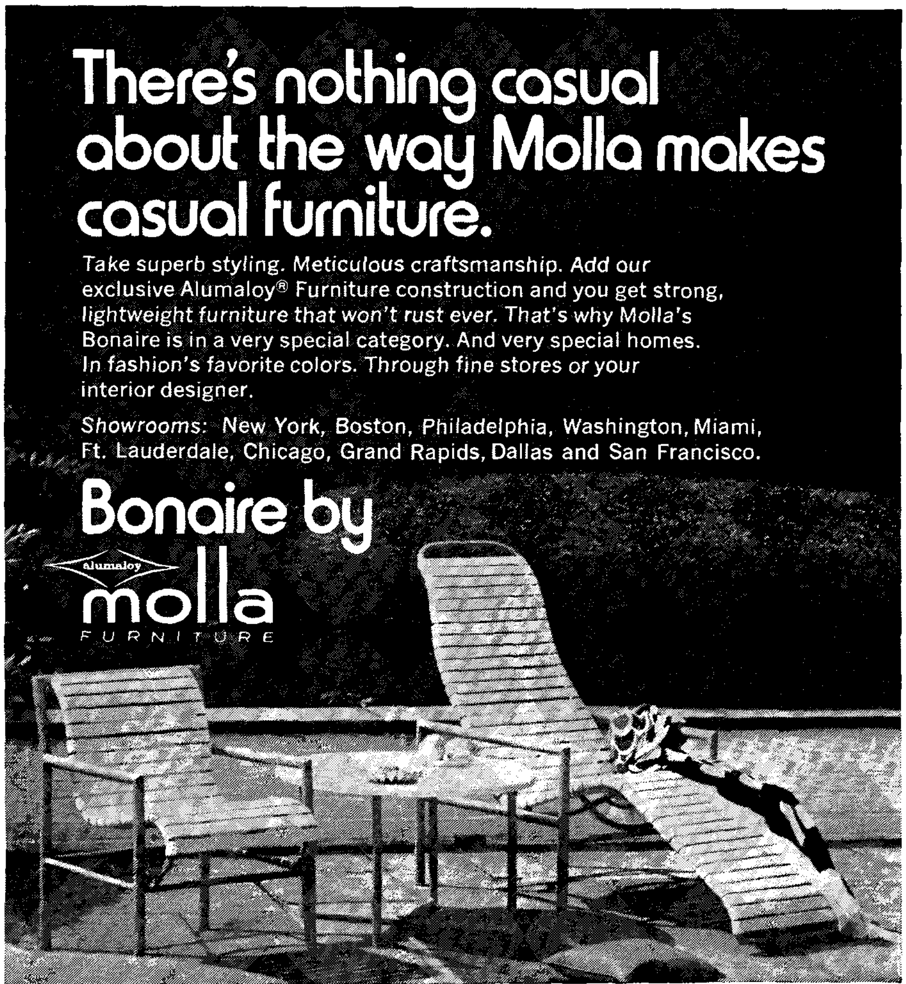

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free session that included more than a little profanity." The President's net worth is reported to have more than tripled since he became President, rising from about three hundred thousand dollars to about nine hundred and eighty-eight thousand dollars. It turns out, according to the report in the *Post*, that the President has two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in certificates of deposit at Rebozo's bank. An officer of Rebozo's bank has said that the President purchased a hundred-thousand-dollar certificate of deposit soon after he sold his New York apartment, in 1968, and has had it ever since. In his statement at Disney World, the President, in addition to saying that he "put everything into real estate," said he had a hundred thousand dollars "coming to me from the law firm."

•

YESTERDAY, a lawyer for Howard Hughes opened a briefcase and dumped a hundred thousand dollars in hundred-dollar bills before startled members of the Ervin committee, meeting in executive session. Said the lawyer, Chester Davis, "Here's the goddam money." Davis said it was the same money that had been sent from Hughes to Rebozo and had been said by Rebozo and Mr. Nixon to have been kept by Rebozo and then returned to Hughes. Senator Ervin said there is "very little doubt" that Mr. Rebozo will be called to testify.

•

RON ZIEGLER said yesterday that more information would be released and would "clear up" any questions about the President's finances, and he said that the White House objected to the "piecemeal disclosure" on the subject. The White House has been making most of the disclosures.

•

THE President has proposed that the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation, headed by Wilbur Mills, decide whether the President acted properly in taking an income-tax deduction of five hundred and seventy thousand dollars for donating his Vice-Presidential papers to the government. The committee is reported to have agreed. There is some question as to the authority of this or any congressional committee to make such a finding.

•

SENATOR STENNIS has told Woodward and Bernstein that he had "no idea" that the White House wanted him to authenticate a transcript of the tapes to be given to the court. He has said that he thought he was authenticating the transcript simply for the Ervin committee. Woodward and Bernstein write that Stennis also understood that he was to authenticate a verbatim transcript of the tapes—not, as the White House announced, a summary.

•

AFTER lunch, I encountered a reporter talking with a former official of the Nixon Administration. "We were just discussing who Jerry Ford will pick as his Vice-President," the reporter said.

•

TODAY, Senator Jacob Javits, Republican of New York, said that, now that Gerald Ford's swearing-in as Vice-President is imminent—it is to take place tomorrow—the possibility of the President's resignation will "properly come to the front, and I and others will have to give every thoughtful consideration to that possibility."

•

THE truckers are still blocking the highways. In some states, National Guardsmen and state police have been called out.

DECEMBER 6

SHORTLY after five-thirty, the swearing-in, in the House chamber, of Gerald Ford as Vice-President of the United States is on national television. Earlier this afternoon, his nomination was confirmed by the House by a vote of three hundred and eighty-seven to thirty-five. The swearing-in is a strange occasion—improvised. Once more, there is no precedent. It is not taking place outdoors, where Inaugurations are held, or in the East Room, where the President announced Ford's nomination. Albert and Eastland, who until now have been first and second in line for the Presidency, sit on the rostrum. An American flag is draped above their heads, and on the wall above that there is carved, in marble, the words "In God We Trust." Mrs. Nixon and Rose Mary Woods are in the gallery, both wearing red suits. General Haig is next to Mrs. Nixon. As Mr. Nixon and Mr. Ford enter, it is not clear whom the congressmen are applauding for. The applause seems full but not exuberant. The members of Congress seem to be relieved that they have got through this passage without disaster. The President is beaming.

As Ford takes the oath of office,

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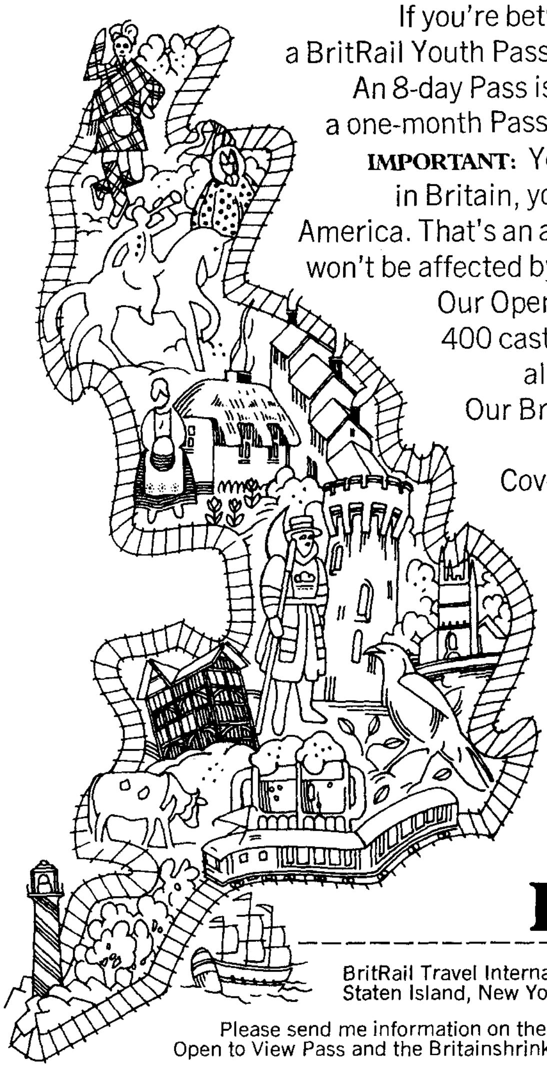

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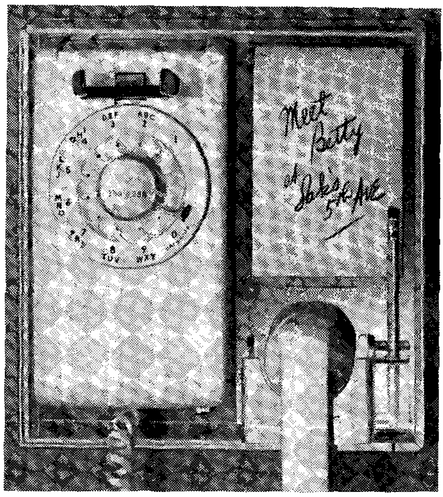

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Mr. Nixon hovers close, within camera range, as if now drawing on Ford's reflected glory. Nixon is remarkable. He presents a seamless professional exterior. There he is, with all that he has endured, all the damage that he has suffered, looking well and carrying out with total aplomb this ceremony that may be his undoing. As Chief Justice Burger administers the oath to Ford, Ford's wife, in a red dress, looks moved, and then Ford gives a little speech. It is a sort of combination Convention acceptance speech and Inaugural Address. He thanks the Chief Justice for swearing him in and the Supreme Court for attending. "You have my support and loyalty," he tells the President. Ford praises the separation of powers and the two-party system and the members of Congress, who he says are "Americans who love their country, Americans who work and sacrifice for their country and their children," and he promises to uphold the Constitution and to "do the very best I can for America." He asks for our prayers. And then it is over. Albert and Ford wave to the room. Albert looks overjoyed. Like other ceremonies, happy or sad, the purpose of this ceremony was to depersonalize. It was an occasion of state, meant to sweep away personalities, misgivings, politics. There is a special lift to ceremonies that mark beginnings. The thing whose beginning is being celebrated may, miraculously, escape the common fate. These people on the screen are involved in the roughest and most desperate maneuvers, and what we see is a smooth ceremonial occasion. It is not a human transaction. Sometimes we need ceremonies, but they should not be confused with reality.

•

ON tonight's news there are pictures of Ford receiving a briefing at the State Department. According to the reporters, Kissinger said to Ford, "I want to pose with you. After tonight, you'll outrank me." Representative Clarence Long, Democrat of Maryland, says that Ford votes "wrong most of the time, but he's decently wrong."

•

THE stock market has gone up twenty-six points.

•

THE court hearings on the tapes and their gaps and their nonexistences are over. Today, General Haig said in court that perhaps "some sinister force" erased Haldeman's conversation with the President. That makes as much sense as anything else.

•

SPIRO AGNEW was out of town today.

December 7

IT'S starting again. The radio announces that the Chicago *Daily News* and the Chicago *Sun-Times* have called for the House Judiciary Committee to proceed with the impeachment investigation.

•

TONIGHT'S news programs focus on the Vice-President's first day on the job. It is reported that he was up late last night "celebrating" with a thousand friends. Bronze, silver, and gold-on-silver medals were made to commemorate his swearing-in. There are pictures of the President and the Vice-President sitting at the White House, smiling, conferring. In a press conference, Ford says that "the President has no intention whatsoever of resigning . . . and I don't think he should resign."

December 9

WHAT comes through the myriad details of the President's tax-returns—published in today's papers—is a cumulative impression: the imaginative and controversial deductions, including the one for the Vice-Presidential papers; the minimal tax payments ($792.81 in 1970, $873.03 in 1971, $4,298.17 in 1972); the charitable contributions up to, but no more than, the deductible amount. In a statement, the President said his gift of San Clemente to the nation would help the American people "maintain a truly national perspective for the Presidency." A White House spokesman, briefing reporters, said, "The people who dealt with the President's tax returns dealt with them without talking to the President."

•

SEYMOUR HERSH reports in the *Times* that the plumbers' code names Special Project M-1 and Project Odessa are both believed by federal investigators to stand for the Ellsberg break-in. He also reports that Ehrlichman, on Nixon's instructions, urged the plumbers to read the chapter in "Six Crises" about Alger Hiss. In that chapter, Nixon wrote that "the Hiss case aroused the nation for the first time to the existence and character of

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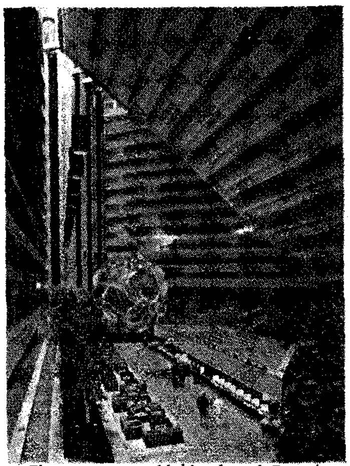

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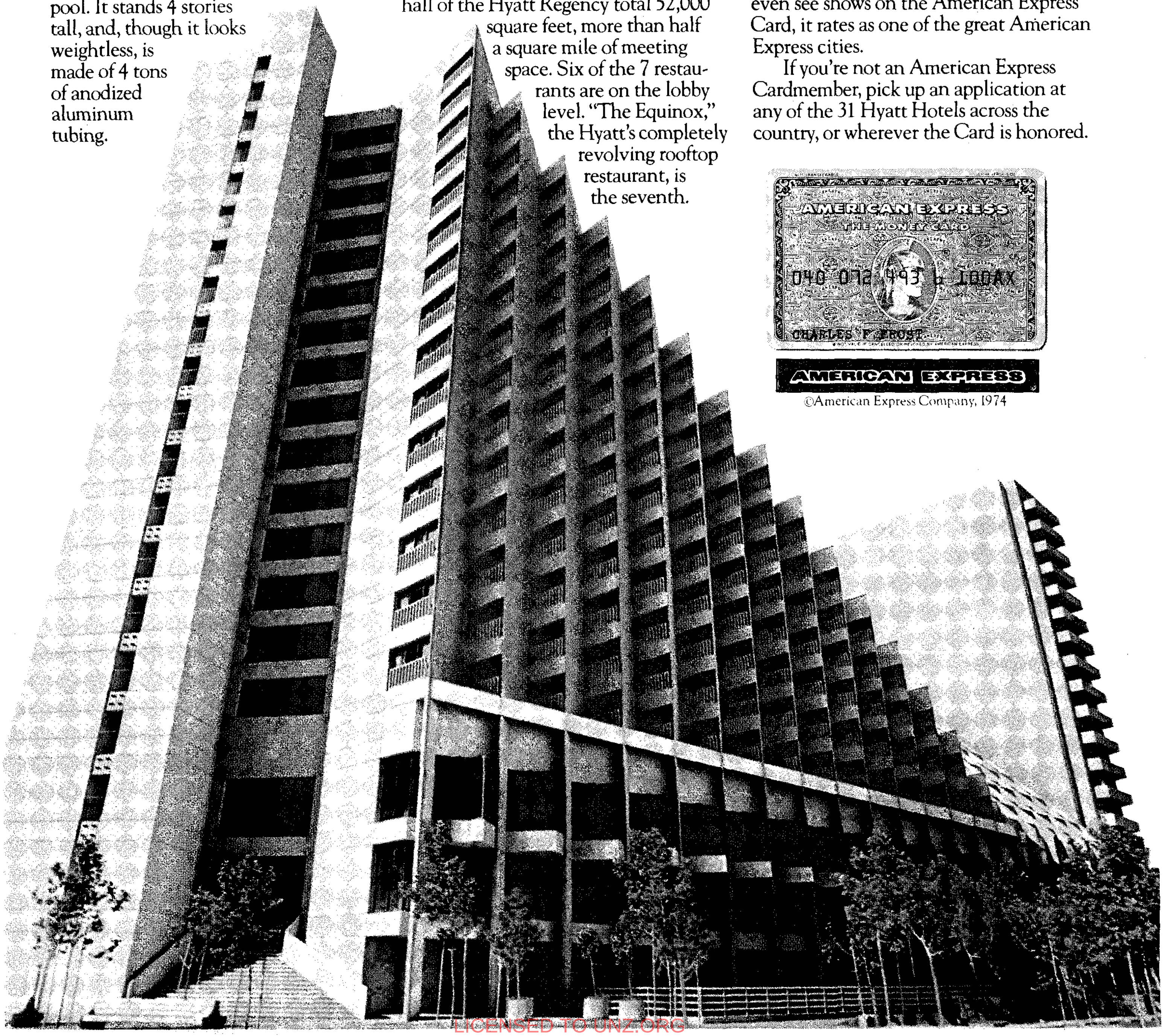


the Communist conspiracy within the United States." Nixon's use of the Hiss case got him national attention and started him on his way to the top; his attempt to repeat the episode might now contribute to his downfall. Nixon built much of his career on his tough stands against the world Communist threat; now his troubles are being perceived by people of various political views as making us more vulnerable to the Russians.

DECEMBER 10

YESTERDAY, on "Issues and Answers," Vice-President Gerald Ford, asked if he thought President Nixon had acted with propriety in paying so little in taxes, said that the President's promise to give his San Clemente home to the American people should "wipe out any alleged—and I say alleged—impropriety."

•

A HARRIS poll shows that Gerald Ford "has become the preferred candidate for President on the Republican ticket in 1976." Ford now leads Reagan, Percy, Baker, Connally, and Rockefeller, in that order.

DECEMBER 11

THE Congress is in that peculiar state it reaches toward the end of each session. Appropriations bills and other legislation are rushed through. The lobbyists are out in force. Amendments, some of them mischievous, many of them not understood by anyone but the sponsor, are added. The voting is speeded up, and the representatives and senators are even more in the dark than usual about what it is they are voting on. The main thing that members of Congress want to do now is to get out of town.

•

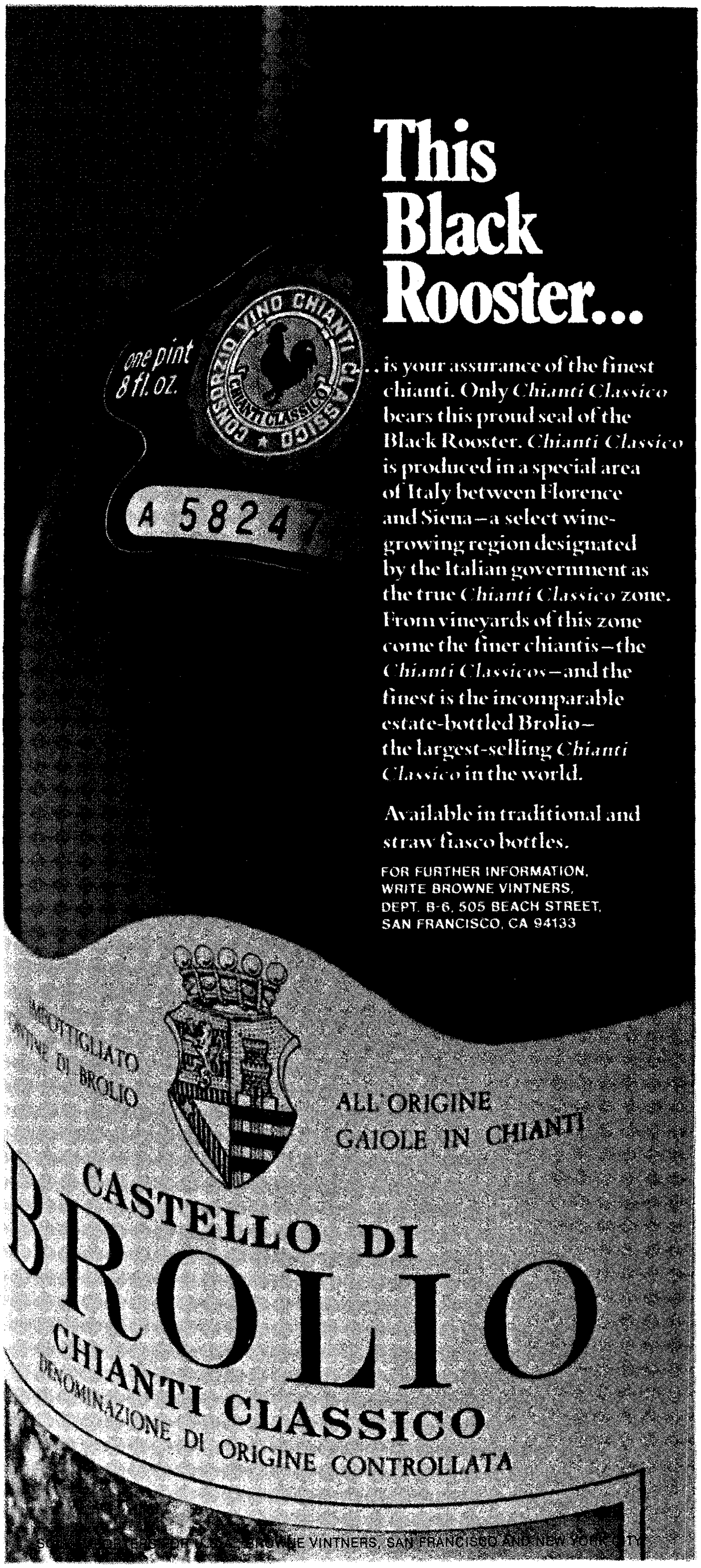
EVENTS are often "one-day" stories. This is a comfort to politicians. But the stories about the President's tax returns—on which tax lawyers and accountants are advising the press—continue.

•

ON the evening news, Herbert Stein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, is quoted as saying that the energy crisis may not be as bad as has been predicted.

•

REPUBLICAN campaign officials met with the President today, at his invitation, to talk about next year's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elections. Reporters ask if Watergate was discussed. "The word was never mentioned," says Republican National Chairman George Bush.

◆

CONGRESS gave up today on its efforts to establish a Special Prosecutor by legislation. The legislators could not reach agreement on an approach to pass a bill with sufficient support to survive a Presidential veto. The idea of a court-appointed Special Prosecutor, sponsored by fifty-five senators, mostly Democrats, suffered a blow when Judges Gesell and Sirica issued statements opposing it. Some Republicans, led by Percy, had offered another approach, and the White House suggested still a third one. Moreover, many of the senators were impressed by Bork's pledges that this time the Special Prosecutor would not be interfered with, and by Jaworski's performance thus far. Since he assumed the job, Jaworski has been cultivating the image of a relentless prosecutor. He has no choice; if he falters, his staff and the press, working together, could give him trouble. Like many people here these days, Jaworski is trapped. Some concern was also expressed that if the Congress did pass legislation to establish a Special Prosecutor, the President might use it as an opportunity to fire Jaworski. The President may be too trapped himself to do that, but the concern that he might do so, perhaps nurtured by Jaworski and his staff, was there—a factor. Congressional leaders saw themselves to be over a barrel on the question of the Special Prosecutor, and gave up. The move to set the bill aside was made by Senate Majority Leader Mansfield after a meeting today of the Democratic Policy Committee. Senators Kennedy and Bayh objected strongly to the move. One theory advanced by the congressional leaders is that the President would perhaps fear that if he interfered with the Special Prosecutor, Congress would retaliate with legislation to establish one. It's not clear, as of now, that he need be so fearful of this. The question of how to establish an independent prosecution of a President has not been resolved. Thus far, it has twice been settled, ad hoc, on the basis of personalities and the perceived relative strength of the President and his opponents.

DECEMBER 12

TODAY, Vice-President Ford joined other Republicans in urging the House Judiciary Committee to hurry its impeachment inquiry. Ford said that if the committee did not resolve the question by April, "then you can say it's partisan." A line commonly used by Republicans, beginning, it seems, with Aiken, is that the Congress "should impeach the President or get off his back." The Republicans are disturbed by the possibility that the question of impeachment might drag on well into the election year; some believe that the sooner the vote is taken on impeachment, the more likely the move is to fail. But the Republicans' call for the hurrying of impeachment may be deepening the President's problem. Each Republican voice that is raised in favor of impeaching the President or getting off his back lends more legitimacy to the concept of impeachment. The fact that Republicans feel that they have to say this at all shows how the respectability of the idea has grown. There is a cumulative effect. The idea is there; the Republicans, in their agony, say "Get it over with," and in doing so they give strength to the idea. Almost without anyone's noticing, a bipartisan consensus has grown that the Congress must proceed on the question of impeaching the President.

◆

THE House Judiciary Committee has begun to make preliminary arrangements. On television last night, Rodino said he did not think that "these matters should be formalized" until the committee had chosen a special counsel and an advisory committee of scholars.

DECEMBER 13

THERE is a U.P.I. report in today's Washington *Post* that President Nixon claimed a twenty-five-dollar deduction for a dogwood tree he donated in 1972 to the State of Connecticut.

◆

ACCORDING to Harris and Gallup polls published today, approval of the President has risen by four (Gallup) or five (Harris) points. The polls mark the first time since February that the President's standing has not dropped. The Gallup poll shows thirty-one per cent of the people approving of the way the President has handled his job, and fifty-nine per cent disapproving. The Harris poll shows thirty-seven per cent of the people rating Mr. Nixon's performance as "good" or "excellent," and sixty-one per cent describing it as "fair" or "poor." To judge from conversations

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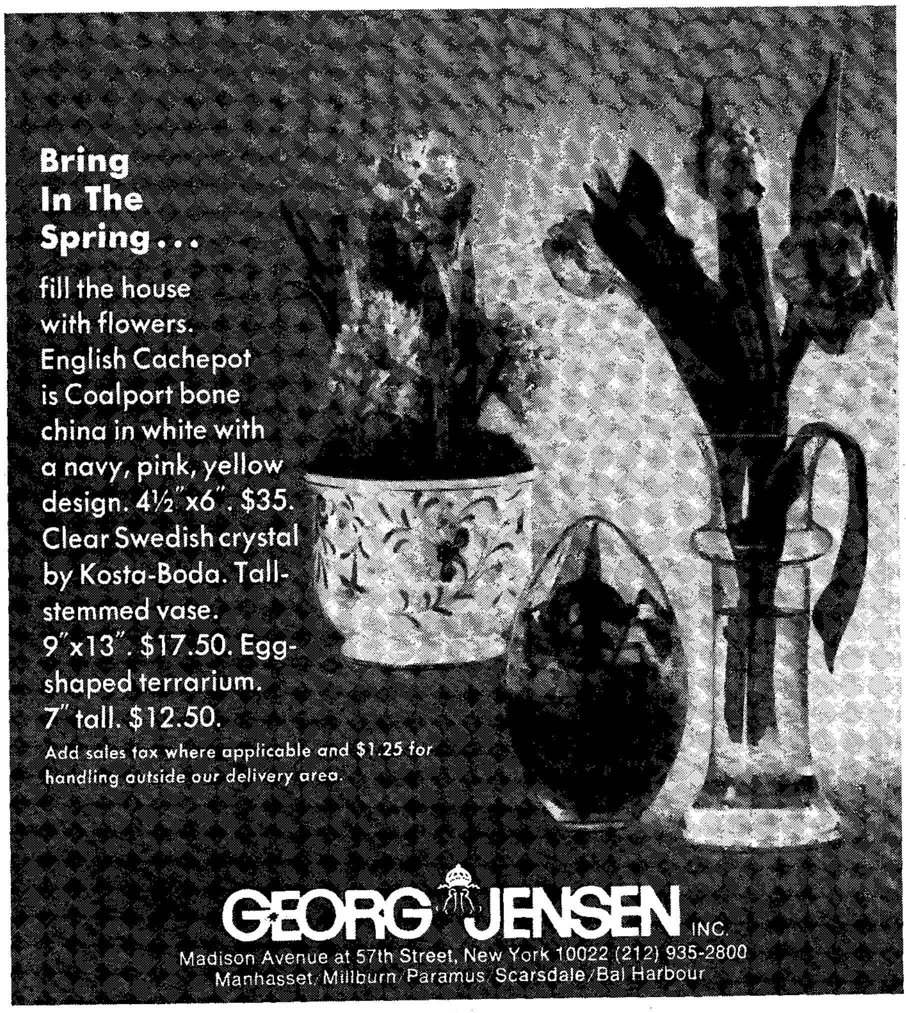
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in Washington today, the politicians are finding the President's rise in the polls significant, and it is giving pause to some who were set to oppose him.

•

YESTERDAY, Senator Saxbe, in a hearing on his nomination as Attorney General, told the Senate Judiciary Committee that Bork had fired Archibald Cox for "an extraordinary impropriety." This was the only reason for firing the Special Prosecutor permitted by the guidelines establishing the office. However, Saxbe also assured the senators that he would refuse to carry out an order to fire Jaworski.

•

IN the *Times*, there is one of those stories within a story that, it seems, we may hear more about. The story, with a San Francisco dateline, says that the Ervin committee has subpoenaed the records from the San Clemente Inn concerning visits there by people involved with Howard Hughes, the plumbers, and some friends of President Nixon. What catches the attention is a mention, well down in the story, of one name on the subpoenaed list—that of William Griffin, the attorney for the Precision Valve Company, owned by Robert Abplanalp. The story says that, according to transcripts of testimony given to the Ervin committee in executive session, and on file in court in Washington, Griffin was the man who returned the one hundred thousand dollars in cash from Bebe Rebozo to a representative of Howard Hughes in New York in June. A few days ago, we read that last December Griffin bought two Key Biscayne lots from Nixon, at about three times their original cost.

•

EVANS and Novak report today that Gerald Ford has "dismayed supporters by rejecting important advice from long-time political intimates." These unnamed intimates think that the Vice-President should not go skiing, as he has planned, over the Christmas holidays but should stay in Washington and build his "take-charge" image. They also think that Ford should hire a "sophisticated politician of wide experience as his chief aide." Ford's "political friends," write Evans and Novak, are also disturbed at the extent to which the Vice-President is defending the President. This is worrisome to those who see Ford as "the party's only salvation," the columnists write. Evans and Novak report that Ford has shown some resistance to the President. The President, the columnists reveal, wanted Ford's swearing-in as Vice-President to take place in the White House. They say that the President was dissuaded only by Ford himself, who told Mr. Nixon, "with candor," that to walk down the aisle of the House of Representatives with Ford might help Mr. Nixon. That's candor.

•

IN New York, a wise man who used to be in Washington says that if this all ends ambiguously the lessons will still be clear. "Don't think of it in terms of punishment for crime which prevents people from doing it again. The history of law enforcement shows that it doesn't work that way. The erosion of the President's support is the lesson. He's helpless now. He can't push buttons or do something mad. That would be the 'tilt,' and the end of him. Politicians will learn that lesson."

DECEMBER 14

THE panel of technical experts studying the tapes reported yesterday to Judge Sirica that they did not think the eighteen-and-a-quarter-minute gap on the tape could have been caused in the manner suggested by the White House. They said that neither the lamp nor the electric typewriter used by Rose Mary Woods was "a likely cause" of the noise, as the White House had said. Judge Sirica said there were "some indications" that the Uher recorder used by Miss Woods could have produced the buzz.

•

YESTERDAY, Britain announced a three-day work week because of the energy crisis.

•

VARIOUS individuals and organizations are trying their hand at drawing up a bill of particulars for impeachment. Some of the bills of particulars contain as many as twenty items. Some of them go beyond matters related to Watergate, and include such matters as bombing and impoundment. Some of the lists give an appearance of equal importance to large and small matters. Some of them include charges that have been proved and charges supported only by hearsay. Some members of the House Judiciary Committee see the possible grounds for impeachment as falling into three categories: acts that are statutory crimes;

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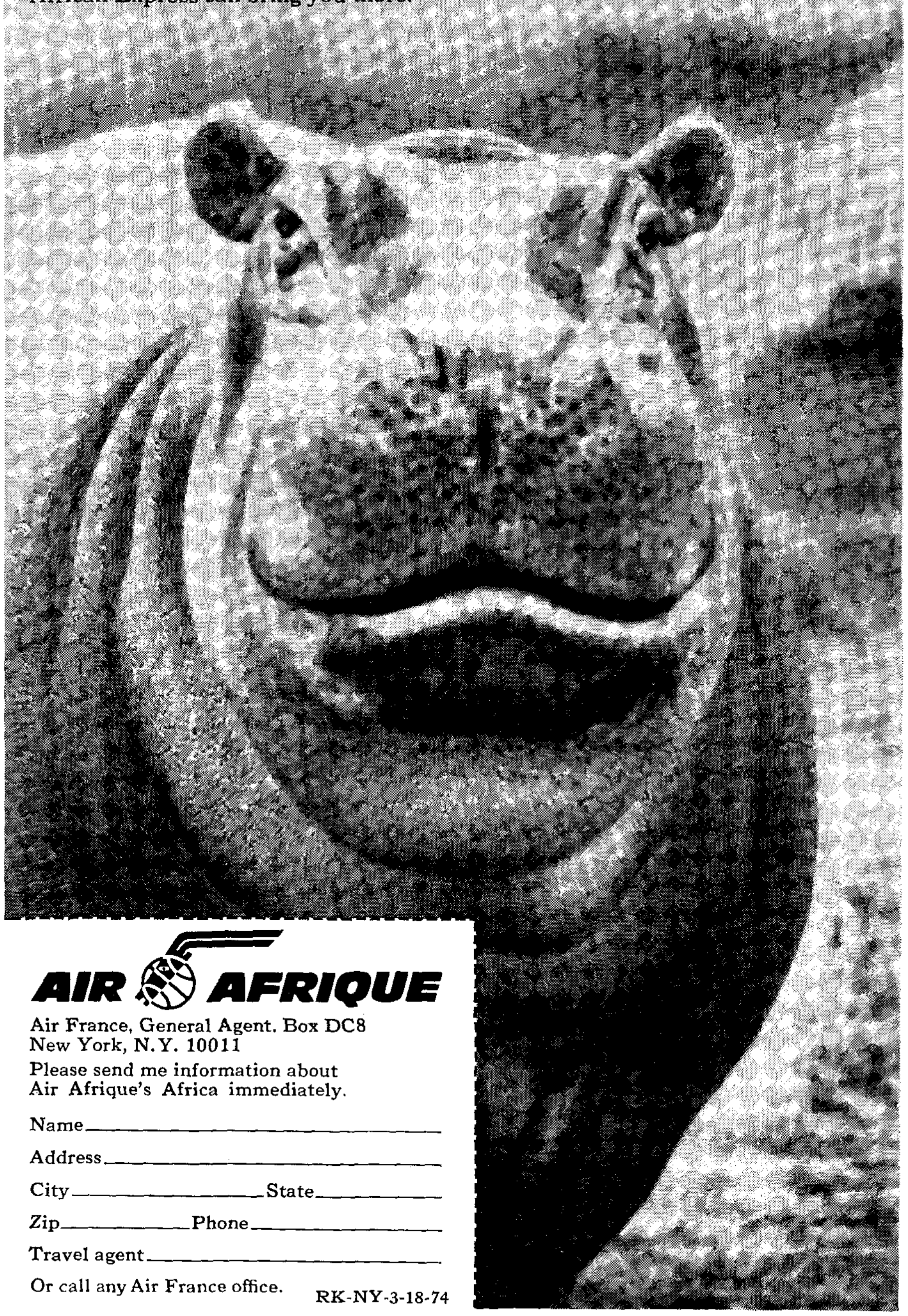

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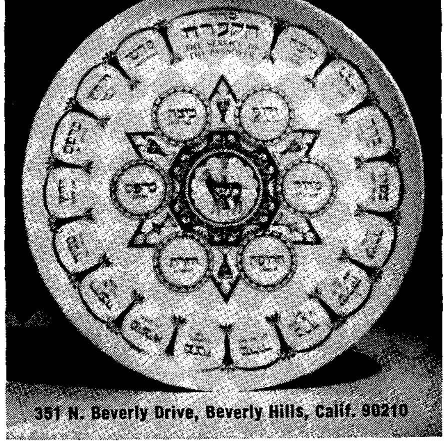

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matters that are generally perceived to be wrongdoing, such as tolerating malfeasance and corruption by one's appointees and assistants; and acts that may not be legal wrongs but are essentially political, such as the coverup of activities in Southeast Asia. It will be the job of the Judiciary Committee and its staff to sort these things out. It is possible that events and public opinion will impose themselves on the House of Representatives.

Inevitably, the judgment about the President will be both legal and political. The judgment will be political in the small sense—in the sense that the politicians will be weighing the decision in terms of how it will affect their own hides. The Democrats may perceive the issue in terms of the greatest damage to the Republicans. Similarly, many Republicans are talking of impeaching the President not out of concern that he did anything wrong but because they are worried about what is happening to the Republican Party. The decision will also be political in the larger sense—in the sense that a judgment will be made about the damage that has been done to our political system.

It was said not long ago that the issues of Watergate, and particularly the Constitutional questions, were too abstract for "the public." This recent period has shown us something about the growth of public awareness and the movement of opinion. The periods of quiet are deceptive. "The public" might not keep a copy of the Constitution under its pillow, or fret aloud to pollsters and politicians about the Fourth Amendment, but a large segment of "the public" appears to have a deep instinct that one's home is indeed one's castle. "The public" seemed to understand early this year, when the President defied congressional authority time and again, that checks and balances were not working. The reaction to the firing of Archibald Cox was a deep, instinctive reaction—apparently not manufactured, as Ron Ziegler says it was—to what appeared to be a President holding himself above the law. Someone here says it was similar to the reaction in 1937, when President Franklin Roosevelt tried to "pack" the Supreme Court—an attempt he followed with an effort, also unsuccessful, to "purge" the Congress of those who opposed him. The reaction to Cox may not have represented the opinion of the majority, but it was the sort of reaction that shapes events. It appears that "the public" has some fairly deep feelings about the ideas and principles that the Constitution represents. Our roots in the past may be deeper than we knew.

•

YESTERDAY, the Senate Judiciary Committee approved the nomination of William Saxbe as Attorney General. The committee acted after receiving more assurances from Saxbe that he would not interfere with Jaworski. Senators Hart and Kennedy wanted written assurances to this effect from the President. Saxbe said that such assurances were not necessary. Senator Scott said he would "seek further clarification" from the President, and the committee voted to approve Saxbe.

•

TODAY, I talked again with the exasperated Republican senator whom I spoke with at length a month ago. He said, "There hasn't been much cloakroom talk lately. We're caught up in the energy crisis. But we Republicans are not in much of a position to help the President now. We could form a choir and go to the White House and sing over him and it wouldn't make any difference."

•

THE papers report that Kissinger and Le Duc Tho are to meet again in Paris next week, presumably to discuss the increased fighting in Vietnam. Two months ago, Kissinger and Le Duc Tho were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize; Le Duc Tho turned it down. At the moment, Kissinger is in the Middle East, trying to arrange truce talks.

•

LATE this afternoon, President Nixon presided over the lighting of the national Christmas tree. At his side were a Camp Fire Girl and a Boy Scout. Robert Pierpoint, of C.B.S., reported that, under the direction of the Interior Department, a large number of Nixon supporters, holding posters and little American flags, were in the front rows. Many of them were followers of the Korean Reverend Sun Myung Moon. The Reverend Moon's sound truck had circled Lafayette Park, offering prayers for the President, on the Monday after the President fired Archibald Cox. The audience cheered the President. On one giant banner—of the type held up for the television cameras at baseball games—there appeared, in block letters, the message "GOD LOVES NIXON." The ceremony of the President lighting the Christmas tree was carried live on the television networks.

DECEMBER 15

THE Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation has decided to make a full investigation of the President's tax returns and has asked the Internal Revenue Service to re-audit the returns of several of President Nixon's friends. The committee has also received a report from its staff which says that the I.R.S. resisted pressures by the White House for audits of its enemies. The report says that if enemies were audited it was because they had been selected by computer "at random."

DECEMBER 17

NINE inches of snow has fallen on Washington in the past two days, and the city is nearly paralyzed. For reasons that have never been quite clear, the city reaches near-paralysis whenever it snows, and even when it rains.

•

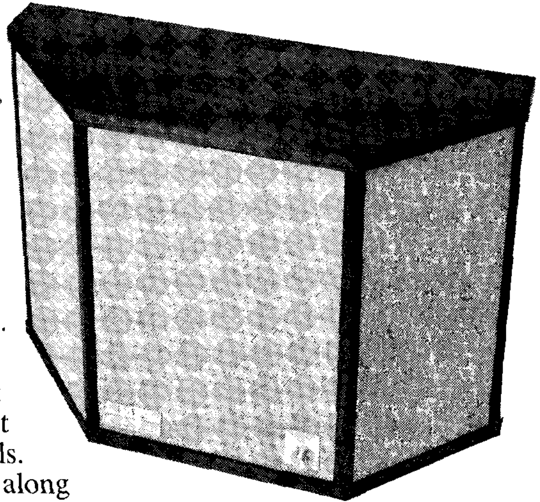
THE Reverend Dr. Billy Graham conducted the worship service at the White House yesterday. The Washington *Post* says the Reverend Dr. Graham interrupted a crusade in Europe, at the President's special request, to appear at the White House yesterday. Introducing Dr. Graham, the President said, "He always leaves us with a message." "Ladies and gentlemen," said Dr. Graham, "I believe America stands on the threshold of divine judgment. . . . Who should repent? Everybody." Following the service, Edward Nixon, the President's youngest brother, said to reporters that Watergate was "a tempest in a teapot."

•

THE Washington *Post* carries a front-page story headed "Colson, 'Mr. Tough Guy,' Finds Christ." Colson says, "I have found in my own life the relationship with Christ. I think I realize now that your abilities as an individual are much more limited than I believed them to be before." Colson says that he expects people to be cynical about his spiritual awakening.

•

TONIGHT, we await the President's decision on whether to sign or veto a bill that gives the U. S. District Court here authority to enforce subpoenas issued by the Watergate



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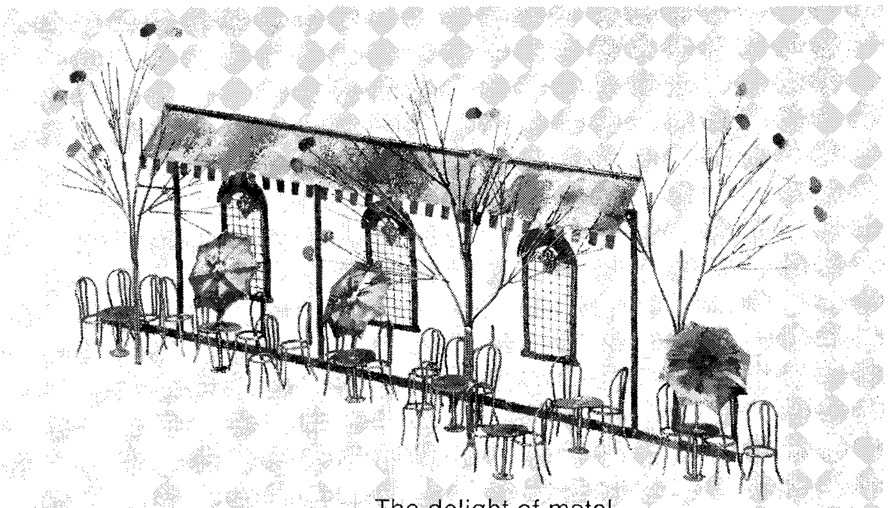

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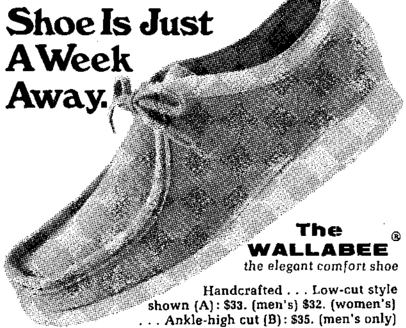

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committee—an authority that Judge Sirica had said he did not have. Republican leaders are reported to have told the President that they could not support him in a vote to override a veto. Late this evening, the news comes that the President has allowed the bill to become law without his signature. He calls it "bad" legislation, but he says that nevertheless he has decided not to veto it, "under the circumstances."

•

OVER the weekend, a White House aide said to one of my colleagues, "Just because a couple of those Republican congressmen might go down the chute doesn't mean he's going to quit."

DECEMBER 18

YESTERDAY, as part of a campaign for "high visibility," the President and Mrs. Nixon went out to the South Lawn of the White House to view a snowman, and today there are pictures of the event in the papers. The President doesn't seem to know quite what to do in relationship to the snowman. In the picture in this morning's Washington *Post*, he gestures at it vaguely, and Mrs. Nixon smiles. In the Washington *Star-News*, the President is alone with the snowman and is touching its hat. The snowman is smiling. The President is not.

•

ON WTOP, a Washington television station, Gordon Peterson reads the Christmas card that Bebe Rebozo has sent to the customers of his Key Biscayne bank. Bebe Rebozo's Christmas card says "Neither material wealth, fame, power, nor admiration necessarily brings happiness."

DECEMBER 19

AROUND Washington, lawyers are doing research on the possibility of plea-bargaining by a President. Some lawyers say that a bargain could be struck between a President and the Attorney General. They base this theory on the fact that the Supreme Court has held that when a duly qualified representative of the law strikes a bargain with a defendant, the bargain sticks.

•

AN interview with Barry Goldwater has appeared in the *Christian Science Monitor*. Senator Goldwater says, "I've never known a man to be so much a loner in any field. . . . The President, I think, thinks of himself as the supreme politician in this country. And being a loner, I think he sits by himself and tells himself what he's going to do. Now we went through this gesture period of having congressmen and senators down to see him—but it seems to have ended. . . . And as a result he's not getting advice. That's his problem, he's not getting it. And when he gets it, he doesn't listen to it. . . . My God, we've never had so many serious problems in the history of this nation."

•

MELVIN LAIRD announces that he will leave the White House on February 1st—a month later than he had planned. Laird says that the House should vote "on the question of indictment" by March 15th. When he uses the word "indictment" rather than "impeachment," he makes the action the House must contemplate sound even more severe. Peter Rodino says that the House Judiciary Committee will finish its inquiry into impeachment by April 1st. Laird and the Democrats are not so far apart.

•

SAM DASH, the Watergate committee's majority counsel, says that the White House has "graciously" agreed to accept the committee's subpoena for over two hundred documents and tapes.

•

THE first segment of an interview with Bebe Rebozo by Walter Cronkite is shown on C.B.S. tonight. Rebozo speaks softly, and fingers a piece of paper as he talks. Cronkite asks Rebozo why he was the conduit for the hundred thousand dollars from Hughes. Rebozo explains that in political campaigns people "are not sure" that the money gets to the proper place. He says that "many people made contributions through me or would send me a check and would say, 'Put this in to help our friend' and so on."

DECEMBER 21

ANOTHER heavy snowfall today. Again the city is entangled in itself. So is the Congress. The emergency energy bill is being filibustered in the Senate by senators from oil-producing states. The House and the Senate seem to be unable to agree on the final terms of the bill and may adjourn without passing the emergency bill. This episode adds to the feeling that one conclusion to be drawn from recent events is less that the Presidency, as an institution, will have to be, as many people say, weakened than that it will have to be surrounded by methods of holding it accountable for its acts. There is a difference between rendering the executive helpless and making it responsible. The Presidency will have to have sufficient power to deal with complicated problems. The world isn't going to get any less complicated.

•

JOHN RHODES, the House Minority Leader, who is a conservative, said to reporters yesterday that if the House votes to impeach the President, the President should consider resigning. Rhodes said he had "no feeling" on what action the House might take, but he said he thought the chances that the Judiciary Committee would recommend impeachment were "pretty good." Rhodes, unlike other Republicans, said he did not think that the committee was "stalling."

•

JOSEPH ALSOP reports that Wilbur Mills is giving consideration to backing a joint resolution that would free the President of the threat of any prosecution or other court proceedings if he should resign.

•

QUIETLY, an ad-hoc group of senators and their staffs have been making plans to begin work next year to reaffirm some of the guarantees in the Bill of Rights. Two subcommittees of the Senate Judiciary Committee and a special subcommittee of the Foreign Relations Committee will look into encroachments on the First and Fourth Amendments.

•

ON the evening news, it is announced that government figures released today show that consumer prices are now eight and four-tenths per cent higher than they were a year ago. This increase is the highest in peacetime, and higher than any annual increase during the Vietnam war.

•

THE Congress, ending its first session, will adjourn tomorrow and go home.

•

TODAY is the first day of winter.

—ELIZABETH DREW

*(This is the second part of a two-part article.)*

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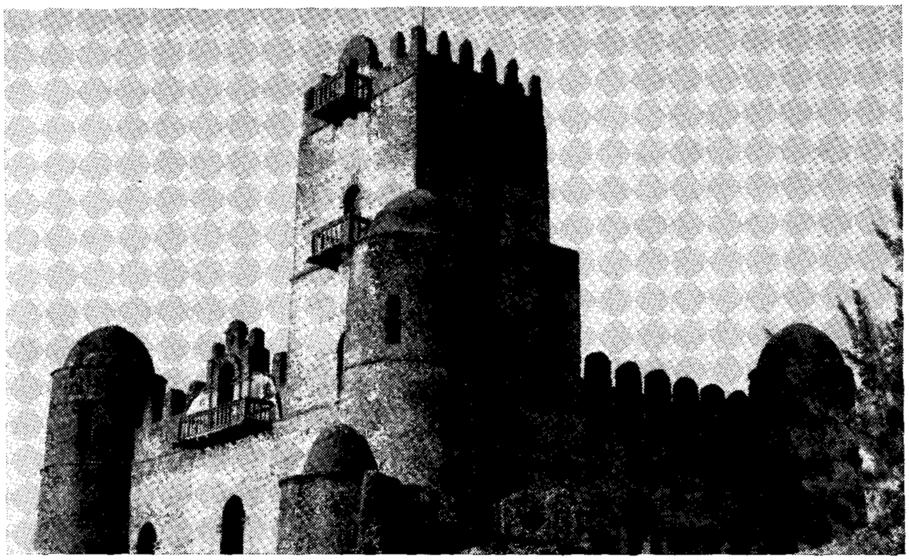

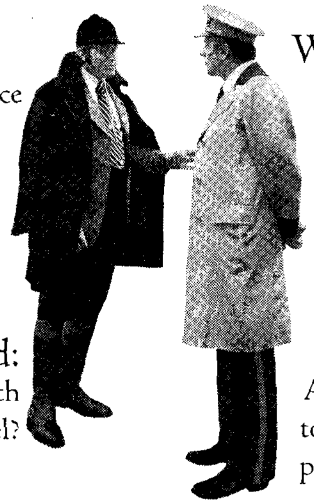

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THE THEATRE

## TRANSFORMATIONS

THOSE of us who remember Zero Mostel in the original production of "Ulysses in Nighttown," directed by Burgess Meredith and presented Off Broadway in 1958, have reason to be astonished by the production of it now being given at the Winter Garden. The star is again Mr. Mostel and the director is again Mr. Meredith, but the comparative economy of means employed in that first brilliant raid upon the novel (I remember the show as being small in scale and exceptionally dark: darkness is the cheapest setting money can buy) has given way to a theatrical extravaganza lavish enough to suit a big Broadway house and a big, hard-to-arouse Broadway audience. The play is certainly an exhilarating experience; I think you will find almost every moment of its considerable length rewarding, on one condition, which is not of the easiest—that you are able to make your peace with the immense distance that lies between this production and the work from which, hithering-and-thitheringly, the late Marjorie Barkentin ingeniously plucked the text. It is Joyce transformed—the purest disciples of Joyce would say it is Joyce betrayed—in everything except his words. Gone is the ice-cold, nail-paring, invisible parodist, gone the lapsed Catholic shaken by his holy vision of Hell. The very tone of voice in which his words are spoken has suffered a curious change; mockery having gone out of them, a note of truculent pleading has taken its place.

The opening scene prepares us for all the subsequent transformations. We are in a dusky, romantic Dublin, with people strolling about at their ease and a street singer lifting his voice in song. Surely this is John Ford's Ireland and not Joyce's, as later, at Bella Cohen's, it will be the bawdy harlotry of Brecht's "Threepenny Opera" that we are confronted with and not the nightmare harlotry of "Ulysses." Despite these drawbacks, Mr. Mostel's Bloom remains a remarkable creation. I feared that he might seek to broaden his effects in order to match the size of the production, but no—his miming even of Bloom's grossness has a saving delicacy, and he persuades us not to notice that he is twenty years older than the Bloom whom Joyce imagined. Fionnuala Flanagan is a splendid Molly; she gives what amounts to a précis of the famous soliloquy lying stark naked in her brassy bed, and it will be hard for any Molly after her to whisper those passionate, reiterated yeses from under the bedclothes. There is much nudity in the whorehouse scenes as well, and while I enjoyed it as a spectacle, I was not convinced by it; it seemed to originate not in the Dublin of 1904 but in the New York of 1974.

The cast is large and in almost every case up to the mark; I am sorry to say that Tom Lee Jones as Stephen Dedalus is an exception. He is an awkward and insensitive churl, and—to utter an Irish bull—he leaves a large gap in the play by his presence. The single useful and attractive set is by Ed Wittstein, the masterly lighting is by Jules Fisher, the delightful costumes are by Pearl Somner, and the score and musical arrangements are by Peter Link. Listening hard, I hear Joyce in Heaven humming "Give my regards to Broadway."

MANY years ago, when the Metropolitan Museum, being determined to keep in the good graces of the collector Chester Dale, consented to accept and conspicuously display his gift of Dali's "Crucifixion," I asked an old friend of mine, the painter and sculptor Mahonri Young, what he thought of the picture. Mahonri said at once, "It's rotten and wonderful!" With something like the same assurance, though on a diminished scale, I pronounce that judgment upon "Over Here!," the new musical at the Shubert. It is full of vulgar mistakes and at the same time full of delightful performances; it has nearly everything wrong with it, and yet, in an uncanny fashion, it makes us feel good—it makes us happy. The pitiful little book for the show was written by Will Holt and purports to describe a train journey across the United States during the Second World War. It is a ship of fools on wheels, and we get the usual assortment of illustrative characters: a rich, rightist industrialist, a homely middle-aged couple from the heartland, a snooty Eastern college girl, an ex-waitress, a Nazi spy, a tough Army sergeant, and some raw G.I.s headed for the battlefields of Europe. Also aboard are a couple of singers who are hoping to make the big time and who have been invited by the Office of War Information to keep up the spirits of the boys with song.

These lay evangelists are played by Maxene and Patty Andrews, two of the three celebrated Andrews Sisters, who in real life reached the big time well before the Second World War. (The third sister, LaVerne, died in 1967.) The Andrews Sisters were stars in vaudeville, on the radio, in movies, and especially on records; the total sale of their records comes to something over seventy-five million. Maxene and Patty Andrews are making an exceptionally belated début in musical comedy, but they sail past the obvious difficulty—that they are famous women in their fifties, pretending to be young and unknown beginners—as blithely as if it didn't exist, and because they are vigorous and self-delighting, and because their voices are as luscious as ever, we are quick to forgive them their outrageous implausibility. As the Nazi spy, Janie Sell does a sensationally funny takeoff on Marlene Dietrich. Ann Reinking and John Mineo dance superbly, hurling their bodies about the stage with so carefree an air that it made me think they must be made not of flesh and blood but of some marvellous sturdy foam. April Shawhan and John Driver carry out more attractively than one would suppose possible a tiresomely reiterated thread of plot—the question of whether, as a good girl, she should go, in the argot of the forties, "all the way" with her soldier boy. (We who lived through the forties are bound to be increasingly irritated by the opinions our juniors hold about that period; virginity in the nineteen-forties was somewhat less highly prized than it had been in, say, the eighteen-forties. As for anachronisms—well, "Over Here!" has a reference to rumble seats as a contemporary phenomenon. Rumble seats were a phenomenon of the twenties and thirties; no American car manufactured in the forties had a rumble seat. I'm not getting overexcited; I'll be all right if I can just lie down somewhere.) The evening is held together by Douglass Watson, who plays a sort of master of ceremonies and who charmingly clues us in as to time and place, even when, thanks to the script, the clues are wrong.

The music and lyrics of "Over Here!," evoking the big-band forties sound and presumably the forties sensibility, are by Richard M. Sherman and Robert B. Sherman. The scenery is by Douglas W. Schmidt, the costumes are by Carrie F. Robbins, and the lighting is by John Gleason. I suspect that the two heroes of the occasion are Patricia Birch, who staged the musical numbers and dances, and Tom Moore, who directed the production as a whole. The energy of their attack is irresistible.

HAROLD PRINCE'S incomparable production of "Candide" has been moved from the tiny principality of Liechtenstein, on the windy plains of Brooklyn, into the Broadway Theatre, and the question of whether it could survive a loss of intimacy in the course of expanding to fit a much larger house is quickly answered—it not only survives, it prospers. What a show it is! Leonard Bernstein's music and Richard Wilbur's lyrics have the sweetness of morning upon them, and the young cast, darting among us where we crouch in the pits or dangle from platforms, share their gifts with us as unself-consciously as the pink sheep of El Dorado bear on their backs thick packets of bright gold.

—BRENDAN GILL

## OFF BROADWAY

### *New Shrew*

THE Young Vic, an offshoot of Britain's National Theatre, is designed primarily to bring theatre at low prices to young people—"mainly," to quote the program, "the fifteen to twenty-five age group." The director of the company is Frank Dunlop, who also directed its production of "The Taming of the Shrew," which has just opened at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn (where else?)—a production that is free and imaginative and, if you can still believe it of "The Shrew," very funny. Even these ingenious players cannot break the tedium of Shakespeare's subplotty idiocies about Bianca and her damned suitors, but once Petruchio, in the dashing person of Jim Dale, meets Katharina, in the fiery person of Jane Lapotaire, and forces her to kiss him, we're off. That kiss leaves us in no doubt, by the way, that Katharina and Petruchio have suddenly fallen in love, no matter what their subsequent behavior is. When he keeps her waiting at the church, so to speak, and she storms off in tears, it is more than her pride that is hurt. The performance is broad and full of jokes—both sight and sound—that mostly pay off, to judge by the grinning faces of those members of the audience (fifteen to twenty-five) who were seated in onstage bleachers on opening night, and were taken by surprise time and again. The players, rushing up and

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down the aisles, keep in touch with the audience constantly and by any number of means, for underneath everything is the insistence that this is a play—make-believe—which is, of course, the point of the prologue with Christopher Sly. It is this insistence that, for once, makes the plot acceptable and keeps it merry. The Christopher Sly stuff is managed in an extremely sneaky, deft fashion. The show abounds, from beginning to end, with extra-"Shrew" lines, some Shakespearean but many others that may well have started life as ad-libs in rehearsal. "Put him in the play," says someone of Sly. "It's a comedy, and God knows we can use the laughs." "Where is the life that late I led" (a "Shrew" line), sings Mr. Dale, tipping his hat to Cole Porter, whose score is certainly missed, but not sorely missed, for these actors speak with clarity, and with eloquence where eloquence is called for. The ear is not cheated, nor, for that matter, are the feelings, in the midst of all the shenanigans. Shakespeare the poet, as well as Shakespeare the humorist, dominates the proceedings. Carl Toms' setting, an arrangement of platforms and one steep flight of bright-red steps, seems handy and looks effective. Among the supporting performances, I enjoyed those of Richard Gere, as scruffy Sly; Denise Coffey, as Bianca, with her tossing curls and her piping, I'm-the-good-girl voice; Gavin Reed, as Hortensio; and Joan Heal, as a housekeeper with a cleft palate. "The Taming of the Shrew" is the first of three shows that the Young Vic will present in repertory at the Academy through March 31st.

"SEXTET," late at the Bijou, was a frail little musical that was almost but not quite redeemed by the singing and spirit of an attractive actress named Dixie Carter and by a few spurts of comedy. The book was by Harvey Perr and Lee Goldsmith, the score by Lawrence Hurwit, and the lyrics by Mr. Goldsmith. The action is a dinner party. There are six characters: the host, his male lover, his rackety Jewish mother, her middle-aged beau, the host's former college roommate, whom he hasn't seen in the ten years since the roommate punched him in the jaw for making a pass, and the roommate's wife (Miss Carter). The feelings these characters have for one another ravel and unravel in expected ways. The funniest moment comes when, after dinner is over, one of the four men lights a marijuana cigarette and passes it around, and the square, middle-aged beau neatly sends a set of smoke rings into the air. Whether that idea was the playwrights', the director's, or the actor's, it is impossible to say, but I do remember that the only funny scene in Mr. Perr's "Rosebloom," another bummer of a couple of years ago, was one in which a young wife, maddened by her rackety Jewish mother-in-law, lighted a joint and puffed it furiously while shadowboxing around the set. Mr. Perr may be a dramatist who just happens to be funny about pot and tiresome about mothers.

INTAR is an Off Off Broadway Spanish theatre and dramatic workshop, bright and pleasantly decorated, in a tenement way over west on Fifty-third Street. The director of the project is a young Cuban named Max Ferra, and his production of "The Shoemaker's Prodigious Wife," a farce by Lorca, has entertainment to offer even the non-Spanish-speaking members of the audience. Much of this entertainment is perforce visual; the synopsis in English of the elaborate plot, which appears in the program, compounds confusion. The wife of the title is a juicy, daydreaming girl of eighteen, the shoemaker is a creaky, bent-kneed fellow in his fifties, and their neighbors seem to have little to do except pry and peep and gossip. It is not only the language here that is Spanish. Mr. Ferra has used formal, choreographed movements and masklike makeups for many of his actors, and—most ingenious idea of all—has given each of the characters a puppet double. There is a large open window in the backdrop of the set; a puppet appears, Punch-and-Judy style, and a moment later the character dressed like the puppet makes his entrance. The repertoire at Intar is international, although the language is always Spanish. Dürrenmatt's "The Visit" has played there, and Ionesco's "Exit the King" lies ahead. Admission free; contributions accepted.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

WASHINGTON—(AP)—The Smithsonian Institution has drafted two owls to occupy its deserted tower. They're being kept inside—behind locked windows—until they, hopefully, decide to make it their home. . . .

The drafted owls, a male named "Alex" after 87-year-old Wetmore, and a female named "Athena," came from the Washington National Zoo. They will be fed a diet of mice and arts until early summer, when they will be expected to forage for such creatures themselves.—*Detroit News.*

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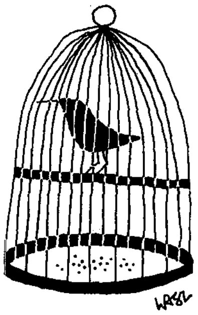
# AROUND CITY HALL

## COURT GAMES

IN this city, when Democratic politicians are indicted it is usually the work of Republican prosecutors, and the other way around. Quite a few political figures have been indicted here in the last year or so, and since it is clearly in the interests of defendants to claim that their troubles with the law are no fault of their own but the result of some enemy conspiracy, there has been a good deal of shouting from courthouse steps, for the benefit of television cameras, to the effect that the defendants wouldn't be in the legal spots they're in if the courthouses they're shouting from weren't under the control of the other party. Some observers are concerned that such claims of selective prosecution will give not only politics but the law a bad name. Others are grateful that at least a few of the rascals may get what is coming to them.

When Dr. Thomas W. Matthew was arrested last April on a multiple-count criminal indictment handed up by a Queens grand jury, he at once denounced the action as "a political thing," pointing out that he was one of President Nixon's most prominent black supporters, whereas Queens District Attorney Thomas Mackell was a Democrat. Besides, he said, the indictment was merely a trick to distract attention from the fact that Mackell himself was under grand-jury investigation. Although Dr. Matthew is a licensed physician, he has been more active as president of the National Economic Growth and Reconstruction Organization, a black self-help conglomerate acronymically known as NEGRO. By the end of President Nixon's first term, during which the NEGRO leader had publicly endorsed numerous Nixon acts and policies—including the Supreme Court nomination of G. Harrold Carswell, the endorsement coming after Carswell had been charged with racism—and had led a delegation of blacks to the 1972 G.O.P. Convention, where they demonstrated at length against Democratic Party policies that, according to Matthew, demeaned black Americans, NEGRO and related Matthew enterprises had received nearly eleven million dollars in federal grants and loans. Few of the loans have been repaid, and, indeed, most NEGRO-sponsored enterprises are now inoperative. However, when a Small Business Administration official investigated NEGRO's financial condition in 1971 with the notion of having the law on Matthew, he was advised to forget it, and, according to his testimony last fall before a subcommittee of the House Banking and Currency Committee, he got instructions from "quite high up" in the White House to destroy the report. After the Matthew indictment in Queens, District Attorney Mackell complained that he had been impeded in gathering evidence in the case by both the State Attorney General, who is a Republican, and the local United States Attorney, also a Republican. After Dr. Matthew was released on bail, he amended his informal complaint to declare that his arrest represented not only political bias but racist bias in the Queens District Attorney's office. Not all political imperatives have to do with party labels, and the co-chairman of the committee that was later set up to raise funds from the black community for Dr. Matthew's defense was Basil A. Paterson, the black vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who announced that Matthew was being "punished by indictment." (There are, of course, other political imperatives outside party registration which may influence the course of the law. The same month that Dr. Matthew was arrested, an unarmed ten-year-old black boy, Clifford Glover, walking to work with his stepfather early one morning in South Jamaica, Queens, was shot in the back and killed by Patrolman Thomas Shea, who said later that he thought Clifford was about to reach for a gun. Despite this defense, Shea became the first New York City policeman ever to be indicted for murder committed while on duty. The Patrolmen's Benevolent Association vowed political vengeance on all who were responsible for the indictment. Dr. Matthew's trial began last October, but Patrolman Shea has still not come to trial.)



The basic charge during Dr. Matthew's trial, which lasted three weeks, was that he had diverted to NEGRO enterprises, including a Harlem real-estate company and a bus line in California, over two hundred thousand dollars in Medicaid funds advanced to him for the care of patients in a hospital he ran in Jamaica, which, in his charge to the jury, the judge described as a "shambles" and a "disgrace." Basil Paterson testified that the defendant's reputation was "excellent." Nevertheless, the jury, which included four blacks, convicted the Doctor on forty-seven counts of second-degree grand larceny and twenty-four counts of third-degree grand larceny. Outside the courtroom, Dr. Matthew—who had argued that the Harlem and California business enterprises were really "industrial clinics"—called the verdict "a great blow against all rational attempts at dealing with crime in the streets." His three-year sentence was stayed pending appeal.

THE Matthew trial was not conducted by Queens District Attorney Mackell. Dr. Matthew's observation at the time he was arrested that the District Attorney himself was under investigation had been accurate. Eleven days after the Doctor's arrest, and the morning after Mackell passed out prizes to Queens schoolchildren in his role as chairman of the Crime Prevention Association, Mackell had been indicted for conspiracy to obstruct justice and on other counts growing out of the alleged failure of his office to prosecute—and its alleged attempt to cover up—a get-rich-quick scheme in which, according to testimony at the subsequent trial, sixteen members of his staff had been involved, many of them to their considerable profit, although most of the less well-connected investors in the four-and-a-half-million-dollar scheme had lost everything they put into it. Mackell, who had been a moderately serious contender for the Democratic nomination for governor in 1970, immediately denounced his indictment as part of a political vendetta, pointing out that it had been handed up by a grand jury impanelled by a Republican, Maurice Nadjari, whom another Republican, Governor Nelson Rockefeller, had appointed in September, 1972, as Special State Prosecutor to investigate corruption in the city's criminal-justice system. Unlike Rockefeller, Nadjari was a comparatively recent member of the G.O.P. He had been a Democrat during fourteen years he spent with District Attorney Frank Hogan's office in the Borough of Manhattan (where Democratic voters outnumber Republicans four to one), and had become a Republican only after 1968, when he began serving as Chief Assistant District Attorney of Suffolk County (where the registration is almost two to one in favor of the Republicans). Mackell, a lifelong Demo-

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crat who had been a legislator from 1954 to 1965 in Albany (where his ready Irish tenor won him the nickname "the Singing Senator"), and, for ten years before that, a member of the New York City police force (his campaign picture when he first ran for Queens district attorney, in 1966, showed him wearing a policeman's cap), added that the indictment also represented Nadjari's desire for revenge because of the well-publicized resentment of the city's five district attorneys—all of them Democrats—over his being made Special State Prosecutor, or, as the *News* dubbed him, "Supersnooper." By the terms of his appointment, Nadjari was empowered to supersede any one of the district attorneys in his prosecution of corrupt elements in the city's criminal-justice system. The district attorneys were understandably unenthusiastic about the implication that they had been soft on corruption. Bronx District Attorney Burton Roberts said that if Nadjari interfered with the work of his office, "I'm afraid I'll have to walk all over him." As for Hogan's reaction to the appointment, Rockefeller met with him for two and a half hours to try to calm him down a bit, assuring him that he was "a symbol of integrity." "Well, you've done a hell of a lot to tarnish that symbol," Hogan replied furiously, according to the *Times*. Mackell announced after his indictment that he would continue to prosecute Queens lawbreakers while under criminal indictment himself, but the Governor threatened to remove him, and he finally resigned. A fifty-dollar-a-person farewell and defense-fund-raising cocktail party was held for him at Antun's, a popular political watering hole in Queens. The invitation described him as "truly one of nature's noblemen." Among some five hundred people who stopped by was Hogan, who said, "Tom is an old, old friend of mine."

Mackell, whose trial began January 14th, was the first district attorney in the city's history to be indicted for a crime committed while in office. Nadjari prosecuted the case himself—the first he had tried since his appointment. Throughout the trial, which lasted seven weeks, he made no attempt to conceal his dislike for Mackell, a large, red-faced man with a mop of curling white hair, who is almost a caricature of the easygoing, blarney-spouting Irishman. Nadjari is slight, dark, and intense. (He usually points out in interviews that his name is of Spanish-Jewish origin. This is no time—if there was ever a time in the largest Jewish city in the world—for a political figure

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to want to encourage any false impressions that may arise from a somewhat Arab-sounding name.) He looked pained when Mackell seemed to be trying to ingratiate himself with the jury—for example, calling out "Bless you!" to a sneezer in the jury box. While Nadjari was cross-examining Mackell, the defense counsel rose to say, "Let the record reflect that Mr. Nadjari is screaming at the witness." Among the character witnesses for Mackell was Basil Paterson, who testified that Mackell's reputation was excellent. One of the counts against the former District Attorney grew out of the fact that after Joseph Ferdinando, the organizer of the Ponzi-type get-rich-quick scheme, hurriedly left town, a luckless investor, deeming it hopeless to complain to Mackell's office, took her story to Bronx District Attorney Roberts. According to the indictment, which clearly reflected Roberts' grand-jury testimony, Mackell later assured Roberts over the phone that the whole thing was news to him. (On the stand, Mackell testified that the scheme's promised weekly interest returns—which ranged from one per cent up to as much as four per cent—seemed to him to be those of a perfectly legitimate enterprise.) Roberts, who had left the Bronx District Attorney's office in November, 1972, to go on the State Supreme Court bench, was called as a prosecution witness. Instead, he gave considerable aid and comfort to the defense, possibly as his way of walking all over the Supersnooper. He described Mackell's reputation for truth and honesty as "very good," and threw doubt on a major count of the indictment—for which his grand-jury testimony had been responsible—by insisting that Mackell couldn't be accused of having covered up knowledge of the swindle during their conversation, because "I did all the talking." As Roberts left the courthouse, television reporter Gabe Pressman asked him if his testimony, so helpful to Mackell, had anything to do with the fact that Mackell had attended a farewell party given for Roberts after he left the Bronx District Attorney's office, and had sung Irish songs in his honor till all hours of the night. "When you come to court, you testify as to the facts, but in this case, as in every case, I believe in justice tempered with mercy," Roberts said. His apparent crossing-up of the prosecution didn't work out, however. Nadjari had once told a meeting of the National College of District Attorneys, "Man's greatest experience is the act of lovemak-

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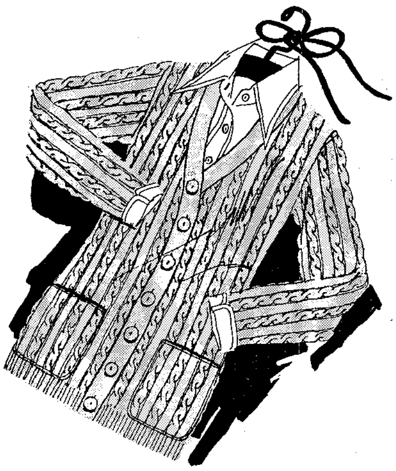

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ing. I sometimes wonder if the moment when the jury foreman rises to utter those sweet words of verdict—'We find the defendant guilty as charged'—is not as satisfactory an experience." After fourteen hours of deliberation, the jury found Mackell (and two fellow-defendants) guilty on all six counts.

THE circumstances of the arrest made on Nadjari's first indictment of a local political figure, five and a half months after his appointment, had indicated that he had no more interest than most local prosecutors in rising above politics. Nadjari owed his position, of course, to John Lindsay's perennial antagonist in Albany, and he had also had a few brushes himself with the man who was then mayor of New York. At about ten o'clock on the night of March 6th last year, Lindsay, whose political plans had been the subject of intense speculation for some months, phoned several members of his staff and told them he had decided not to run again and would announce this publicly about ten-thirty the next morning. The staff began to gather at Gracie Mansion to discuss plans and arrangements. Soon afterward—or so later evidence suggested—Nadjari somehow learned of the commotion, concluded that the Mayor intended to announce that he *would* run again, and made arrangements to provide a competing headline that would get the Lindsay reelection campaign off to a poor start. There seemed no other reason that shortly after five that morning detectives summoned by Nadjari's office banged on the door of the Brooklyn home of Norman A. Levy, the president of the City Tax Commission and the head of Lindsay's political organization in that borough, got him out of bed, and hauled him off to be booked and then taken to the Tombs on a charge of having conspired to fix parking tickets for politicians, most of them "politically active people." Indignation over the pre-dawn arrest—a measure more usually reserved for Mafia members about to go on the lam—and some sense that reducing twenty-five-dollar parking tickets to ten dollars didn't sound like the kind of gross corruption usually referred to in discussing Nadjari's mandate brought Levy a good deal more sympathy than he would otherwise have received. Among some four hundred New Yorkers who anted up a hundred dollars a head for a defense-fund party at the St. Regis-Sheraton for Levy—whom the invitation had described as "the victim of a po-

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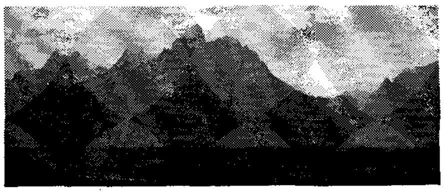

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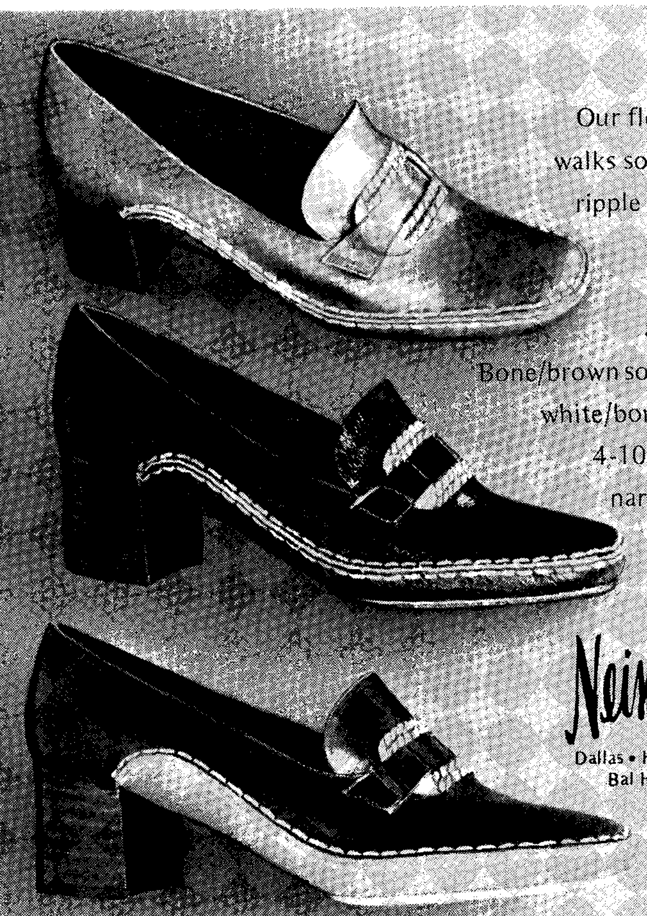
litical indictment born of vindictiveness" and a symbol of what "could happen to any of us when irrational people are turned loose"—were numerous city councilmen and county leaders, Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm, the actor Ben Gazzara, State Assembly Minority Leader Stanley Steingut, Basil Paterson again, and Lindsay ("I'm a friend of Norman's"). There was no party seven months later, however, after Levy was convicted on three counts, including tampering with public records in the second degree.

THE Queens District Attorney's office wasn't the only local prosecutor's office known for a recent cover-up performance. Frank Hogan's last couple of years in office were not particularly happy ones. For thirty years, he had been the dignified "Mr. District Attorney" in the feature-story headlines, but the Knapp Commission's 1971 revelations of widespread corruption in the local Police Department set off speculation about why that small, lightly funded body, with its brief subpoena privileges, had been able to discover so much about corruption that had apparently escaped Hogan's large and powerful staff. By that time, there had begun to be complaints that his office had shown insufficient interest in the operations of organized crime in the city. Then, in the spring of 1973, for the first time in his long career, he was challenged for the nomination for district attorney in the Democratic primary. The challenger, forty-one-year-old William vanden Heuvel, may have recalled that Hogan's immediate predecessor, Thomas E. Dewey, had almost parlayed the job into one in the White House. To general astonishment, vanden Heuvel received the endorsement of the county Democratic committee. There was a rallying around of Hogan's old boys, by now scattered in positions of power throughout the city's legal establishment, and after a bitter campaign, in which age and fading energies were frequently mentioned ("It used to be Frank Hogan. Now it's Frank Hogan, aged seventy-one," the District Attorney complained), Hogan won the June primary by a three-to-two margin and subsequently became the nominee of all four parties. On August 10th, Hogan entered St. Luke's Hospital (of which he was a trustee) for what his wife described as routine tests—although he had gone there by ambulance. During the next weeks, Hogan's office issued reassuring bulle-



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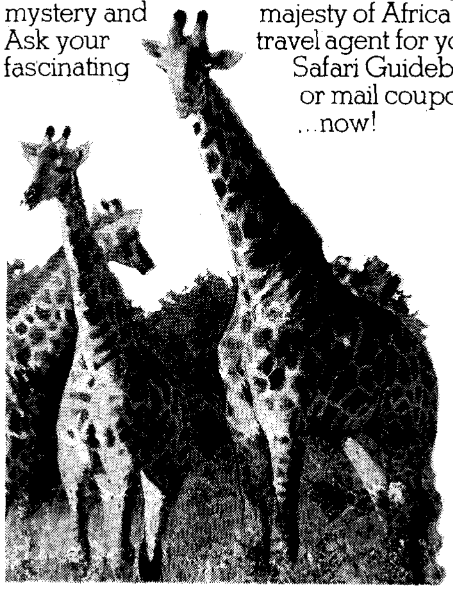

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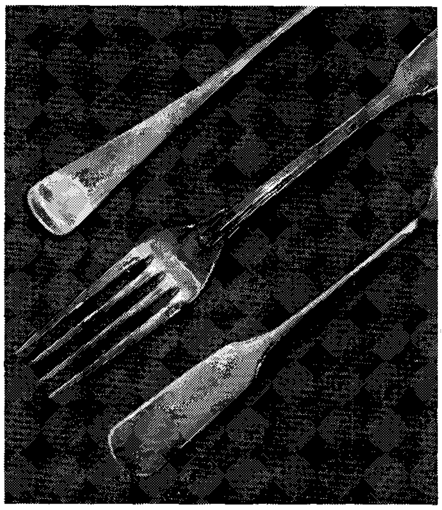

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tins implying that, after a short vacation, he might be back at his desk almost at once. Justice Roberts paid him a long visit and afterward indignantly denied to reporters that Hogan was seriously ill. By law, the last date on which an independent candidate could have placed his name on the 1973 ballot by presenting a required number of signatures on petitions was August 23rd. On September 11th, the *Post* published two pages of Hogan's medical records from St. Luke's, which, by one route or another, had reached its medical reporter, Barbara Yuncker. They showed that Hogan had been brought to the hospital after suffering a mild stroke and that he had been unable to speak intelligibly; the *Post* also revealed that he had since been operated on for lung cancer. In an article in the *News* whose headline was "THE COVER-UP THAT WAS. . . . THE CONTEST THAT WASN'T," Richard Oliver concluded, "And the suspicion remains: the voters lose another one to politicos operating behind the scenes." In an action rather reminiscent of the Nixon Administration's in the matter of the Pentagon Papers, Hogan's office announced that there would be an investigation not of how Hogan's condition had been concealed until it was too late for another candidate to enter the race but of how the medical charts had got into the hands of the *Post* reporter. Hogan was, of course, elected. He returned home for a time, but late in December he was taken back to St. Luke's. The day before this, it had been announced that he would resign as of February 6th. It was also revealed that he had been sworn in for his ninth term privately in his apartment, in the presence of his wife, two friends, and three trusted associates. One of the associates was Alfred Scotti, the Chief Assistant District Attorney, who had been on Hogan's staff through most of his career as District Attorney and had been running the office since August. The previous spring, Hogan had said that Scotti, who is sixty-nine, was the man he would like to have succeed him. The legal consequence of the coverup operation was that the Governor would now have the right to appoint Hogan's successor instead of trusting the matter to the polls. Despite the Nadjari contretemps, Rockefeller and Hogan had been on excellent terms, and Scotti had undoubtedly hoped for some months that the Governor, whether Rockefeller or his faithful successor, Malcolm Wilson, would honor Hogan's wishes.

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are cynics who will always believe that his hope that Rockefeller would choose him to succeed Hogan could have had some slight influence on his filing of an indictment late in December against Perry B. Duryea, Jr., the Republican Speaker of the State Assembly, for irregularities committed in an effort to assure Republican victories for Assembly candidates in the 1972 election. Dividing and conquering—that is, encouraging the ideological majority to parcel out its strength between two or more candidates—is hardly new in politics, but Duryea and the men who became his co-defendants were alleged to have carried things a bit further. In districts that looked close for the Republicans and where there was already a token Liberal Party candidate, they formed an entirely bogus Action Committee for the Liberal Party and then printed up, paid for, and distributed to registered Democrats literature pointing out the weaknesses of the Democratic candidate and urging a vote for the Liberal. In two of twelve districts in which the fake committee reportedly operated, the maneuver was successful; that is, the Republican sneaked through to victory with fewer votes than his two opponents put together, presumably because Democrats voted for the Liberal candidate. Most politicians have heard of such behind-the-scenes obliquity, and a few admit to having taken part in it.

The possibility that Duryea had been involved in political dirty tricks was bound to have a particular interest for Nelson Rockefeller, however. If he makes a race for the Presidency in 1976, Rockefeller needs a Republican leadership that is united behind him in his home state and controls the state capital. New York State Republicans, although they are a numerical minority, generally win anyway, because they can rely on the Democratic candidates to cut each other up in the primary. Rockefeller's problem as he prepared to resign in favor of the rather colorless but—so it appeared—docile Lieutenant Governor Wilson, whom he planned to help elect to a full four-year term in November, was that Duryea had made no secret of his interest in entering the race for the Republican nomination for governor. The danger was that in 1974 it would be the Republicans who would cut each other up in the primary, making things easier for the Democrats. Early last summer, rumors began to appear in the papers that Rockefeller's attorney general, Louis Lefkowitz, was investigating irregularities in the 1972 Assembly races. In June, in what most friends of Duryea con-

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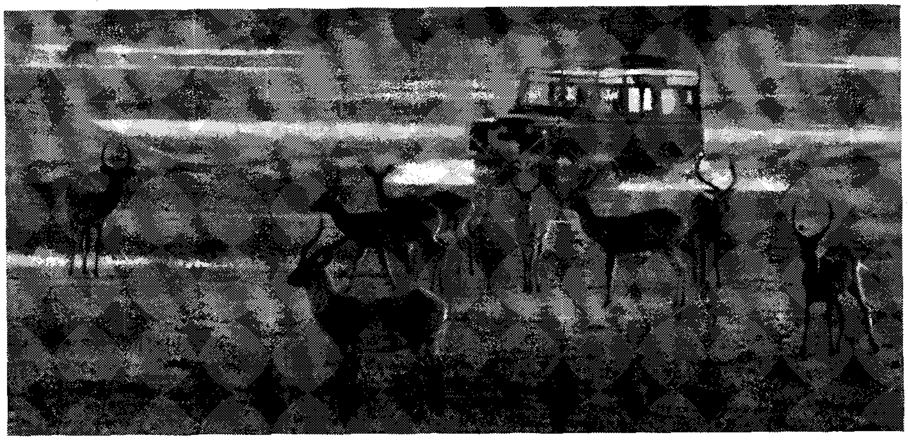

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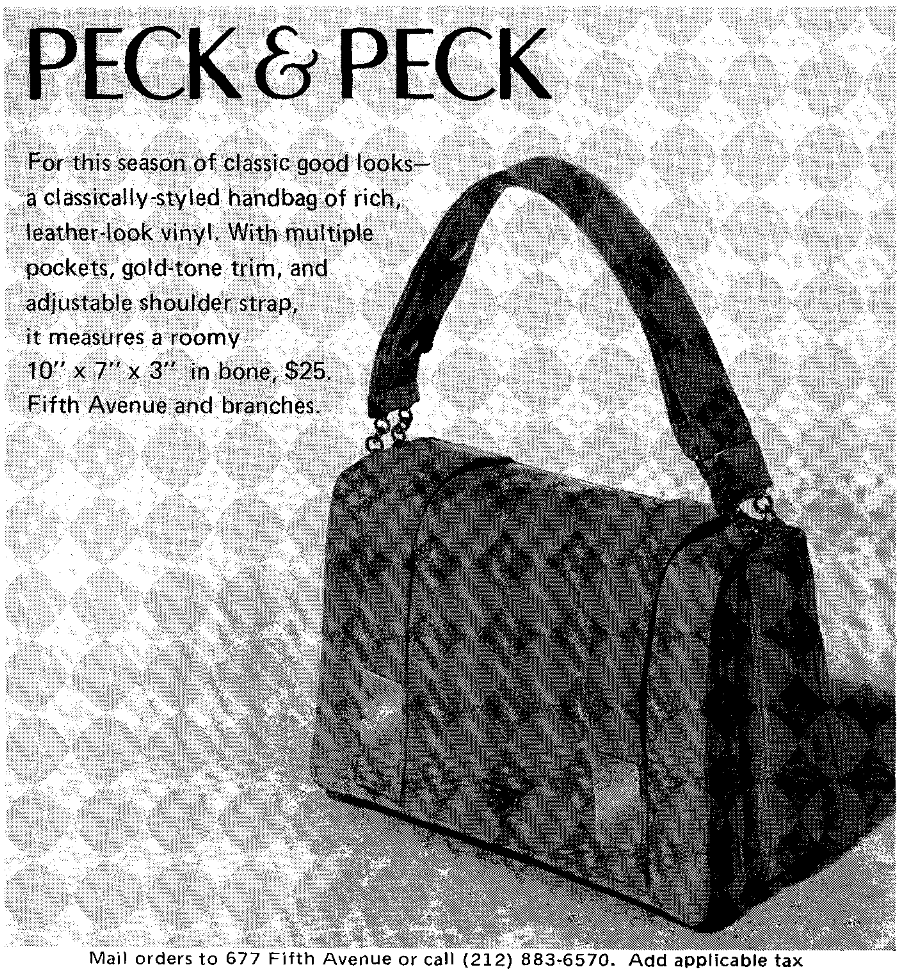

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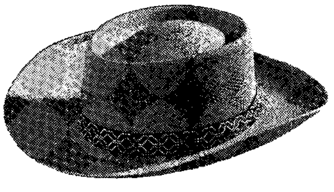

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sidered action way above and beyond the call of duty, Lefkowitz forwarded what evidence he had to Hogan's office. By early December, the rumor was that some "overzealous" underlings in Duryea's office faced indictment. Rockefeller had planned to resign on December 13th, but suddenly changed his mind and moved the date up two days. At the announcement ceremony, in answer to a question about the possible damage to the Party of a Republican primary contest, Rockefeller said, raising his eyebrows, "Maybe there won't be a primary." The next day brought the indictment of Duryea, along with five of his close associates. Scotti conceded that the indictment had been ready a few days earlier but that he had delayed its public announcement, letting the Governor resign first, so that there wouldn't seem to be a connection in the public mind between the resignation and the G.O.P. scandal. In most estimates, the indictment effectively killed any chance that Duryea, even if he should eventually be acquitted, could run for governor this year. Six weeks later, however, Justice Roberts, possibly not averse to walking all over Rockefeller, dismissed the indictment, on the ground that the law under which it had been brought, forbidding the circulation of political literature whose true source was not identified, violated the free-speech provisions of the First Amendment—a judgment Scotti's office has appealed.

In his decision, Justice Roberts also noted that the circulation of "calculated falsehood is never protected by the First Amendment." Ignoring this proviso, Brooklyn District Attorney Eugene Gold announced that in view of the Duryea dismissal he must now dismiss a complaint that had been lodged against the campaign practices of his fellow-Brooklynite Mayor Abraham Beame during the Democratic runoff between Beame and Bronx Representative Herman Badillo, the only Puerto Rican member of Congress. Badillo had filed the complaint, charging that the Beame organization had circulated anonymous leaflets falsely charging, for example, that Badillo was supported by both the Black Panthers and the militant Puerto Rican group the Young Lords. Not long before, Scotti's office, also in a forgiving spirit, had admitted that it had dropped its investigation into the charge, made in a citizen's complaint, that Rockefeller had violated two sections of the state's election law which make it a felony to offer anyone a job in an attempt to influence an election. In the spring of 1972,

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Joseph Zaretzki, the veteran Democratic leader of the State Senate, who had been helpful to Rockefeller in lining up Democratic votes for some pet Rockefeller legislative projects, was being threatened by a challenger in the primary, an energetic young assemblyman named Stephen Gottlieb. Just before the deadline for withdrawal, Gottlieb suddenly pulled out of the race. Eight days later, Rockefeller appointed him a member of the State Liquor Authority (which, as Gottlieb recently admitted, meets only once a week), at $31,250 a year. The investigation into the citizen's complaint on the Gottlieb matter and the recommendation that it not be pursued further had been made by Assistant District Attorney Robert Lehner, whose brother is an assemblyman from within Zaretzki's state-senatorial district.

Scotti didn't get to succeed Hogan after all. Instead, two days before Hogan's official retirement, Wilson named Richard Kuh, a Democrat who was then in private practice, although he had previously served in Hogan's office for eleven years. Scotti announced that he was leaving "as soon as it is decently possible." Later, he said bitterly, "I felt any governor with sensitivity to his obligation would appoint me." To keep the job, Kuh, who is not believed to have substantial support among local Democrats, must run in the election next fall, and a long line of ambitious local prosecutors are contemplating making the race against him. The chances are that the Democrats will be cutting each other up over still another office in the September primary, which may well be the way certain men in Albany have planned it.

As Nadjari left the courtroom after Mackell's conviction, supporters of the former Queens District Attorney shouted at him that he was a "Rockefeller pimp." Although not all of Nadjari's Democratic non-admirers would put it that way, they like to point out that of a total of sixty alleged corrupters of the local criminal-justice system whom he has so far brought charges against, none is a Republican political figure. The Mackell verdict was particularly important to him, because Mackell was the only Nadjari defendant whom most New Yorkers had ever heard of. The three judges he has indicted as corrupt (two of them, predictably, from Brooklyn) are comparatively obscure figures. Moreover, although Nadjari has won all his cases so far, only six have reached the trial stage, and half of these, including that

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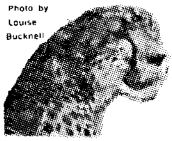
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of Mackell, involved not felonies but misdemeanors. What the Special Prosecutor undoubtedly hopes to bring off soon is a series of important arrests in a case he has been working on since a few months after his appointment: the great "French Connection" heist; that is, the theft from the local police property clerk's office of nearly four hundred pounds of heroin and cocaine—said to be worth some seventy-three million dollars on the street—most of it confiscated from the smuggling operation that inspired the book and the movie "The French Connection." From all available evidence, the drugs that trusty New York narcotics detectives dramatically wrested from the international bad guys were stolen from police custody and returned to underworld hands by other trusty members of the force. Nadjari arrested no present or former policemen in the case until a few weeks ago, when he indicted a onetime member of the Special Investigating Unit of the Narcotics Bureau on charges of lying in grand-jury testimony about his relationship with one of the Mafia figures who is believed to have bought the "French Connection" loot. A Nadjari assistant called the arrest "one step closer" to getting an unnamed former New York detective whom he described as "the principal brain" behind the heist and "the kingpin of corruption" in the department. A few days later, a former Narcotics Bureau detective named Frank King had an amiable lunch with *News* reporter Edward Kirkman at Vincent's Clam Bar, in Little Italy. During it, he identified himself complacently as the fellow Nadjari's office was after, although he denied any wrongdoing. "Nadjari's budget request is coming up," said the former cop. "He needs a patsy for solution of the case which will get him favorable publicity." Other newspaper stories noted that appropriations for Nadjari's office have to date come to six million eight hundred thousand dollars.

Meanwhile, last week, in the United States Courthouse on Foley Square, other legal proceedings involving present and former public officials were under way. A charge against Democratic Representative Bertram Podell, of Brooklyn, for having accepted bribes to use his influence to get an airline route for a Florida company was getting a pre-trial conference. In Room 705, Democratic Representative Frank Brasco, also from Brooklyn, was being tried for accepting bribes to secure a Post Office truck contract for Gentleman John Masiello, said to be a captain

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in the Genovese Mafia family. In Room 905, the historic trial of former Attorney General John Mitchell and former Secretary of Commerce Maurice Stans for perjury, conspiracy, and obstruction of justice was going on. A fourth case, being tried in Room 110, was also alleged to involve public officers, although only in a peripheral sense. The chief defendant was Carmine (Mr. Gribbs) Tramunti, indicted for conspiracy in the distribution of narcotics. Part of the evidence, which was shown to a goggle-eyed jury, was a suitcase containing nearly a million dollars in cash. It was Tramunti's claim that when some of his partners were arrested with the bag (reportedly on their way to make a payment to narcotics detectives for some of the "French Connection" drugs) it contained a round million but that after it had passed through police hands the total was reduced to $967,550.

A little over two years ago, Charles Kee, the district leader of the Liberal Party in Chinatown and a former candidate for the State Assembly, was sworn in as assistant commissioner of the city's Rent and Housing Maintenance Department, which thus became the highest post then held by a New Yorker of Oriental descent. During the ceremony, there was a small festival in front of City Hall involving clanging cymbals, gongs, and an enormous dancing paper lion. It was explained that the purpose was "to ward off evil spirits" and assure an auspicious future for the new officeholder. Afterward, Kee spoke movingly of the need for members of his race to take part in public life. Sadly, three months later, Kee was arrested for shaking down a fellow Chinese American for three thousand dollars in return for letting him keep his job in Kee's department. Last month, Justice Roberts presided over the trial, at which Kee was found guilty, and afterward the Justice delivered a sermon. "In an age when there is corruption in government, the responsibility and duty of those holding the public trust is greater than that of the ordinary citizen," he said. Kee had been convicted even though a major piece of evidence was not available. The three thousand dollars in bribe money had disappeared from the police property clerk's office.

—ANDY LOGAN

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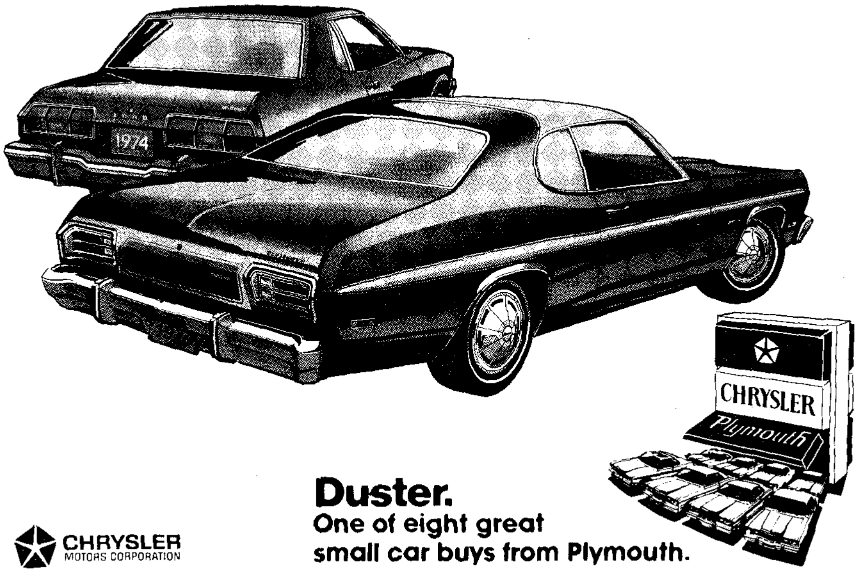

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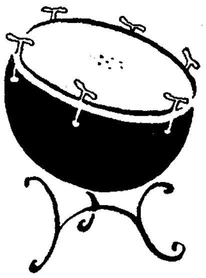
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Assembling the "Ring"*

IN this age of speed, some things get slower: the mails, for instance, and most of the surviving trains. Among the increasingly dilatory concerns must be counted the enterprise of staging Wagner's "Ring." Bayreuth, with its relatively short annual season, is about the last of the big houses capable of mounting a new cycle at a single go, and even there the strain is felt. Elsewhere, the component parts trickle out over the years, often in the wrong order (no one likes to start with the one-act "Rheingold"), to be finally assembled into a full sequence with much self-congratulatory huffing and puffing. Herbert von Karajan, when he planned his meticulous presentation of the four operas at successive Salzburg Easter Festivals, never even intended to give the whole cycle in a single year; and the Metropolitan's just-completed "Ring"—a by-product of the Salzburg event, which has been some six years in the making—will not be done in full until next season.



It might be interesting to speculate on the reasons for this slowing-up process. When I began to see Wagner performances, during the interwar period, the spaced-out "Ring" was almost unknown. At Covent Garden, as at the Metropolitan, complete cycles were a regular feature of the season, and it has been suggested that such an achievement was possible only because the arts of stage direction and design were then so rudimentary at both houses. Perhaps they were, and perhaps—with Leider, Flagstad, Lehmann, Melchior, and Schorr in the casts (fine actors, some of them, as well as glorious singers), and with Bruno Walter or Furtwängler in the pit—visual deficiencies mattered less. It is true, however, that when I first saw the famous "Ring" cycles of the Munich Festivals of that epoch, I became newly aware of the possibilities of the thoroughly planned and unified Wagnerian *Gesamtkunstwerk*, with all the resources of German stagecraft, lighting, and design (then, as probably now, the best in the world) applied to Wagner's conceptions, and with his visual demands modified, certainly, in accordance with changed canons of taste, but never wantonly flouted—as they have been regularly flouted during recent decades, and not least at Bayreuth.

The "Götterdämmerung" production that last week rounded off the Metropolitan's long task was, like its predecessors, designed by Günther Schneider-Siemssen, with costumes by George Wakhevitch; as for last year's "Siegfried," Wolfgang Weber acted as director, in place of Karajan. Never having seen the Salzburg "Götterdämmerung," I cannot say how closely the New York production resembles it, either musically or scenically; my guess would be that the divergence is wide. Apart from the very different shapes of the two stages (Salzburg's is an elongated postcard) and casts that have only a single member in common (Thomas Stewart's interesting Gunther), the Metropolitan performance is conducted by Rafael Kubelik. This was the first "Götterdämmerung" of his career. His reading of the score was sensitive, well paced, and highly musical, with plenty of lyrical feeling to offset the brooding grandeurs. What soon emerged, however, and could not (I felt) be fairly laid to his charge, was the poor quality of much of the orchestral execution. It is ten years since the Met has tackled this vast and complex score. From where I sat, the blend was often unsatisfactory, with the brass—especially the first trumpet, who tended to jab and stab at his phrases—inadequately cushioned by the strings, and with woodwind soloists (particularly oboes and clarinets) who too often sounded unworthy of the melting, voluptuous, or noble themes that Wagner has given them to sing: for instance, the Brünnhilde motif, with its characteristic turn and falling seventh, or the motif of the Volsungs' love, recalled so movingly in the course of Siegfried's Funeral March. There is a wide gap between such playing and that which we enjoy from the Berlin Philharmonic.

Mr. Schneider-Siemssen is not the most conspicuous exponent of the prevailing craze for darkness on the stage, but his light levels are still on the low side. At the outset, his scene for the Norns, a great spider's web of ropes twisted over black rocks, was so striking that I cherished high hopes for the rest. But in the next episode, surely the music affirms—almost as clearly as in the final scene of "Siegfried"—that the dawn which breaks when Siegfried and Brünnhilde emerge is radiant, without a hint of impending psychological storm. Light was supplied grudgingly, and the emotional effect correspondingly impoverished. The sky was filled with tormented Expressionist clouds; modern designers really hate to offer what newspapers call "zero-per-cent precipitation probability."

When it was announced, the other day, that Birgit Nilsson had fallen during a "Götterdämmerung" rehearsal on a dark stage, I was doubtless not the only person to harbor dark thoughts about the trendy designers who provide fearful hazards for artists who are far more precious and far more difficult to replace than any designer, however famous. Even when we were assured that the unhappy Miss Nilsson was the victim not of a black hole but of a collapsing flight of steps, our doubts were not entirely allayed: why should Brünnhilde (like poor Beckmesser at the song contest) have a rickety flight of steps? The singer herself remarked on the "unnecessary" dangers often placed by designers in her path, and there have been too many falls and "near misses," especially in Wagner, whose works pose a seemingly fatal attraction to the addicts of gloom.

In the event, Miss Nilsson gallantly rose from her sickbed and braved the stage, on the first night, with her right arm in a concealed sling, reaping her reward in an ovation—both before and after her opening duet with Siegfried—which obliterated long stretches of Wagner. (Since, notwithstanding the stern injunction printed in the program, latecomers had been freely admitted throughout the Norn scene and even later, and since the quieter orchestral interludes provided an irresistible temptation to the Met's talented band of audience conversationalists, the evening was something of a trial for those who wanted to hear the music.) Miss Nilsson is splendid, a tower of strength and a reproach to her less conscientious colleagues; but I am sadly forced to add that I had never heard her voice sound so harsh and strained—or, toward the end of the evening, so frequently off pitch. (It was difficult to believe that this was the same singer who had swept us all off our feet in the first act of "Tristan" on January 30th.) She was most satisfactory in Act II, in which the heroine's tremendous denunciations of Siegfried's apparent treachery can take a certain amount of metallic edge in the timbre, but in the glowing happiness of the opening scene and the transfiguring wisdom of the final peroration she was far below her best form.

Jess Thomas's Siegfried had little beauty or music in the tone, and little charm and vitality in the enunciation. Nearly all Siegfrieds do well in the

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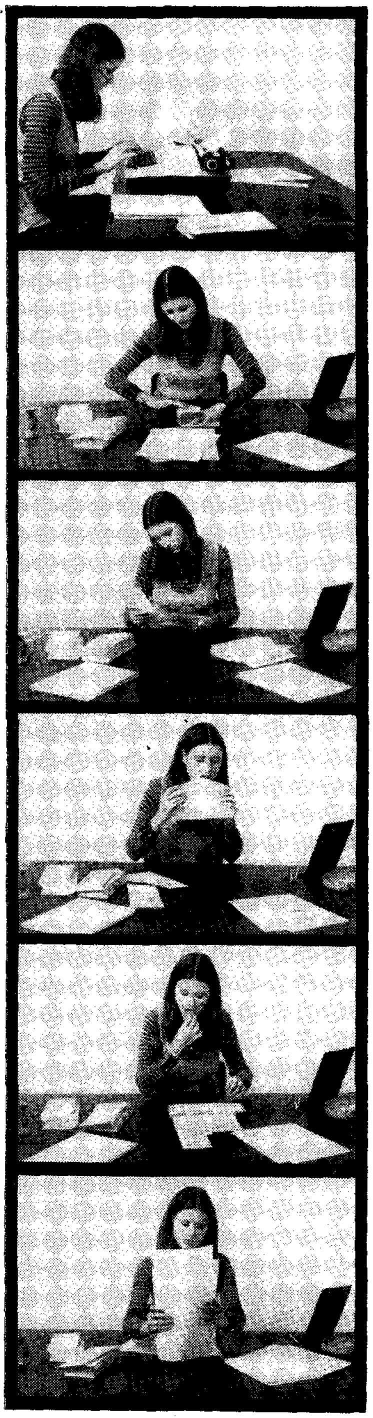

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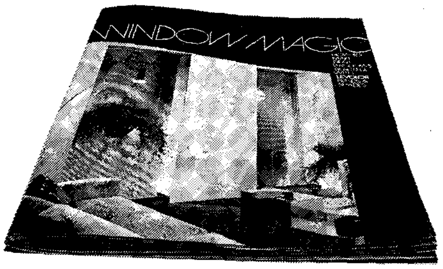

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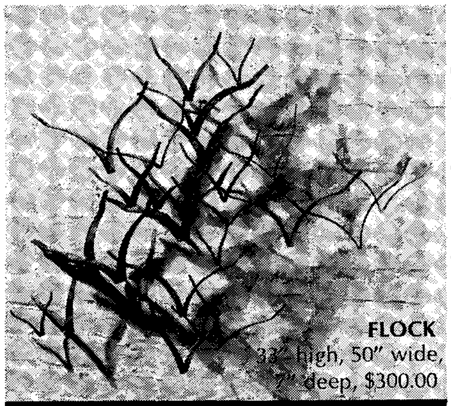

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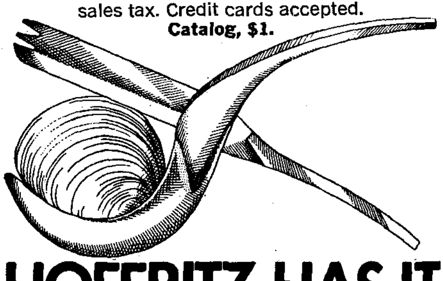

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Narration and Death scenes; but here, too, I found Mr. Thomas stiff and unmoving. Bengt Rundgren, whose work I have admired at Bayreuth, looked imposing and sang firmly and clearly as Hagen, but his voice did not always fill the house or dominate the stage; Marius Rintzler, who was also making his début in the house, sounded much above the usual run of Alberichs. Although Mignon Dunn never gives a poor performance, tonal unsteadiness prevented her Waltraute from reaching the heights; she was happier as the middle-voiced Norn, just as Nell Rankin was evidently more comfortable in the role of Third Norn than as a too shrill Gutrune. The Rhinemaidens sang well, sometimes outside and sometimes inside their circular bathing pool, but it was inartistic to alternate between offstage voices while ballet girls disported themselves within the pool and genuine visible singers a moment later on the outside of the rim. The Gibichungs' Hall was constructed in a curious primitive Gothic with a whiff of Gaudí, while the Act II exterior suggested Stonehenge. The final catastrophe, with an unrecognizable burning Valhalla that looked like a bouquet of flowers, was no better than usual. In short, there were numerous drawbacks to the performance, which was uncut, and certainly seemed long, and yet the nobility and lyricism of Kubelik's approach to the great score will remain in memory after incidental flaws have been forgotten.

THE City Opera has brought to town the production of "Medea" first seen last summer at the Caramoor Festival. Much as I should like to extend a warm welcome to the company's enterprise, I am obliged to admit that the result was dispiriting. Cherubini's most famous opera (1797) is not an easy proposition on the modern stage. For one thing, it was composed to a French text with spoken dialogue. Purists cheerfully demand that it should be so performed today, regardless of the fact that French has become the worst-spoken of operatic languages by international or English-speaking artists, and that the tradition of grand tragic declamation is extinct. When "Medea" is heard, it is almost always in Italian translation, with the 1854 accompanied recitatives supplied by Franz Lachner. Lachner's work has come in for much abuse, but (apart from an anachronistic use of augmented fifths at the moment of Medea's first confrontation with Jason) it strikes me as reasonably convincing and effective—even though it

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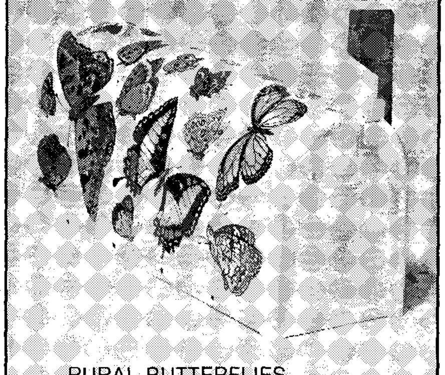

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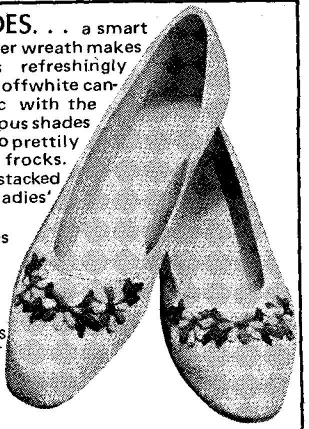

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involves a somewhat slower pace than composer and librettist can have intended. Cherubini's music is grand and noble in manner yet curiously unmemorable in substance, except for the aria of consolation with bassoon obbligato given to Medea's attendant, Neris, which tends to steal the show—and did so again in Frances Bible's performance. Maralin Niska, acting with impressive ferocity and passion, made an excellent shot at the heroine's demanding music, but her virtues were ill supported by a cast whose Jason (Dean Wilder) was suffering from a cold on his début, and whose Creon (Richard T. Gill) lacked the requisite vocal stamina for the part. Over Frank Corsaro's direction and Lloyd Evans' designs it would be kinder to draw a veil. Giuseppe Morelli conducted the skimpy-sounding orchestra.

VERY different was the emphatic success scored by Eve Queler's concert revival at Carnegie Hall of Donizetti's "Parisina." Mrs. Queler would perhaps allow that most of the success depended on Montserrat Caballé's exquisitely pure tone and style in the heroine's grateful music; she is having a wonderful season, and the role suits her down to the ground, stately sorrow having always been her strong suit. The action is a marital triangle, with an unlovable baritone husband whose jealousy turns him into a tyrant (Louis Quilico, a shade hefty at first, but reliable), and a young tenor lover who turns out to be the husband's son by an earlier marriage. This discovery, which in Verdi's hands would have led to much lyrical expansion, holds up the baritone's vengeance only briefly, whereupon the sight of the tenor's lifeless body causes the soprano to die of grief. On paper, the plot and much of the music may seem thin, but the arias and duets, as delivered by Miss Caballé and her partners, provided musical pleasure that seemed sumptuous in comparison with Cherubini's frugal fare. Jerome Pruett, making his New York début in the very high tenor role, showed nice musical instincts, but his tone was too constricted to blend happily with the soprano's.

PATTI and Tetrazzini thought they knew something about the art of farewell concerts and tours, but they could have learned much from Maria Callas. She doesn't even call her present itinerary a farewell, and throws out hints (which can't, I feel, be taken seriously) of future stage appear-

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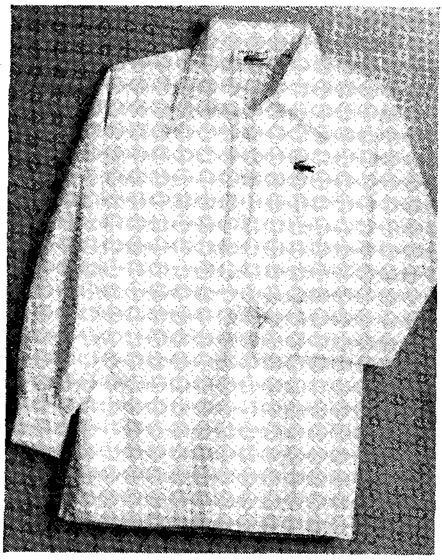

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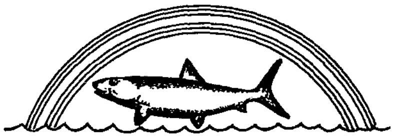
ances. At Carnegie Hall, the voice was sweeter than I had expected, though *much reduced in volume*; *the art*, *even* perceived through the wrong end of the telescope, remains extraordinary; and the skill of the presentation was spectacular. The oddest feature of it all is that this severe classical stylist should have teamed up with the likable but artistically outrageous Giuseppe Di Stefano, with his absurdly affected falsetto, his misguided insistence on choosing French arias, for which he has no notion of style, and his perambulatory manner of a singing waiter in a trattoria. I tremble to think what Miss Callas would say to him if he were a pupil at one of her master classes.

I WAS glad to be able to spend my last New York evening at Avery Fisher Hall, where the young English conductor Andrew Davis has been making his début with the Philharmonic. Mr. Davis came to the fore in London in 1970, when he took over a B.B.C. Festival Hall concert at short notice and gave a notably convincing account of a difficult work, Janáček's Glagolitic Mass; since that day, he has not looked back. Both the Philharmonic men and their Saturday-night audience seemed much taken by his alert, clear beat and evident ability to secure the results that he wants. He began with a heartwarming performance of Tippett's 1939 Concerto for Double String Orchestra, perhaps the most instantly captivating of Sir Michael's works, and a worthy pendant to the weightier scores from his pen which have lately been given here and elsewhere. Hindemith's curious, rather coarse-grained "Symphonic Metamorphoses of Themes by Weber" is not a favorite of mine, but there was no mistaking the panache with which it was presented. Conductor and pianist, the still younger Murray Perahia, were well matched in a very downright, unprecious yet sensitive performance of Mozart's E-Flat-Major Concerto, K. 449, and in a brilliant dash through the absurdly showy but irresistible Konzertstück by Weber. An unusual program, which might have seemed insubstantial in less sympathetic and capable hands.

—DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

EDITORS' NOTE: With this column, Mr. Shawe-Taylor completes his half of the season as our guest critic. Beginning next week and for the rest of the season, our guest critic will be David Hamilton, on leave of absence from *The Nation*.



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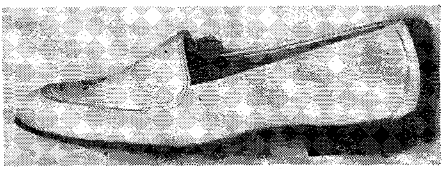

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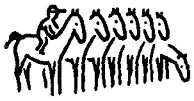
# THE RACE TRACK

## *What Price Judger?*



IF Seth Hancock's Judger isn't the favorite in the future books on the Kentucky Derby, I'll be surprised. So far, no opening line from such a book has come to this department's attention (it's a large order for any serious pricemaker to figure the odds against every one of the two hundred and ninety three-year-olds nominated for the hundredth run for the roses, at Churchill Downs in Louisville the first Saturday in May), but I'm sure that you could get a bet down in Caliente or Vegas if you tried.

As you've probably heard, Judger won the Florida Derby on the closing day at Gulfstream Park last week, and from all accounts his performance was even more spectacular than it was in the Hutcheson Stakes and the Fountain of Youth Stakes, in both of which he came from far back to finish second. Breaking from an outside post position, he was next to last of the sixteen runners out of the starting gate, and for a half mile of the mile and a furlong he was at least twenty lengths behind the leaders. Then he began to move. Too bad the race wasn't on TV, for it must have been thrilling to see him pick his way through the pack and then storm down the stretch to beat John Olin's Cannonade, his running mate, by three-quarters of a length. Bred in the purple—by Damascus out of Face the Facts, a daughter of Court Martial—and beautifully made, he is the sort of colt that owners and trainers dream of having one day, and if he keeps on winning he might rival Secretariat in popularity. He'll remain at Hialeah for the Flamingo Stakes on March 30th.

Cannonade's race is also worth remembering. Out of the gate just ahead of Judger, he was eleventh going into the backstretch, and then began his run—much too early, I thought. First around the far turn, he was four lengths in front in the stretch before he began to shorten his stride. At the end, he beat Buck's Bid by five lengths for the place. Cannonade's next start will be either in the $100,000 Arkansas Derby at Hot Springs on April 6th or in the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct on April 20th. Woody Stephens will saddle both him and Judger in the Blue Grass Stakes, at Keeneland, nine days before the Kentucky Derby.

Right now, the Kentucky State Racing Commission is in a real dilemma—how to limit the size of the field for the Derby and still please everybody. The commission and the Churchill Downs management see a splitting of the race as practically inevitable, no matter how much they would like to avoid it. It has never been done before, and it would take much of the glamour out of the centennial Derby. After a meeting of the commission in Lexington last week, Keene Daingerfield, its spokesman, said that there had been all sorts of suggestions about what to do, but the only proposal voted on, and adopted, was to bar horses from starting outside the stall gates. Since there will be two gates—one with fourteen stalls and the other with twelve—this will limit any one field to twenty-six. Oh, well, if the Derby is split (and I think it will be), Tommy Trotter, the racing secretary at Churchill Downs, can round up enough eligibles to run four or five divisions.

SOME races are always a good show. For one, I give you the John B. Campbell Handicap, honoring the well-remembered steward and handicapper, which had its twenty-first running at Bowie last Saturday. The distance was increased from a mile and a sixteenth to a mile and a quarter this year, and the field of fourteen put on a lively, rough-and-tumble affair. John Galbreath's True Knight, who was last passing the stand the first time, won it by half a length from Delay, the winner of a division of the Campbell last year, to whom he gave ten pounds. Ecole Etage (mind your race-track French) was third, a length and a half away. It was Bowie's biggest day of the year; a crowd of 16,280 bet $1,894,950.

TORSION, the winner of the Paumonok Handicap on opening day at Aqueduct, came right back and took the Roseben Handicap there last Saturday, just as Johnny Campo, who trains him, said he would. His victory was one of the few bright spots in a dismal, rainy afternoon, in the course of which six favorites were beaten. Fields were still small (only four horses ran in the Roseben), what with an outbreak of the coughing sickness in the stables. By the way, Protagonist will run in the Bay Shore at the Big A this weekend.

—AUDAX MINOR

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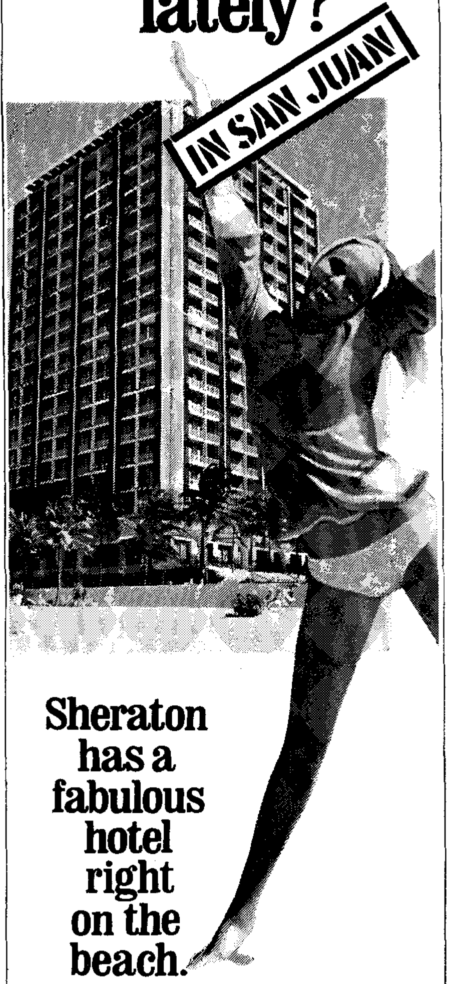

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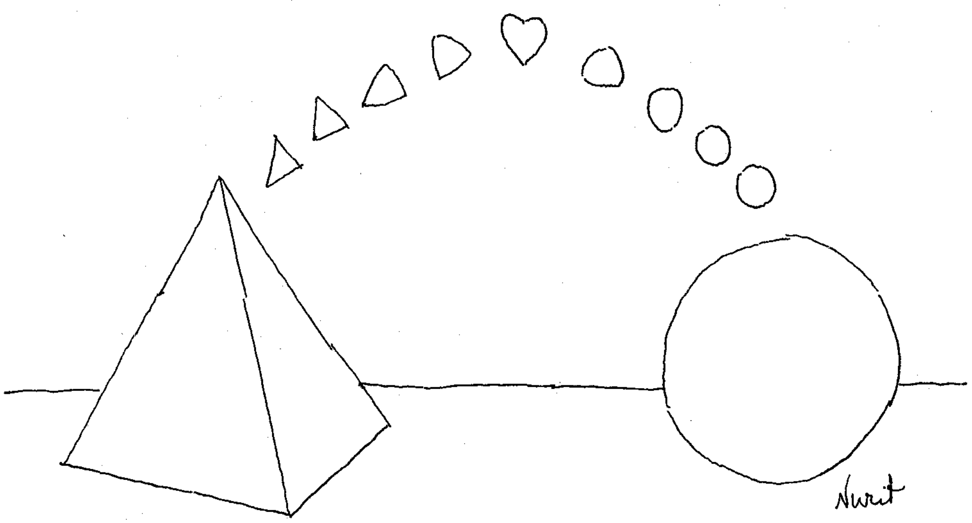
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Sugarland and Badlands*

“The Sugarland Express” is like some of the entertaining studio-factory films of the past (it’s as commercial and shallow and impersonal), yet it has so much eagerness and flash and talent that it just about transforms its scrubby ingredients. The director, Steven Spielberg, is twenty-six; I can’t tell if he has any mind, or even a strong personality, but then a lot of good moviemakers have got by without being profound. He isn’t saying anything special in “The Sugarland Express,” but he has a knack for bringing out young actors, and a sense of composition and movement that almost any director might envy. Composition seems to come naturally to him, as it does to some of the young Italians; Spielberg uses his gift in a very free-and-easy, American way—for humor, and for a physical response to action. He could be that rarity among directors a born entertainer—perhaps a new generation’s Howard Hawks. In terms of the pleasure that technical assurance gives an audience, this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. If there is such a thing as a movie sense—and I think there is (I know fruit venders and cabdrivers who have it and some movie critics who don’t)—Spielberg really has it. But he may be so full of it that he doesn’t have much else. There’s no sign of the emergence of a new film artist (such as Martin Scorsese) in “The Sugarland Express,” but it marks the début of a new-style, new-generation Hollywood hand.

The story—based on an occurrence in Texas in 1969—is about Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) and her husband, Clovis (William Atherton), petty thieves who lost custody of their infant son while they were in jail, and their attempt to get him back, which involves taking a highway-patrol officer, Slide (Michael Sacks), hostage. The child is with his adoptive parents in the town of Sugarland, and as Lou Jean and Clovis drive there in the patrol car they’ve commandeered, with a stream of police behind, other cars follow, and crowds gather to wish them well. Spielberg, young as he is, is already a graduate of TV, having caused a stir by his direction of an episode of “Columbo,” and a sensation with a terrifying made-for-TV movie called “Duel,” which was mostly about a truck. “The Sugarland Express” is mostly about cars; Spielberg is a choreographic virtuoso with cars. He patterns them; he makes them dance and crash and bounce back. He handles enormous configurations of vehicles; sometimes they move so sweetly you think he must be wooing them. These sequences are as unforced and effortless-looking as if the cars themselves—mesmerized—had just waltzed into their idiot formations. It’s implicit in the movie’s whole scheme that vast numbers of cops are pursuing the kidnapped patrolman, and that people are joining the procession and encouraging the young parents to retrieve their child, because that gives them all an opportunity to get in their cars and whiz across Texas. Photographed by Vilmos Zsigmond, the cars shimmer in the hot sunlight; in the dark, the red lights of the police cars are like eerie night-blooming flowers. The cars have tiffs, wrangle, get confused. And so do the people, who are also erratic and—in certain lights—eerily beautiful. There’s a suggestion of a Robert Altman influence in the fast and loose conversations, but they’re not really so loose. The flurries of talk aren’t casual; these aren’t Altman’s people, whose talk overlaps, as in life, but rabid people all talking at once—to heat the movie. These huffy characters, riled up and yelling at each other, are in the combustible comedy style of Preston Sturges (of his “Hail the Conquering Hero” and “The Miracle of Morgan’s Creek,” especially). This movie enjoys orneriness and collision courses, as the Sturges movies did; it sees the characters’ fitful, moody nuttiness as the American’s inalienable right to make a fool of himself. It merges Sturges’ love of comic confusion with the action world of cars to create a jamboree. We wind up feeling affectionate toward some highly unlikely people—particularly toward the Goldie Hawn character, Lou Jean, who started it all.

Probably everybody knows how talented Goldie Hawn is, and that has made her screen performances the more disappointing. She’s done darting, fidgety little bits of business in several roles, but she was stymied; she was thrashing around in tightly blocked pictures. Here you don’t see her yanking the director’s sleeve and asking “Now?” She just does it. Spielberg’s youth and speed release her; she stays in character, and the character grows. Lou Jean has more gumption than brains; she’s the American go-getter gone haywire. Right at the opening, Lou Jean gets off a bus and her bouncy, determined walk spells trouble. She could have a sign engraved on her forehead: “I want it now.” Whatever it is, Lou Jean can’t wait for it. When she goes to the prison farm to visit her husband and starts to scream at him, you know poor Clovis is sunk. In some ways, the world divides into the hysterics—the screamers and scene-makers and weepers—and those who want to keep the peace. Clovis is a pushover for his wife’s tantrummy demands; he loves peace, and he loves her, too. He has only four more months to serve, but he’ll break out of prison when she tells him to, because he’s more scared of her than of the authorities. Lou Jean can’t think ahead, and Clovis tries not to. It takes a while before we recognize that, in her own flighty, screwed-up way, she loves him, too, and that she really does want her baby back. Nothing in the movie which involves Lou Jean or Clovis or Slide (or the cars) looks rehearsed or tired. William Atherton (he appeared on the stage in “The House of Blue Leaves,” “The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel,” and “Suggs in the City”) has the most difficult role; Clovis knows (intermittently, anyway) what his wife is too easily distracted to grasp—that they’re



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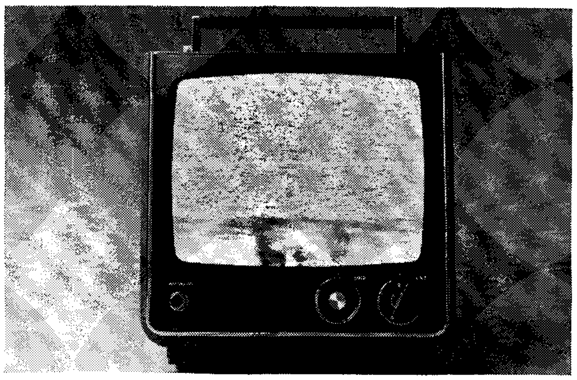

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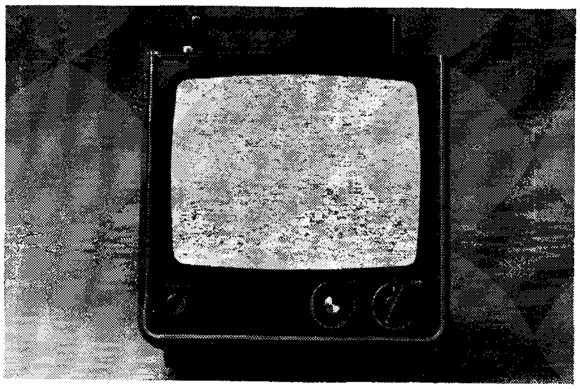

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over their heads in trouble. Atherton's performance gives the picture solidity. Without him, it would be a giddy new-style screwball comedy, but he's the sparrow who falls. With the director's help but without a great deal of help from the script, Atherton—he looks like the skinny offspring of Robert Redford and Paul Newman—deepens the picture; we begin to share Clovis's apprehensiveness.

The script, by Hal Barwood and Matthew Robbins, who are also young, is satisfying and full of incident, but it's made up of swipes from other movies; one routine from "Roxie Hart" turns up twice: two crabbed, mean fathers—each decades older than is called for—make dour pronouncements about their own kids. There's a difference in quality between the writing and the direction. You get the feeling that the director grew up with TV and wheels (My Mother the Car?), and that he has a new temperament. Maybe Spielberg loves action and comedy and speed so much that he really doesn't care if a movie has anything else in it. But he doesn't copy old stuff. He isn't deep, but he isn't derivative, either. The scriptwriters are living off the past. I think it's likely that being part of the TV-and-young-moviemaker generation affects a director—changes his perceptions—much more basically than it affects writers. It may turn writers on so that they want to work in movies, but they tend to draw upon old movies for their ideas, and this is particularly true of the film-school and American Film Institute troops (which Barwood and Robbins belong to), whose education has been sitting around and looking at movies, and who are now selling scripts to the major studios. They're not really writers, any more than most of the other Hollywood writers are. They're synthesizers of other people's ideas, even when they write an "original" like "The Sugarland Express."

Spielberg is a bit leaden with some of the older actors, and can't always redeem the low-comedy effects—the sort of squalls and antic outrage that got laughs in "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming." There are hero-worshipful views of Ben Johnson, who plays the captain who leads the pursuit; the camera regards him as if he were a diva and his face the big aria. The captain's excesses (breaking the weapons of a pair of right-wing nuts, shooting the tires of a TV-crew truck) are in a too cute old-movie style. I'm not a great fan of Ben Johnson's acting in general; he holds positions like a pointer—imparting an air of deliberation and importance to every

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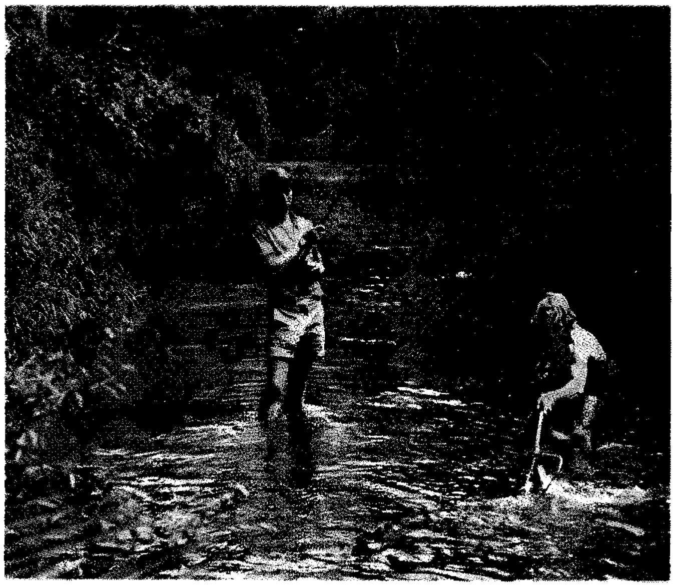

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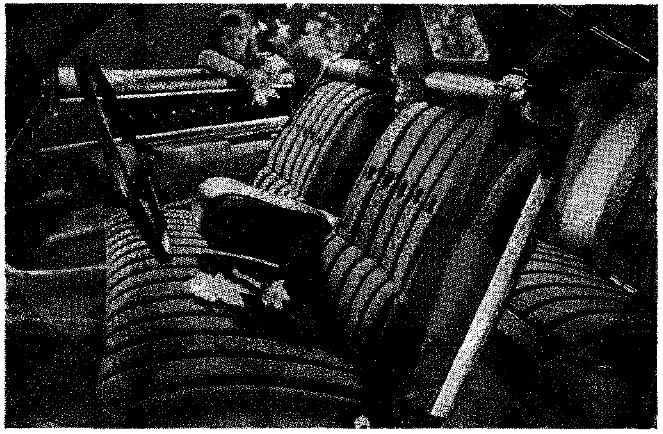

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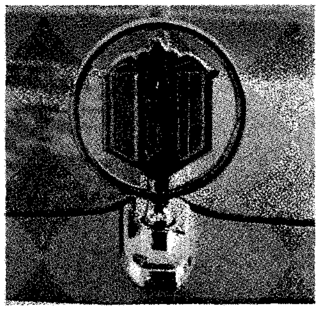

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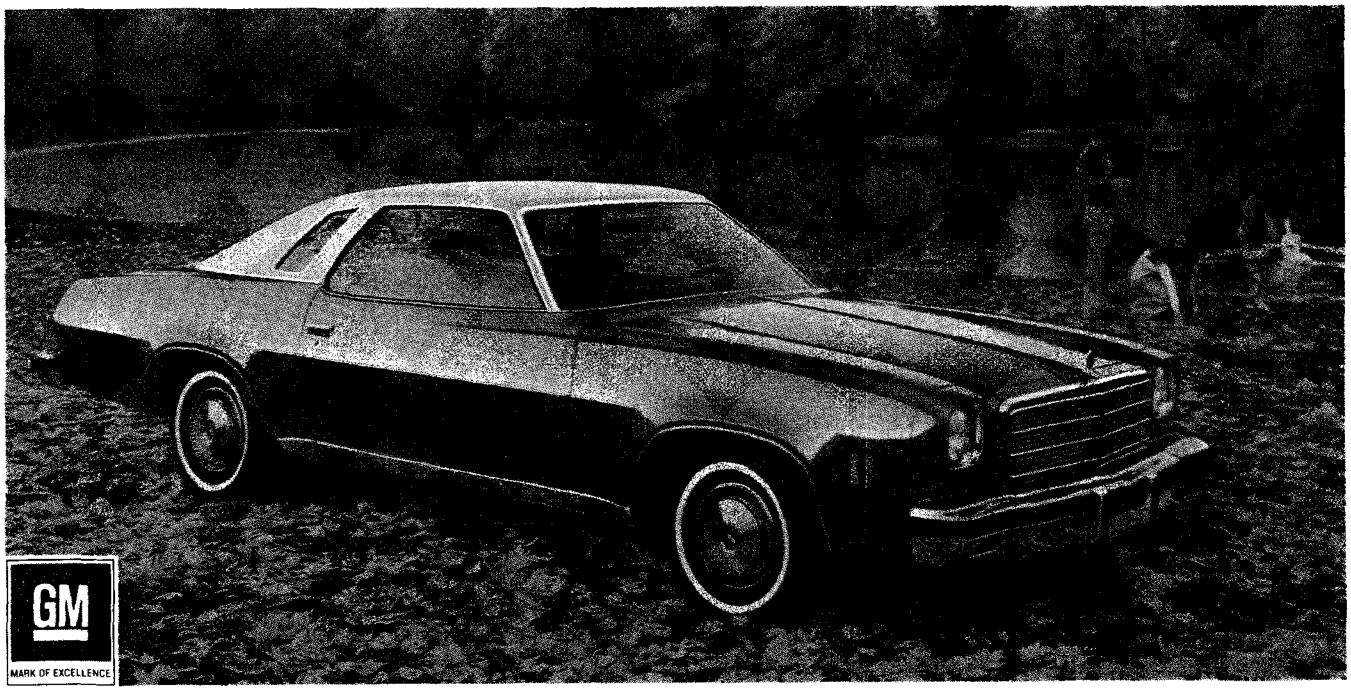

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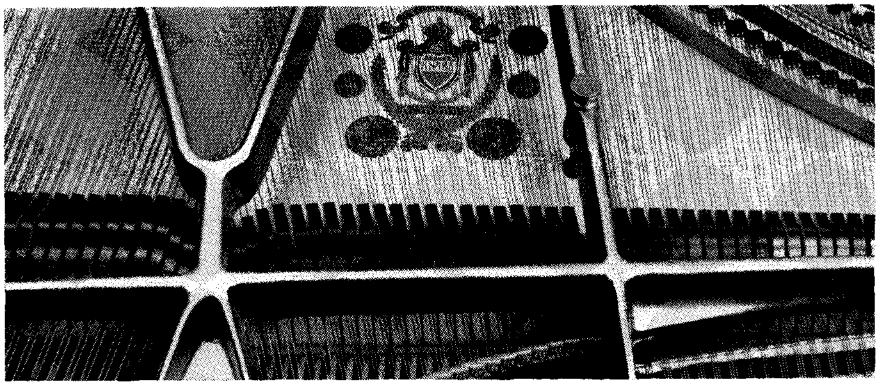
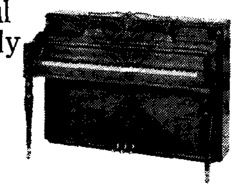
move he makes. Some of the comic touches that pull down Spielberg's style are probably the result of the editors' leaving a nudging extra beat; their work is mostly split-second right, but they leave a beat on an art effect, too—on the Teddy bear in the road near the end of the picture (the shot featured in the ad campaign). Spielberg can't redeem it all, but he gets away with it; he's one of those wizard directors who can make trash entertaining. That's what "The Sting," for example, tries to do, and though I may be lonely in this, I think it fails. Spielberg savors film, and you respond to that. "The Sugarland Express" has life to it. Not the kind of life that informs a young film like "Mean Streets"—probably the best American movie of 1973—but the vitality that a director with great instincts can bring to commercial entertainment.

TERRENCE MALICK, who wrote, produced, directed, and spent a year editing "Badlands," his first feature, is twenty-nine, the age that Godard was when he made "Breathless." But Godard liked his outlaw hero and identified with him, while Malick, in his gloss on Godard's theme, shows no feelings. In "Breathless," Michel (Belmondo) and his Patricia (Jean Seberg) were affectless and disengaged—he about murder, she about betrayal—but we weren't asked to be heartless toward them. If Michel's view of himself was a psychological by-product of the movies—he imitated Bogart, and he treated death as casually as if it were a reversible stunt—his movie cool was part of a romantic temperament, and we could feel warmly toward him, because we in the audience were also caught in movie-fed fantasies. "Breathless" was a romance about the romance of the movies—by no means the first but probably the first to suggest that living in a movie dream world might make one guiltless, and the first to suggest that if life can't live up to our movie dreams, this isn't merely comic but tragicomic. This tragicomic attitude fitted into (and also shaped) the attitude of a new generation of moviegoers—romantics spawned by mass culture. It has been a constant of movies ever since—especially of the movies made by young film addicts.

"Badlands" takes it several steps further, moving from Godard's inside view to an outside view, and using it as a put-down of the society. Set at the end of the fifties, the picture is about a killing spree that starts in South Dakota and is derived from the actual killing





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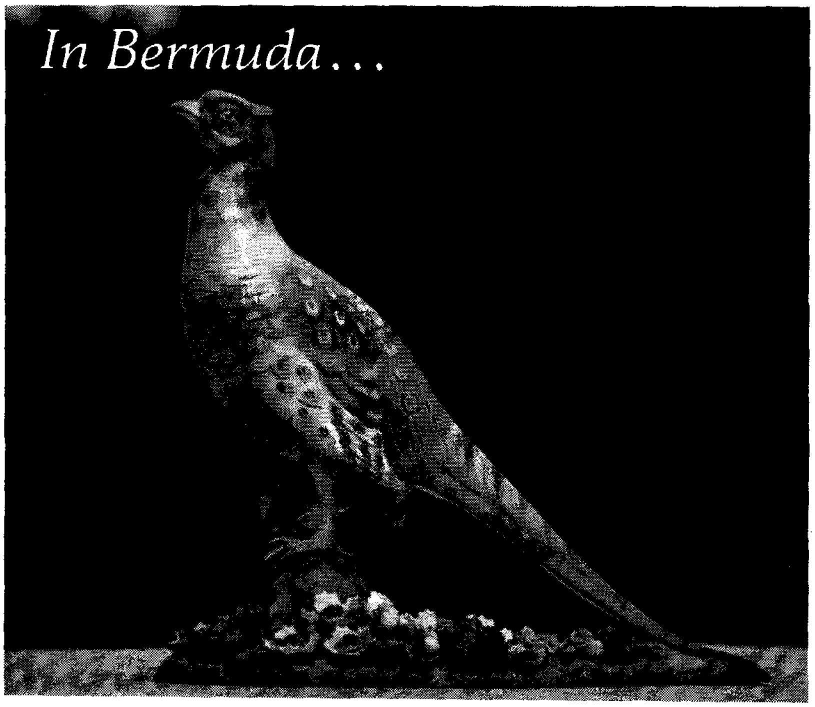

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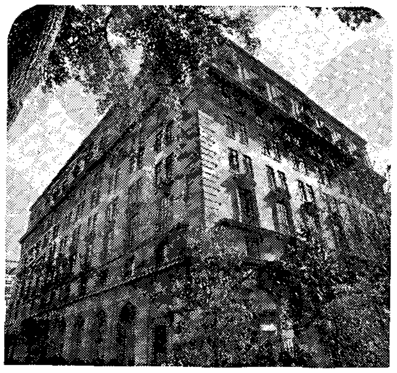
spree of Charles Starkweather and Caril Ann Fugate. ("Breathless" was also based on a news item.) Kit (Martin Sheen) and Holly (Sissy Spacek) are emotionless, and the film looks at them emotionlessly. It is an intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation. Kit and Holly are kept at a distance, doing things for no explained purpose; it's as if the director had taped gauze over their characters, so that we wouldn't be able to take a reading on them. One may assume that they are meant to be out of touch with their own emotions, but the movie never suggests that they had any to lose touch with. No one in the movie has any more affect than Kit and Holly; no one is surprised by what they do; by implication, everyone wants to do the same. Badlands. Malick's conception is so cold and formal that I felt as if I were watching a polished Ph.D. thesis that couldn't help making the professors exclaim "Brilliant!" The film is a succession of art touches. Malick is a gifted student, and "Badlands" is an art thing, all right, but I didn't admire it, I didn't enjoy it, and I don't like it. It's all rhetoric. Somewhat reminiscent of the work of Monte Hellman, it's an artistically self-conscious counterculture movie like "Five Easy Pieces," only much more so. It's a counterculture movie in a rather special sense: it isn't on the side of the young characters, but, rather, its condescending tone toward the society makes it easy for people in the audience to feel superior.

Holly narrates, in her corrupted-by-pop, fifteen-year-old baton twirler's notion of a literary attitude. The whole movie is filtered through the callowness of her childish Southwestern voice and her soap-operatic confessional phrasing. "Little did I realize that . . ." An easy laugh for the audience. She's like the girls that Tuesday Weld used to play, but without the spark and sex. She's not corrupt—just blah. We can't fail to observe that she doesn't have a fresh perception and that she never expresses any specific, direct reaction; though she "loves" Kit, she is emotionless about her first sex ("Is that all there is to it?"). She isn't any more upset when her father (Warren Oates) shoots her dog than she is when Kit shoots her father. And we can't fail to observe Malick's tony culture (presumably non-pop) commenting on hers. The photography—empty skies and empty landscapes and Maxfield Parrish storybook color—makes an aesthetic point. (It's as deliberate as stag-



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ing an abstract play on a bare stage.) Music by Carl Orff and Erik Satie serves as a heightened form of condescension to the culturally dim, frigid lovers. Malick is, of course, telling us that they're empty. Godard's pair were empty, too, but only in a sense, and that sense was part of their attraction. Their not giving much of a damn about anything had a generational chic; it was part of what made them charming. But even the whims of Malick's pair are calculated to be drab.

Our only possible involvement is in admiring Malick's tasteful effects while he demonstrates Kit's and Holly's nothingness. After Kit kills Holly's father, he burns down the house, and we're treated to a fiery little visual poem as the flames encircle such totemic objects as Holly's doll house and her dead father's head. The pair go off to a wilderness and live in a tree house—a phlegmatic idyll. They hole up in a rich man's home furnished in such neutered perfection it could be entered in a museum show of bland Gothic; the rich man's deaf housekeeper is a capper to the film's hushed tone. (The director himself appears as the man in a white hat who comes to the door and leaves a note for the captive master of the house.) Each effect is perfectly arbitrary. Kit is said to look like James Dean, but the truth is that Martin Sheen doesn't look like James Dean—he acts like him. And he doesn't act like him the way Kit would but as a trained actor would. But, of course, he's James Dean without the touching vulnerability—so that we won't care about him. Sheen is probably exactly what Malick wanted, because he's a proficient, unexciting actor; he is too finished—he doesn't leave any spaces for us to fill in, and nothing in him spills over. Auburn-haired Sissy Spacek, with her pale eyelashes, has the face of a Memling, but Memlings tell us more. After a half-dozen or so murders, Kit piles up some stones beside a road as a marker, so people will know where he was captured. The troopers who arrest him ask him why he committed the murders, and he says that he always wanted to be a criminal; they smile approvingly. No one shows any anger toward him; the townspeople are quietly eager for the souvenirs of himself he distributes. All this slanting is designed to prove that Kit and Holly are psychologically aberrant and yet that they're just like everybody else—that their moral vacuum is spreading over the flat, dead landscape. The badlands culture isn't hostile—it's just banal. The movie can be summed up: mass-

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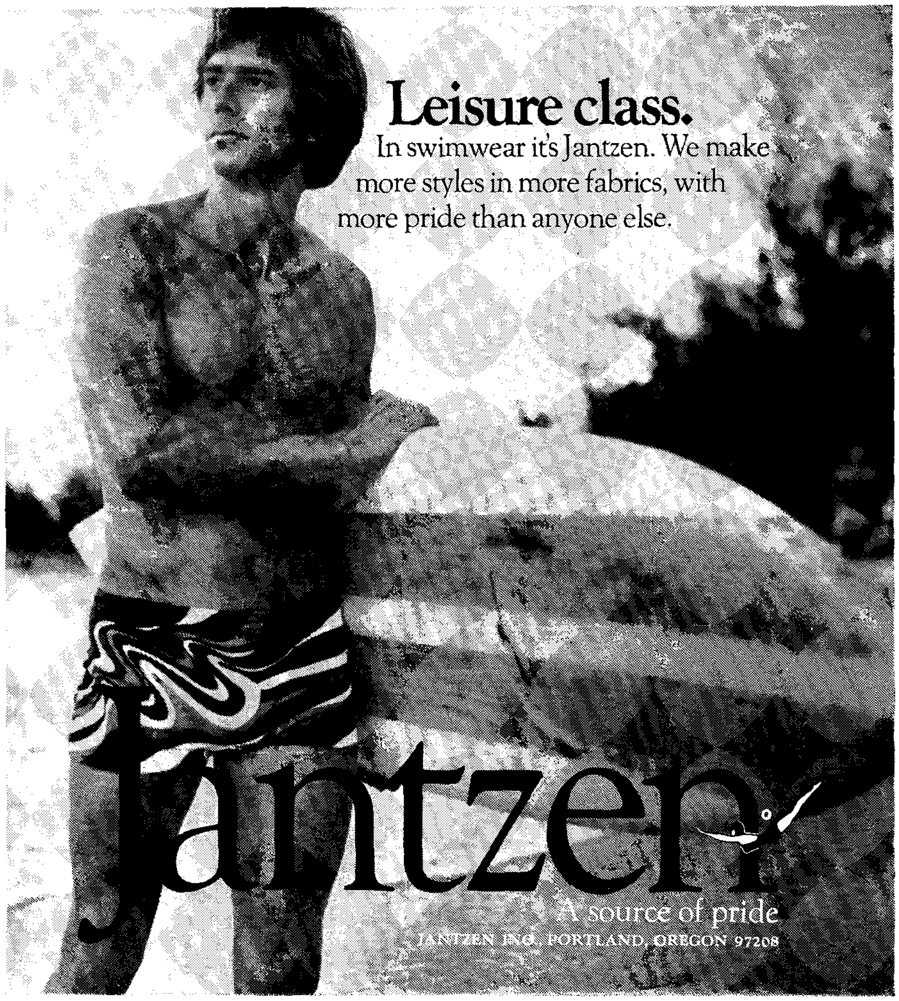

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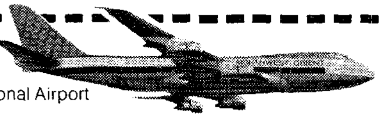

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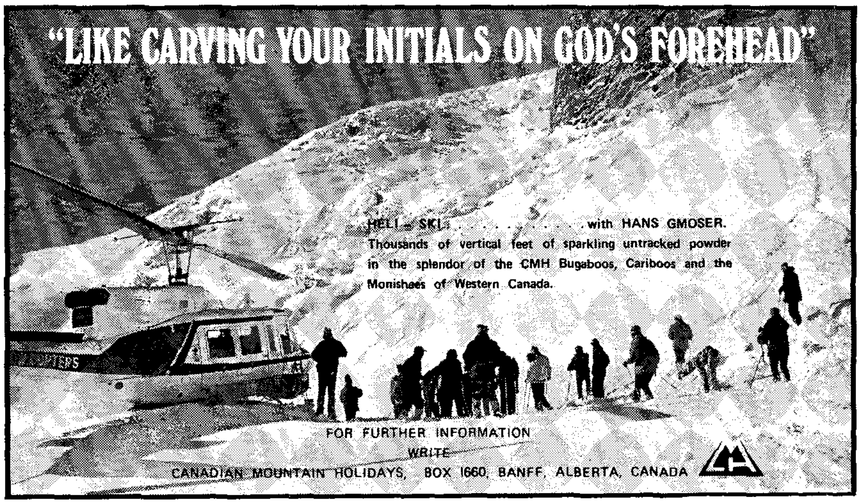
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culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless.

"Invasion of the Body Snatchers" said the same thing without all this draggy art; it managed to be moderately entertaining and very scary. "Breathless" touched on the theme without making it a heavy statement. It's not such a steep perception that we have to suffer all this lethargy to grab hold of it. "Badlands" has no more depth than "The Sugarland Express," and I found its cold detachment offensive. "The Sugarland Express" shows us the effects of the media on people without putting the people down for their sentimentality or for their pink curlers, or even for Lou Jean's mania for collecting gold stamps at service stations. Lou Jean's and Clovis's scrapping is a sign of life, and the trip to get their baby is a crazy joyride. The joyless flight across the badlands is just a culture trip. Bad taste isn't the worst thing in the world, but in "Badlands," as sometimes in Antonioni's "Zabriskie Point," one can easily get the feeling that the director thinks it is. The film is so iced that we react less to Holly's amorality than to her naïveté and pretensions, less to Kit's murders than to his clichés and aspirations to celebrity. Malick may not have recognized what his disengagement device would lead to. It's one thing to look at the rich people in "L'Avventura," who have everything and are lost and empty; it's quite another to look at ordinary people and be shown that they're ciphers. The attitude becomes ugly, especially since the movie itself is so culturally embellished (though the choice of music is oddly lush; Hindemith would seem to be Malick's composer). And there's a basic flaw in Malick's method: he has *perceived* the movie—he's done our work instead of his. In place of people and action, with metaphor rising out of the story, he gives us a surface that is all conscious metaphor. "Badlands" is so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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# LETTER FROM LONDON

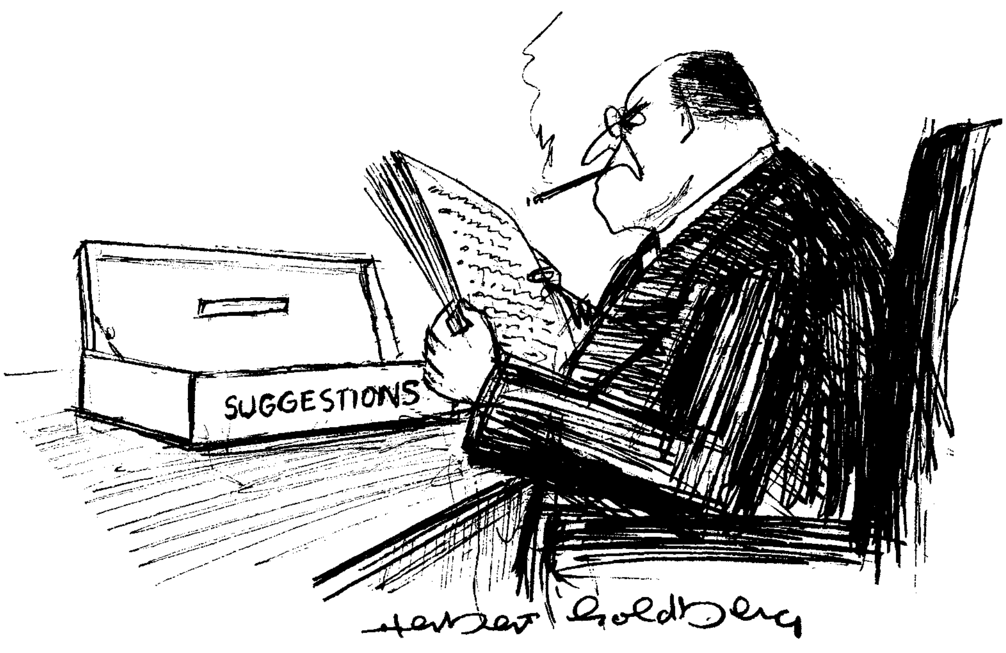
MARCH 8

AFTER the feverish arguments and emotions of the seemingly endless weekend following the election results, there was a sense of exhausted relief even among Mr. Heath's supporters when the end came on Monday and the country learned that a Government was back in business again. Many Conservatives to whom the idea of Mr. Wilson once more on the doorstep of No. 10 brought a cold shiver down the spine nevertheless think that Mr. Heath's admission of defeat was three days late, and that a dignified exit on Friday night would have been applauded as right. As it was, the vast majority of ordinary citizens certainly could not make head or tail of the intricate constitutional decision that was suddenly signalled from Downing Street, like a defiant house flag hoisted to show that the man in possession was still at home and intended to remain there if he could find enough friends to support his tenancy. Labour voters who had jubilantly concluded that they had won—though by such an unsatisfactorily tiny handful of seats (301 to the Conservatives' 296, and seventeen votes short of a majority in the House)—were first bewildered and then incensed. Those Tories who loyally approved Mr. Heath's attempt to soldier on took the view that he was motivated by fears of how a Wilson Government would affect the floating pound and the international bankers to whom it would have to apply for aid before long. Other people saw Mr. Heath's action simply as the last and most striking example of the obstinacy and inflexibility that many respect as character but a large section of opinion in divided England today calls arrogance, and dislikes or actively hates.

During the weekend of anguished discussions, of anxiously watched political overtures in directions that a short time ago would have been loftily rejected, and of oracular television pronouncements from Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, the leader of the Liberals, who at last deliriously find themselves the men of the hour and of destiny, Harold Wilson waited in his Buckinghamshire country retreat, and eloquently said nothing. Even his opponents do not deny, however reluctantly, that it was an astonishing victory for him. He had been hopefully reported in the Tory press to be looking much aged, to have lost his infallible shrewd touch, and to be about to prove an electoral liability to the Party, particularly to the intellectual middle-class supporters who have disliked his too agile shiftings of ground on joining the Common Market and other matters. (Indeed, many of them probably shifted themselves, in the direction of the Liberal Party.) In his last TV appearance before the election, Mr. Wilson had appeared worn and weary and not in the least like a man who expected to be forming his third Government in the near future. Yet to the journalists who saw him return with his wife from his constituency, near Liverpool, to their home in Westminster just before lunch on Friday, when the Conservative hopes of a thundering vote of confidence in Mr. Heath's ability to steer England through her sea of troubles had long been shattered, the transformation was remarkable. Overnight, it seemed, his face had become rosier, rounded and smoothed out as though the prospect of power again, however dangerously fragile, had been injected under the skin like some kind of cosmetic wax.

Edward Heath's defeat is devastating to his supporters, many of whom feel their grief the more keenly because all through the campaign, in every public appearance, he had positively shone with confidence—perhaps too much, it is now thought. Many Conservatives wish fervently that he had postponed testing the famous good sense of the British electorate, in which he appeared to place his trust, until the miners' strike and the gloom of the three-day week were over—for it is taken for granted that the Conservatives would have had to find some way of bending the incomes policy to end the strike—and spring weather might be warming the voters' hearts rather more toward him. As it was, the voters' minds had obviously been made up in sufficient numbers by the combination of rising prices, hatred of the Government's labor-relations policies, and discontent with three and a half years of a Tory Government that had got the country into Europe, where multitudes of citizens did not want to be, and still deeper into economic crisis. The voters' hearts had not come into it, with a Prime Minister who never managed, for all his admirable qualities, to inspire emotion.

A certain amount of restive talk is going on in the melancholy Conservative post mortems about the impossibility of fighting the next election—which may come fairly soon—under the same leadership. The Party's instinct in defeat, however, is always to rally round staunchly—at least for the time being, until the numbness wears off. Even to renegades, the Conservatives behave in gentlemanly fashion. Many of them think wrathfully that they were damaged, especially in the Midlands, by Enoch Powell's incredible eleventh-hour withdrawal from the election and advice to his flabbergasted constituents in Wolverhampton to vote Labour, as he was doing. Yet for this stab in the back he has not been expelled, only firmly and politely ignored, as though there had been a disgraceful family suicide on which the relatives preferred not to dwell. Indeed, few in the Party seem inclined to pretend that their catastrophe was due to anyone or anything except the simple fact that the country had rejected



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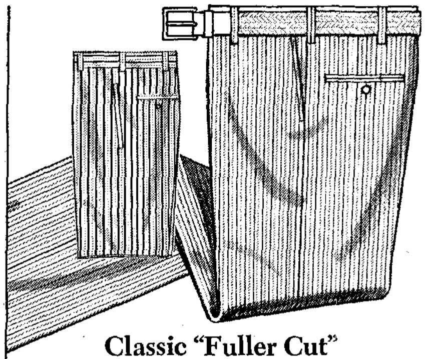

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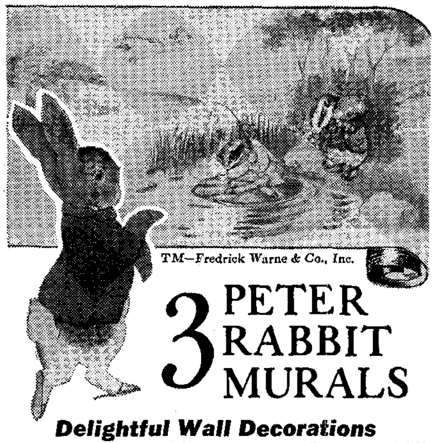
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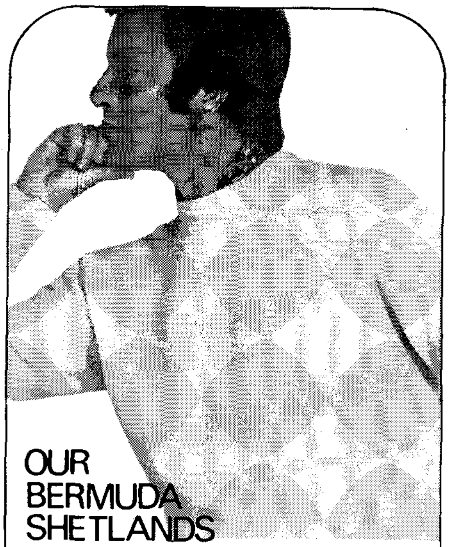
Mr. Heath's style of government and asked in a muddled fashion for something else.

The six million who voted Liberal expressed clearly enough the desire of voters, often youthful and fed up to the teeth with what the two elderly, experienced big parties had succeeded in giving them, for fresh, untried policies and a differently run Britain—one in which there would be a levelling down of still glaringly evident privilege and a levelling up of money and opportunities for the less well-paid workers, with more fairness and not so much political bickering. They showed enthusiastically that they preferred Jeremy Thorpe—with his gaunt, dark, Brontë-esque good looks, his well-marshalled ideas, and his ability to put them over with charm and clarity on television—to either Mr. Wilson or Mr. Heath. Mr. Heath, in particular, has never troubled to hide his scorn for the Liberals, who doubtless had not forgotten that when their leader declined, over the weekend, to prop up a shaky Conservative Government. The alternative the Liberals proposed, of a national coalition Government to include all three parties, was turned down flat by Mr. Wilson, as they knew it would be, but there is a surprising amount of support in the country for the idea, and they will be given credit for having advanced it. The startling, undreamed-of strength of the wave of Liberal feeling that went across the land washed only fourteen M.P.s back to Westminster, a disappointing three more than in the last Parliament. So electoral reform, with fairer proportional representation—for which the Liberals have long been clamoring to successive Governments, who have remained hard of hearing—will surely be urged on the Prime Minister. And he will need their help in the Commons even though he stoutly says he intends to go it alone.

The Liberals are numerically less important to Mr. Wilson than the assorted band of militant Ulster Protestant loyalists and Scottish and Welsh Nationalists who surged triumphantly into Parliament last Thursday, but whether they will choose to group their own fiercely rebellious banners on the side of the Government or the Opposition in any vital vote remains to be seen. Even with promises of good behavior from Labour's wilder backbenchers and virtuous assurances of as much patriotic support for national, rather than doctrinaire, measures as the battered Conservatives and the cock-a-hoop Liberals may feel able to offer, the session of the new House of Com-



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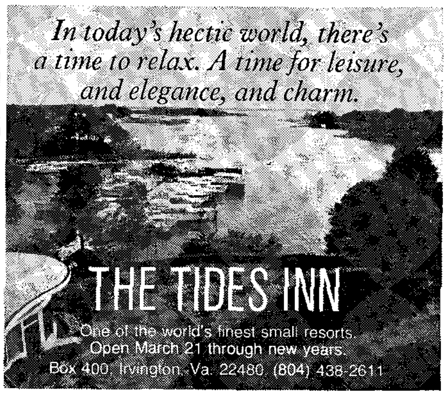
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mons that formally opens next week looks like being a stormy one.

The Wilson Cabinet appointment that made the most controversy was, of course, that of Michael Foot—the fiery extreme left-winger who has been whirling at the center of most of the Party rows ever since the days when he used to attack the Labour leadership with scathing virulence in the pages of *Tribune*—to the all-important job of Secretary of State for Employment. Now sixty, with a shock of snow-white hair, he is the only spellbinder left in a woefully dull Parliament; his brilliant, derisive, demagogic flood of eloquence, reminiscent in style of his idolized friend Aneurin Bevan, on whom he recently published an excellent biography, can throw the House into a roar and bring journalists scurrying from the press bar. This is his first Cabinet appointment, and his first act was to settle with the miners and send the country back to work full time—just as Labour's election slogan had tellingly promised. Even with the strike settled, life will apparently not altogether return to normal for a while. But at the moment, people in all parties simply feel profoundly thankful, as though suddenly convalescent after a long, weakening illness, and not much inclined yet to think about the bills that will be coming in. So Mr. Heath's reasons for calling this disastrous election have vanished with him before the new Government is a week old. The Trades Union Congress leaders have just glowingly declared that the return to a voluntary system of restraining wage demands will be honored by the other unions; the workers who are in line for more money but who voted for a Labour Government will not want to imperil it. Nevertheless, in view of the settlement with the miners, who are elated by their victory, Mr. Foot's task may be difficult.

Much has been changed here in the last shaking week, including the political landscape, which has been so radically transformed that it will never, many think, be the same again. One wry evaluation is that England is *really* part of Europe now, having acquired a Parliament that in future will function on lines familiar in other European assemblies—with a minority Government, precariously dependent on bargains and unnatural alliances, disputatious, and probably short-lived. It feels to many depressed citizens as though a stately, reassuringly solid bit of architecture, to which they had been accustomed all their lives, had been demolished overnight.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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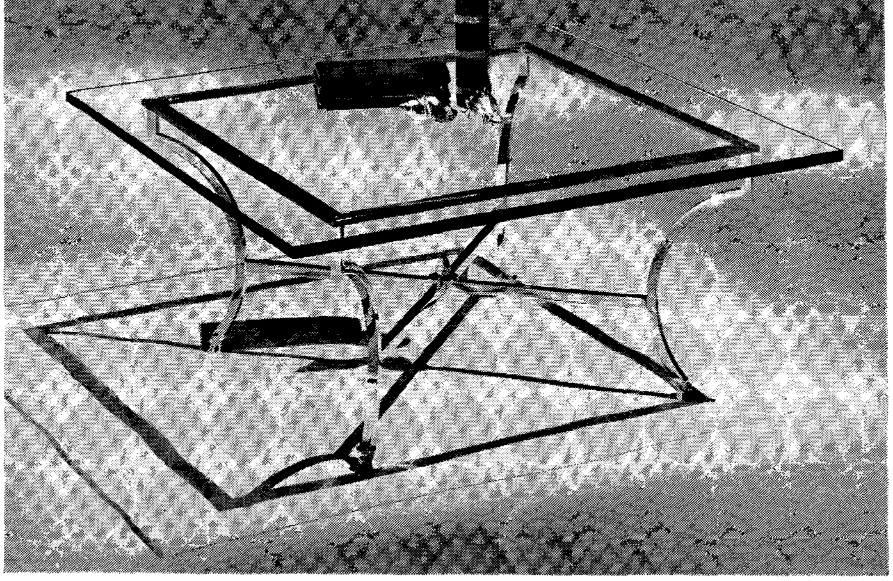

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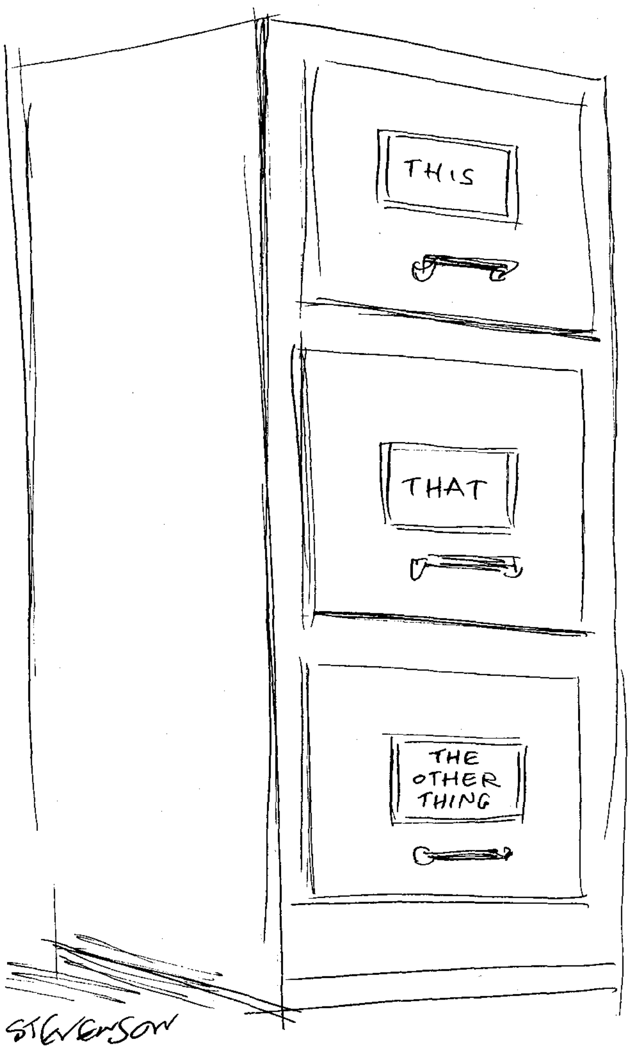
# BOOKS

## *Portrait of a Lady*

ENGLAND loves a literary fracas. Nineteen-seventy-three saw a classic: Dr. A. L. Rowse, of All Souls College, Oxford, *contra mundum*. Dr. Rowse is the author of twenty-four books. These include history, poetry, biography, and memoirs. He has produced a three-volume study of the Churchills, a profile of the English spirit, and five volumes that deal with Cornwall, with Cornishmen in America, and with his own experiences as a Cornish child and a Cornishman at Oxford. But Dr. Rowse's main focus has been on Elizabethan England, its social structure, its politics, its expansion overseas, its artistic and scientific genius. Four books of his have appeared under the over-all title of "The Elizabethan Age." He has also published studies of Christopher Marlowe, of the Earl of Southampton, of Raleigh and Throckmorton, of Sir Richard Grenville, the bold sea captain whose name may have been on Falstaff's dying lips, of Elizabethan colonists, voyagers, and politicians in America.

This prodigal output includes two undisputed classics: "Tudor Cornwall" and "A Cornish Childhood." Either book would alone have made a lesser man's renown. But A. L. Rowse's verve, his eye for the dramatic detail, his ability to write in a perfectly lucid yet personal prose, the sheer vehemence of his imagination, come through even in his occasional articles. He is of the tribe of Macaulay, but brings to his brilliant historical display an awareness of economic and social factors more sophisticated than what was available to the pageant-makers of the nineteenth century. And to a degree exceedingly rare in a historian and personality so deliberately flamboyant (the Cornish genius), Dr. Rowse has an archivist's nose. He scents the truffle under dusty papers, the precious fact buried where previous scholars have passed unheeding. The British Museum, the Folger, the Bodleian, the muniment rooms of aristocratic houses are his El Dorado.



"William Shakespeare: A Biography" appeared in 1963. The critical response was by no means hostile, but even favorable notices tended to patronize: here was an agreeable general biography for the lay reader by an author no doubt qualified in various aspects of Elizabethan history but to be taken seriously neither as literary scholar nor as critic. In 1973, Dr. Rowse published two new books: "Shakespeare the Man" and "Shakespeare's Sonnets: The Problems Solved" (both Harper & Row). This time, the storm broke. Rowse was denounced as a self-advertising charlatan whose claims to have solved basic problems in Shakespeare's biography and in the text of the Sonnets had no basis in fact; the great "discovery" he had proclaimed to the world was a trivial detail with no direct relation to Shakespeare; if any of Rowse's theories had possible substance, they were pilfered from earlier scholars, largely unacknowledged, or, if they were novel, they were melodramatic fantasies spawned by a popular historian and polemicist now out of his depth: Dr. Rowse was, after all, not even a professor in his own university. At least one reviewer, graced with that exalted title and discreet enough not to publish major work in his own field, treated what Dr. Rowse had done as an exemplary study in impudence. The outsider, the popularizer, had come to just grief.

Dr. Rowse answered in kind. "The Consolations of Being Right" appeared in the *Spectator* for June 2nd of 1973. It is a startling document. Dr. Rowse regards the reception of his work as a crucial symptom of the times: it tells of

> the decline of standards, the lack of concern for what is true, the inability to recognise it when put forward by a leading authority on the age of Shakespeare, the preference for nonsense rather than common sense, the irresponsibility, obtuseness, and stupidity on the part of those who should know better, the overwhelming prevalence of journalism. It is all characteristic of this age and its lowering of standards.

Already, in the nineteen-thirties, Dr. Rowse, then a young Labour candidate, was, in his own words, "a very lone voice on the left" against the appeasers. Today, if anything, the climate of public life is tawdrier. It is ruled by "journalist-clowns, or journalist-professors who should be getting on with their research, writing solid books, and setting a better example in their faculty." Why their bitterness, asks Rowse. "An egalitarian society releases envy of every kind and at every level. In the old days people knew their place." As for the matter in hand, "If it is something about the Elizabethan Age, you would do well to ask me; and you would be a fool to contradict me. . . . There are many such fools about. There is no point in discussing the matter with them—they have nothing to discuss with." Moreover, why should a man worry? Tributes have come in from John Gielgud, Harold Macmillan, "and even a personal letter from De Gaulle." Four of Dr. Rowse's books have each sold over three hundred thousand copies. Envy is one thing, but ingratitude is another. Can the "purblind fools" in the profession, the professors "dead from the neck upwards," not see that Dr. Rowse is their greatest ally? Has his work on Shakespeare not dealt, once and for all, with the lunatic conjectures of

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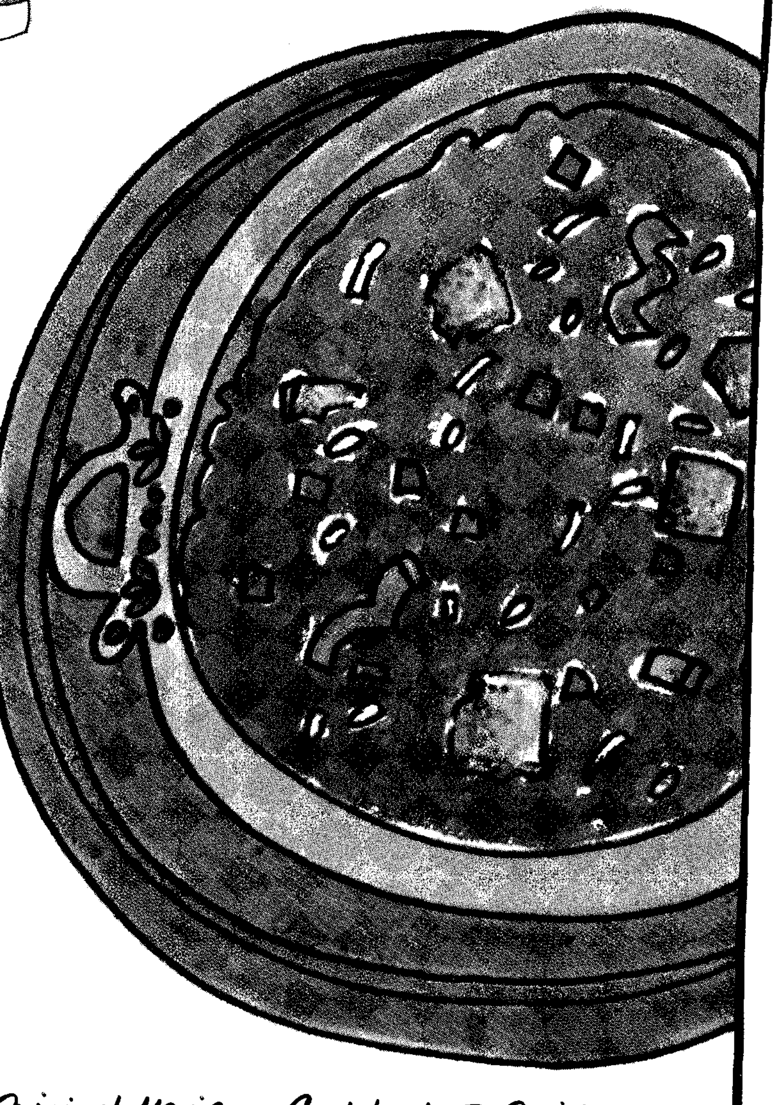

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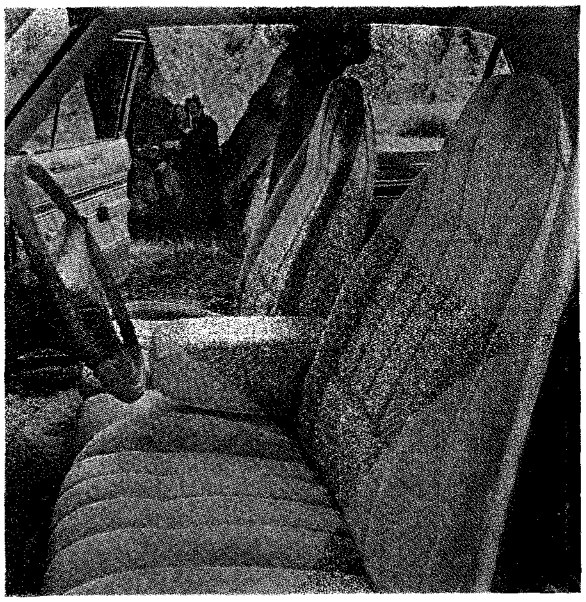
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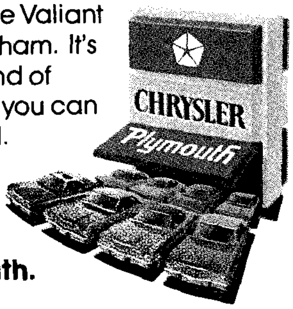

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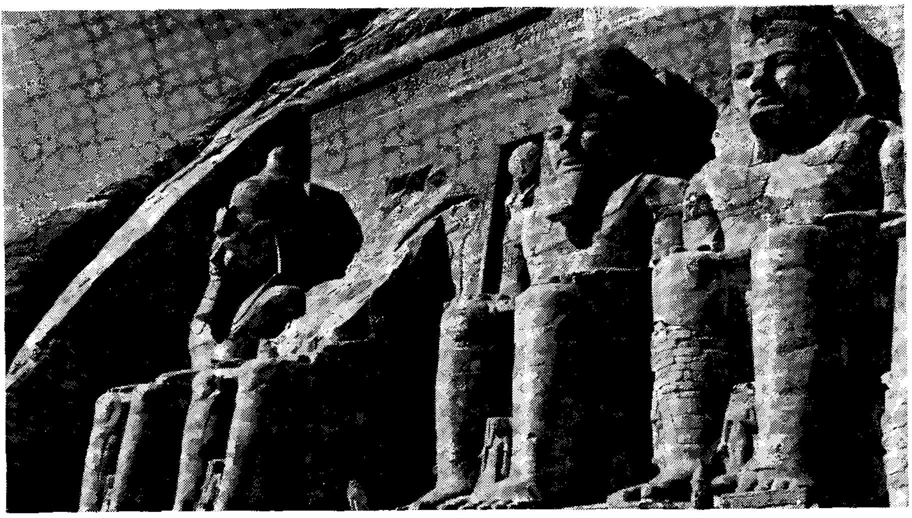
Baconians, Marlovians, Oxfordians? Yet they have failed to see that "in the leading Elizabethan historian they have their most effective ally, bringing the background to Shakespeare, both life and work, into the light of common-sense knowledge of the age as no one else can."

There can be a good deal to say about Dr. Rowse's outburst, about the incautious rage vented by this essentially elegant, private man. Its roots go back to snobberies, to intellectual mediocrity in high places first experienced by Rowse when he was a very young scholar, poet, and "Cornishman at Oxford." The élitism in Rowse's polemic is strident; it leaves a nasty taste. (And it intrudes often, and arbitrarily, on "Shakespeare the Man.") The point about envy, however, is absolutely right. As England shrinks politically, as it labors in a morass of economic and social perplexities, it has produced a culture of envy, of acid dismissal. The establishment attitude is one of tight-lipped irony. Rhetoric, the large gesture, the imagination that takes risks, are suspect. The thin gray ones set the tone; the round and furry ones, the artists, thinkers, entrepreneurs who bare their skin to the wind, are cut down. A. L. Rowse's literary success, his ability to be both a Fellow of the British Academy and a contributor to the "Oxford Book of Twentieth-Century Verse," his boundless energy, the frank delight he takes in the life style of England's most prestigious college, the sheer gusto of the man—all these offend. The elephant pits are dug.

But these are incidentals. What is the dustup actually about?

Dr. Rowse revealed his discovery in the London *Times* for January 29th of 1973. With a fanfare appropriate to Newton on Gravity, he announced that he had identified the Dark Lady who appears in Shakespeare's Sonnets as the poet's inspiring, tormenting, and ultimately unworthy mistress. She had turned up, as it were, under his very nose, in the Bodleian Library, in the diaries, or, more accurately, casebooks, of a Simon Forman. Forman was an astrologer, physician, and playgoer contemporary with Shakespeare. He achieved notoriety by predicting the date of his own death (though evil tongues whispered of suicide). Shakespearean scholars have long known of him because of his "Book of Plays," which contains eyewitness, and therefore invaluable, accounts of stage presentations of numerous works—"Macbeth," "The Winter's Tale," and "Cymbeline" among them. A selection from Forman's papers had appeared in a limited, bowdlerized



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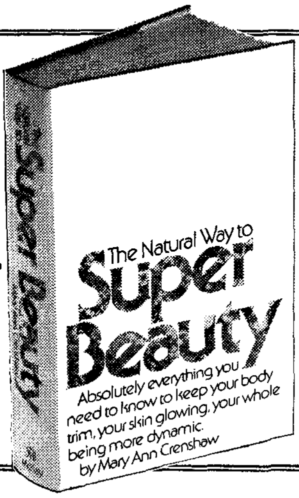
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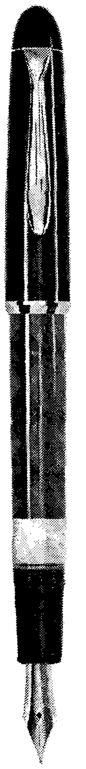

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edition in 1849, under the title "The Autobiography and Personal Diary of Dr. Simon Forman." Dr. Rowse makes no mention of this admittedly obscure volume, but his decision to return to the mass of Forman papers, many of them difficult to read, is, in any case, an instance of inspired scholarship.

In 1597, an Emilia Lanier came to Forman to have her horoscope cast. She was the orphaned child of a court musician named Bassano. At the age of perhaps seventeen, if Forman's jottings are to be credited, she had become the mistress of the venerable Henry Carey, first Lord Hunsdon and Lord Chamberlain. In this capacity, her lover protected the actors against the city authorities, and he was himself the patron of a theatrical troupe assembled in 1594. His patronage was a brief one, but the troupe included Shakespeare. Being with child by her protector, Emilia Bassano entered on a marriage of convenience with William Lanier, the son of a French court musician and himself a minstrel. Even on her first visits, she hinted to Forman that noblemen had made much of her charms. Forman said of his client that she had been "very brown in youth"—"brown" being a common Elizabethan term for "dark" or "dusky." But Emilia Bassano Lanier was obviously on her way down. Forman guessed that she would "for lucre's sake" prove compliant. He slept with her occasionally between 1597 and 1600, using the engaging private word "halek" to describe the act. After which the "brown," or "dark," lady disappears from his records.

From these facts Dr. Rowse deduces his triumphant revelation. Being the ex-mistress of the Lord Chamberlain, Emilia would have been in immediate contact with the world of the theatre to which Shakespeare belonged. Her heritage and marriage point strongly to musical interests—a trait referred to in the Sonnets. The name of William Lanier, together with that of Shakespeare himself, is inwoven in the sexual punning of Sonnet 135, which Rowse regards as a key to the whole fabric:

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?

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ual caprices, of her untrustworthiness, of her ambiguous repute, precisely matches the information given by Forman. In "Othello," Desdemona's attendant takes a decidedly tolerant view of adultery: her name is Emilia. Music, an Italian context, and sexual pursuit come together in "The Merchant of Venice," where we find the name "Bassanio." Rowse argues that the "Dark Lady" sonnets and "Love's Labour's Lost" (in which the key personage is named Berowne) both belong to 1593, thus coming at a pivotal point in the composition of the whole sonnet sequence, which Dr. Rowse believes took place between 1592 and 1595. "How much closer can you get?" he challenges. "Unbiased minds are persuaded on the grounds of probabilities; myself, I am certain."

The academic establishment was unimpressed. Examining Forman's writing, one scholar arrived at the confident conclusion that Rowse had misread the key word: the lady was termed not "brown" but "brave," signifying "handsome," "flamboyant," perhaps a shade promiscuous. Another scholar read "barren"—which might account for Emilia's visit to an astrologer-physician. He also cast grave doubt on the crucial identification of William Lanier, for, according to this critique, Rowse omits a passage from Forman, dealing with the accuracy of astrological calculations, in which he records the name Alfonso Lanier. If this is so, Rowse's error would stem from the fact that the abbreviation "Millia," which occurs in Forman's notes, stands not for William Lanier but simply for Emilia herself. Why, moreover, should Forman say that his caller had been brown "in youth"? Does skin color change? Either "brave" or "barren" would make much better sense.

Other critics attacked along a broader front. Much depends on Rowse's dating of the Sonnets. His early dating is by no means novel (it was already argued by Tucker Brooke in 1936), but it underlies the whole of Rowse's interpretation of the sequence. According to him, there is no mystery whatever. The riddling "Mr. W. H." to whom the Sonnets are dedicated was Sir William Harvey, third husband of the Countess of Southampton. She, in turn, was the mother of Shakespeare's patron, the brilliant but erotically ambivalent Earl of Southampton, to whom Shakespeare addresses his most fervent lines. The rival poet who makes his dramatic appearance in Sonnets 79-86 is Marlowe, himself a homosexual and a possible competitor for Southampton's favor. A. L. Rowse treats these points

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as established facts. To most Elizabethan scholars they are, at best, conjectures. The Sonnets are inscribed "To the only begetter . . . Mr. W. H." Rowse reads the term to mean no more than the "procurer," more or less accidental, of the text for the printer. "Begetter," say the experts, cannot carry this light meaning. It stands for "inspirer," for the active source of Shakespeare's poetic design. G. Wilson Knight, one of the finest of English critics and a scholar steeped in Elizabethan drama, wrote to the *Times Literary Supplement*, on May 11th of 1973, "This dedication is the only firm evidence we have regarding the young man of the sonnets; and, properly understood, leaves Southampton, whose initials were not 'W. H.,' and who seems in any case an unsuitable candidate, as a non-starter."

But above all, found the critics, nothing in Dr. Rowse's "definitive answers" and "complete and absolute corroboration" provided any reason at all to surmise a direct link between Emilia Bassano Lanier and William Shakespeare. A woman of dubious reputation, living on the rim of the court circle, and quite probably familiar with musicians and theatrical folk in the fifteen-nineties, had consulted an astrologer and gone to bed with him. Even in the strongest light, on the assumption that Rowse has not misread the jottings to be "brown" and "William," there is no connection whatever with Shakespeare. Dr. Rowse's constant reiteration of such words as "plain fact," "incontrovertible evidence," "proof" is no more than rhetoric.

What is one to make of the debate? As Rowse would be the first to declare, the layman had best be prudent. Elizabethan epigraphy, the problem of the exact meaning of words in the late sixteenth century, the analysis of the relations between court, city, and player during Shakespeare's lifetime, are topics of considerable intricacy. The significance of the dedication of Shakespeare's Sonnets (presuming that the poet in fact wrote this dedication) has been the object of conjecture and acid argument for generations. The same is true of certain allusions in the sequence which may or may not refer to contemporary events. "Fools" and "journalist-professors" beware.

ONE'S impression, for what it is worth, is that Dr. Rowse has lit on a beguiling *possibility*. The name Bassano did stick in Shakespeare's mind. The Dark Lady of the Sonnets does seem to move in a complex, a sexually and socially ambiguous, sphere,

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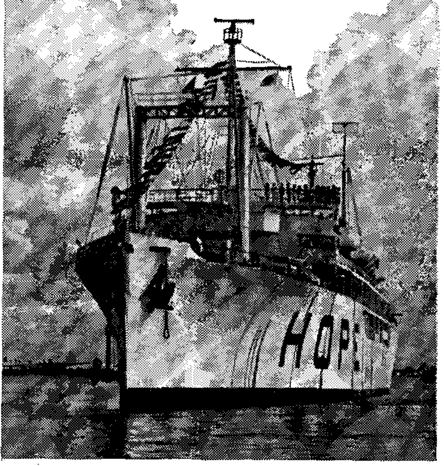

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between the aristocratic and the professional setting. This would suit Emilia Lanier. Sonnet 127 can be read to refer to the Dark Lady's enforced marriage and the birth of a bastard son. This would fit, and one scholar has gone so far as to find the name "Lanier" present, as an anagram, in lines four and twelve. The young Earl of Southampton, at once magnetic and vaguely meretricious, is still the strongest candidate for the role of the poet's patron. It is not easy to find a rival outside Marlowe, whose "mighty line" Shakespeare occasionally pilfered in unashamed admiration. The Bassanos, of whom fourteen were members of the King's Musick, and the Laniers almost certainly would have been in touch with the Chamberlain's players in the pertinent years of 1593 and 1594. Forman's account of the lady's later conduct, fragmentary as it is, calls up echoes of Shakespeare. There may be something of her greedy sensuality, of her superstitions, of her "brownness" or "braveness," in Cleopatra. But nothing of all this constitutes proof. Until now—and let no one underestimate Rowse's nose for documents as yet uncombed—there has been no established link whatever between Emilia Lanier and William Shakespeare. They may have met or they may have not. The Sonnets could be referring to her, or it could be that the Dark Lady is someone entirely different. To assert more is to misuse the notion of evidence and of fact.

At the least, Rowse has unearthed an absolutely fascinating vignette of daily life in the demimonde of astrology, entertainment, sex, and finance that surrounded the Elizabethan court. Forman's adroit lechery, the maneuvers of the harried lady, the interweaving of starry matters with "halek" (what *is* the linguistic root here?), offer a rare glimpse into the sensibility, into the nervous texture, of Shakespeare's London. No one has a more immediate or tactile sense of this setting than does A. L. Rowse. He has brought it to vivid being in his social and intellectual history of the age. Now he has added another nugget, rich in historical, psychological suggestion. We are all in his debt. But to claim that the "discovery" of Emilia Lanier has altered the whole of Shakespearean scholarship, to decree that every authentic study of the poet must henceforth begin with Dr. Rowse's Dark Lady, to state that all problems concerning the Sonnets have now been solved in a way "impossible to impugn because borne out by historical fact"—this is hokum.

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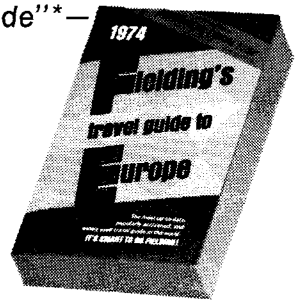

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gard the treatment of the early fifteen-nineties as hypothesis, and "Shakespeare the Man" will prove a delightful book. Lucidly written, crammed with evocative detail, acute in its use of parallels—Rowse draws on Pater, on Verdi, on Proust—it is a first-class biographical portrait for the younger reader. Skip the patches of mandarin rant about the evils of democracy, and you will find here the bias to sanity, to "normality," so often lacking in Shakespearean scholarship. Rowse obviously puts Shakespeare above all other men who have made language live; no one has ever seen more deeply into the fabric of human consciousness or related that fabric with more perceptive authority to the framework of nature. But it is Shakespeare's common humanity that draws Rowse, his rootedness in the educational, economic, geographical realities of the Elizabethan scene. Shakespeare the Warwickshire man and future householder, Shakespeare the Londoner and shareholder in his theatrical company, Shakespeare the professional in a time of transition from academic-courtly to popular literary genres, lives in these circumstantial yet often lyric pages. Dr. Rowse's edition of the Sonnets, on the other hand, cannot be recommended. It is a piece of polemic calculated to expound the editor's "discoveries" and to "put out of court all the existing editions." If from nothing else, it suffers from a naïveté curious in a man of Rowse's literary gifts: in a great poet the matching of the imaginative to the literal, autobiographical fact is rarely one to one. More often than not, poetry is the journal of the imaginary.

Dr. Rowse obsessively overbids his hand. The more the pity, as his suit is strong. —GEORGE STEINER

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### GENERAL

THE OTHER SOUTH: SOUTHERN DISSENTERS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by Carl N. Degler (Harper & Row). A deft, discriminating, intellectually refined account of several generations of Southern minorities: whites who hoped to abolish slavery, to preserve the Union, or, after the Civil War, to rebuild Southern society so that it would not be based on the repression of blacks. These men and women supported lost causes that were more poignant, indeed, than the lost cause of Dixie, but Professor Degler (who teaches history at Stanford, and whose "Neither Black nor White" won a Pulitzer Prize) writes not

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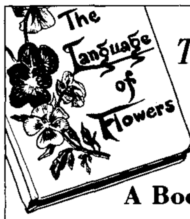

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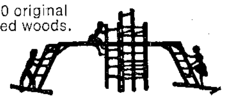
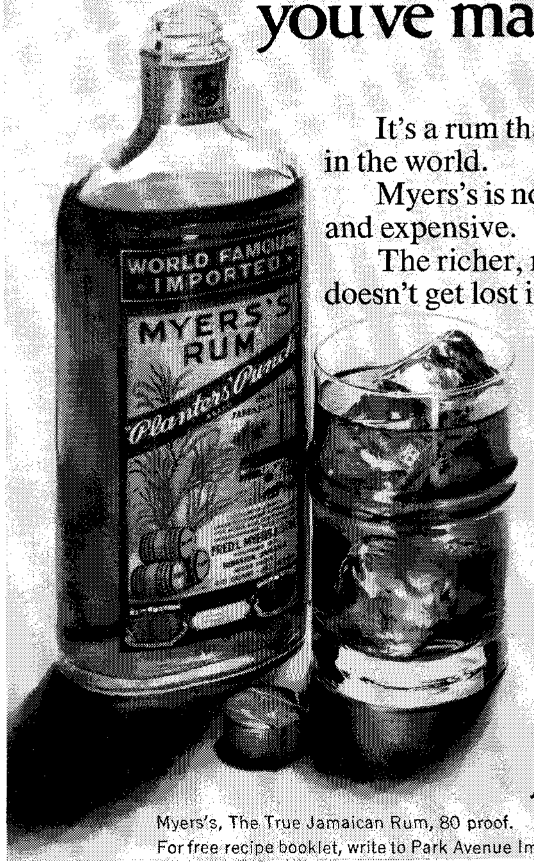


merely to do them honor—although they took risks that deserve commemoration—but to point out trends that have always been present in the South: libertarian, Christian, nationalist, rationalist, and compassionate. The book also points out, by the way, that the once widespread pattern of repressive local vigilantism seems to have diminished everywhere in this country.

ALBERT: A BIOGRAPHY OF THE PRINCE CONSORT, by Reginald Pound (Simon & Schuster). For at least a century, biographers have been telling readers how useful and benevolent Queen Victoria's husband was—mainly, it seems, because he was not likable. Mr. Pound, an exceptionally talented biographer, makes this point: Albert, he says, was too intelligent for much of what nineteenth-century royalty had to do, and, suffering terribly from the boredom of pro-forma formalities, got into all sorts of serious activities, from the patronage of art to foreign policy. He disinterestedly worked himself to a frazzle, and he died young. Mr. Pound may not persuade the reader to *like* the Prince Consort, but there is perhaps a lesson to be learned from the book: that stuffy, tense people without charm may do extremely valuable things. Albert, for example, really created the whole support system (art and design schools, museums) for British art.

WHERE HAS LAST JULY GONE?, by Drew Middleton (Quadrangle/New York Times). The author opens his memoirs in London, in April, 1939, when he was a newly fledged foreign correspondent. He became, within a few months, a war correspondent. The book's shining freshness of recollection makes the most harrowing experiences—for instance, the disastrous Dieppe raid of 1942—absolutely absorbing and brand-new. He tells everything—soldiers' jokes as well as soldiers' heroism—about the war he saw as if he had seen it yesterday: a remarkable feat. After the war, he served in Moscow, which he loathed; in Germany, about which he cared little; and in London, in Paris, and at the United Nations. He regards the last as a useful training ground and forum for the new nations but not—or, anyhow, not yet—a mechanism for curbing great powers. His thoughts for the future are good news/bad news: he thinks that postwar Europe, despite its continual squabbles, grows steadily more integrated, but he fears that in the



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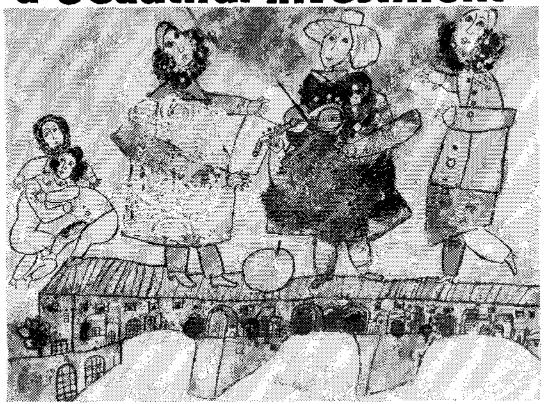

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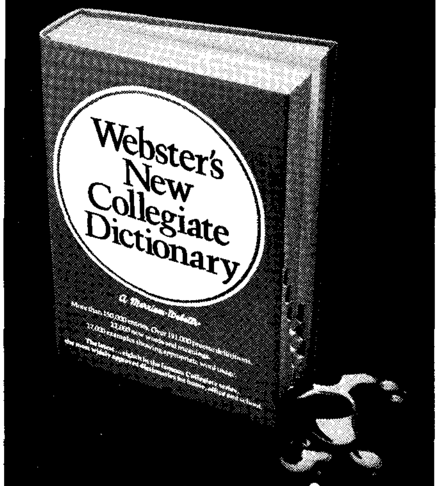

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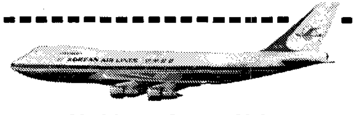

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aftermath of Vietnam Americans will yield too much—in Europe and in Israel, among other places—to the Russians.

## MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO LIVES DOWN THE LANE, by Laird Koenig (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). The heroine of this somewhat morally permissive thriller is an unusually precocious English thirteen-year-old who has emigrated with her father, a poet and translator, to an old, maple-shaded village on what seems to be eastern Long Island. We meet her on a stormy Halloween, warming her hands before an open fire, with Liszt's Piano Concerto No. 1 raging on the record-player—an idyll soon interrupted by the appearance of a nasty, wet-lipped, middle-aged piece of goods disguised as a trick-or-treater. And where is the father who should be there to protect her? Is he, as she says, locked in his study, "working"? And, if not, why not? Is he, in fact, anywhere? Such is the first of several spooky questions that Mr. Koenig raises for our entertainment, and the answers, though both unsavory and absurd, are more or less worth the trouble of waiting for.

TUESDAY THE RABBI SAW RED, by Harry Kemelman (Arthur Fields). Another detective-story-with-important-moral-overtones by the author of "Friday the Rabbi Slept Late," "Saturday the Rabbi Went Hungry," and the rest of the rabbinical calendar. In the current installment, rabbi-detective David Small once again displays his high-powered "Talmudic razzle-dazzle" and gift for long-winded, fact-filled small talk as he discovers the murderer of a professor in a small New England college.

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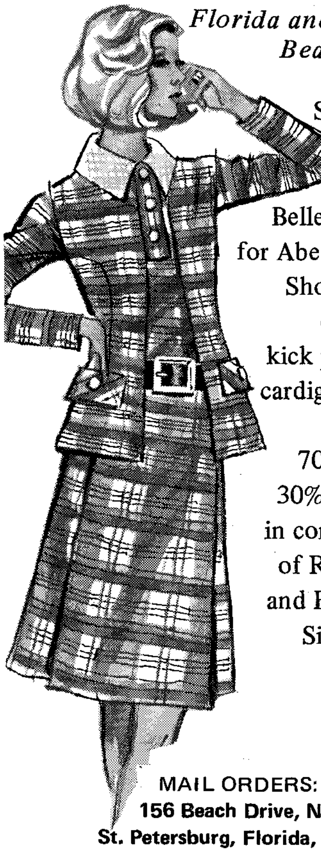

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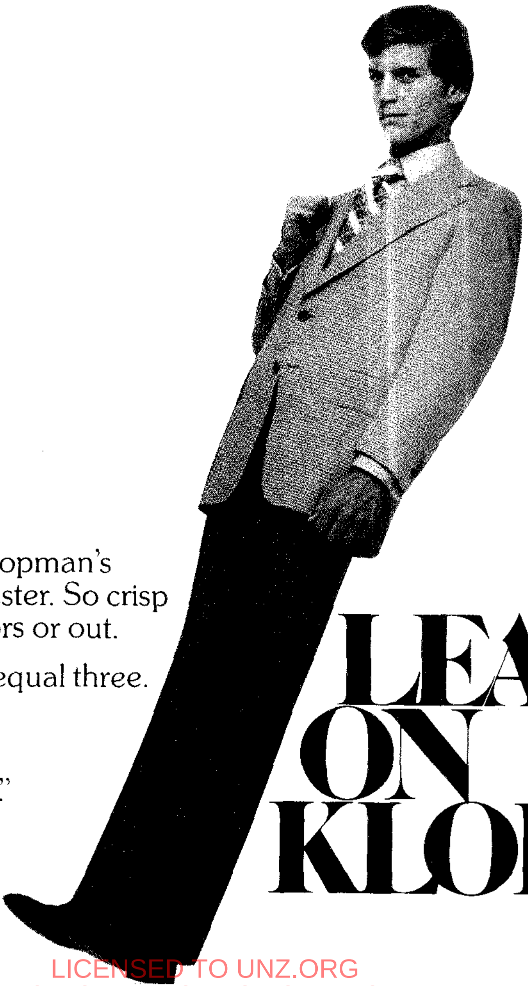

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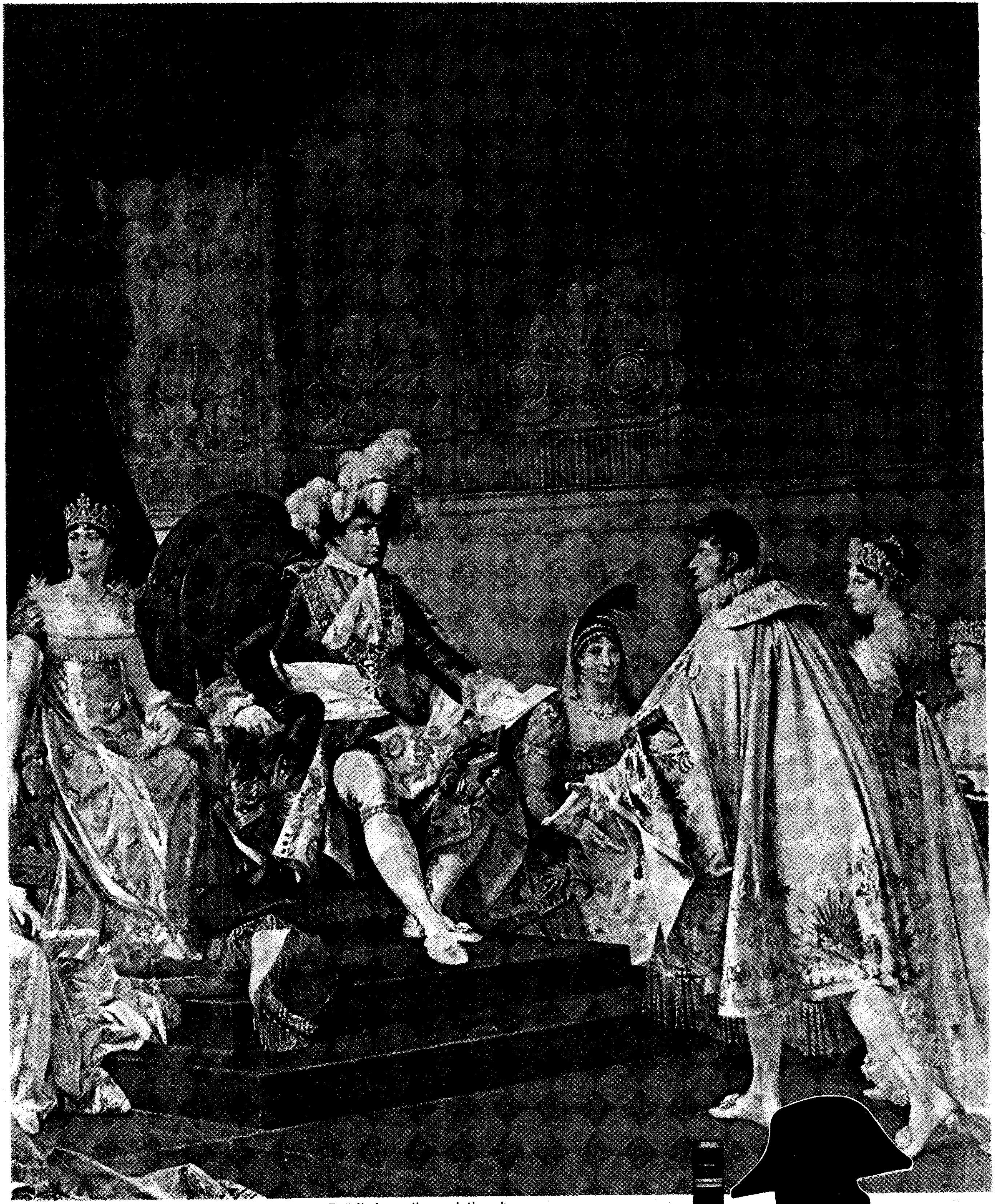

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